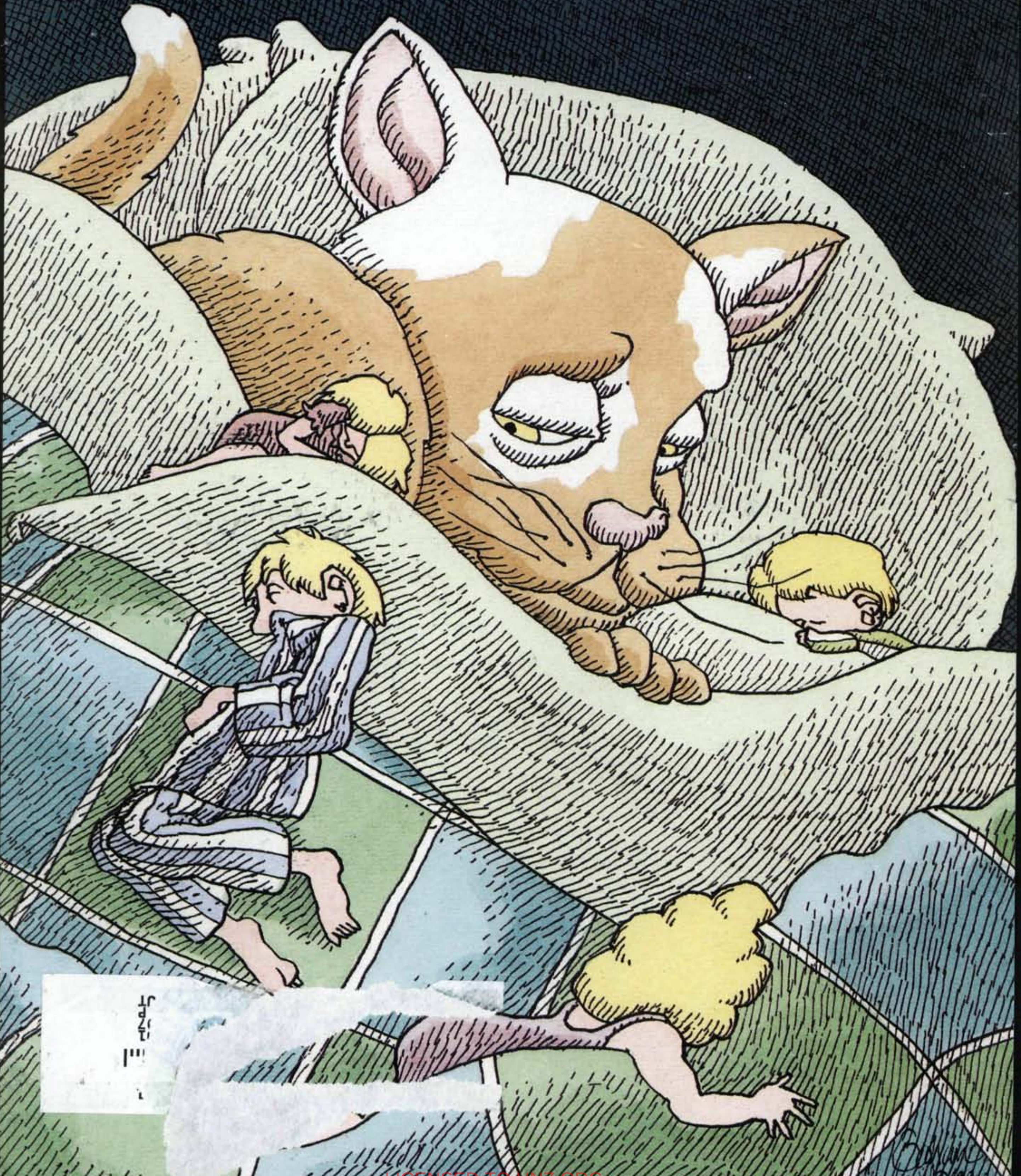
PRICE $4.99

THE NEW YORKER

JAN. 23 & 30, 2006



[redacted]

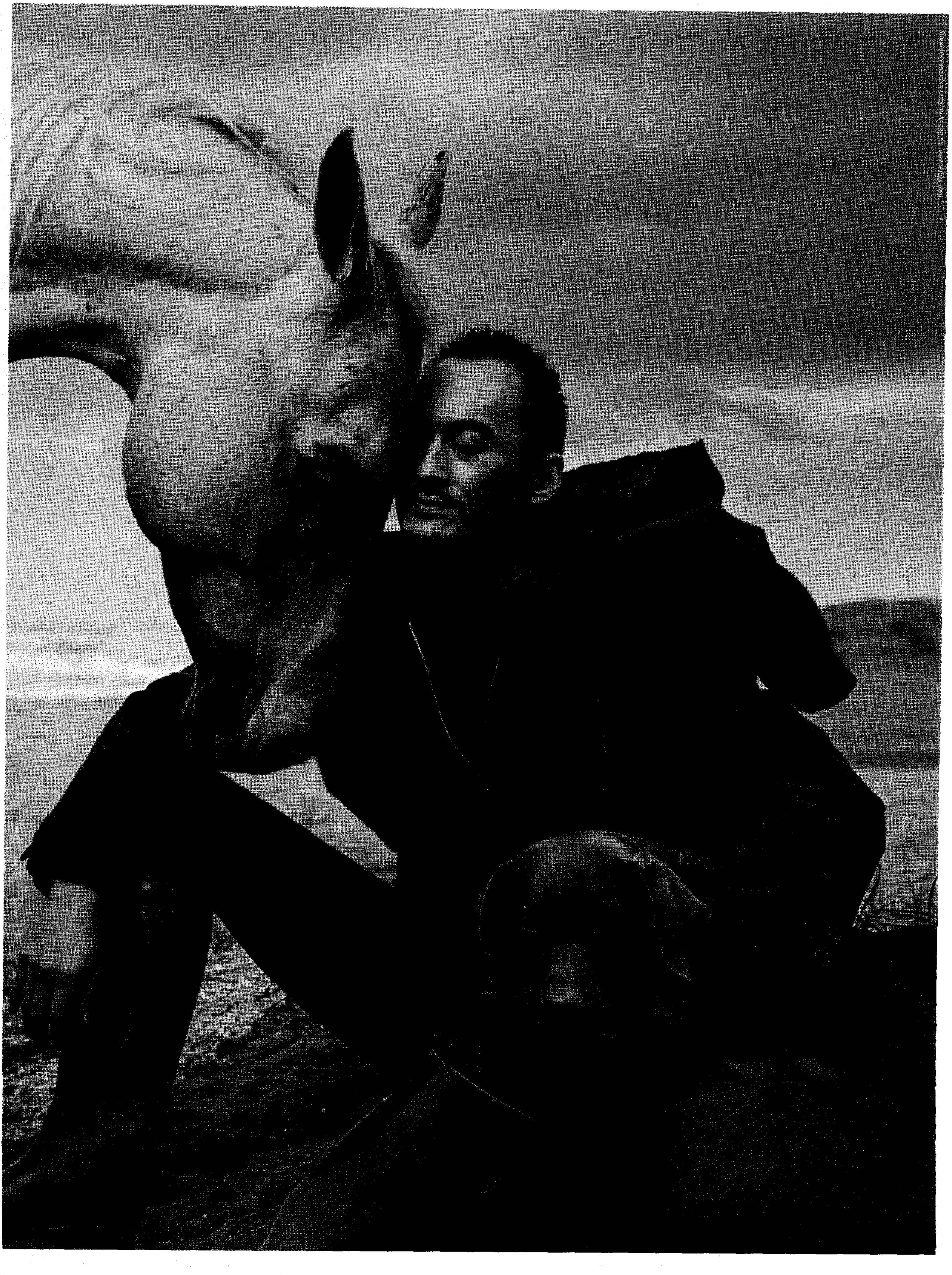
Now Playing
6 of 15
Feel Good, Inc.
Gorillaz
Demon Days
3:41
-1:20
MENU
Music
Now Playing
2 of 8
Harry Potter and the...
J. K. Rowling
37:48
-1:59:22
MENU
Audiobooks
Now Playing
5 of 18
7 am ET news summary n p r
NPR News for Tuesday...
7AM ET News Summary
2:09
-3:13
MENU
Podcasts

Watch your iPod. Introducing the new iPod.* The world's best way to enjoy music now lets you en

TM & ©2006 Apple Computer, Inc. *SRP 30GB model. Don't steal music. 1-800-MY-APPLE or apple.com/ipod.

Photos
LOST
MENU
Photos
TV shows
Music videos

sic videos and TV shows from iTunes, plus a whole lot more. 30GB and 60GB. From $299.* iPod



Ken Watanabe. ©2005 American Express Company

My name Ken Watanabe

childhood ambition Trumpet player

fondest memory I have to many good memories to remember just one

soundtrack Warm & Cool jazz

retreat My home

wildest dream I would have had an answer to this question 10 years ago, but now is to find happiness in my everyday life

proudest moment When I gain trust from someme

biggest challenge Life

alarm clock My child's voice

perfect day searching for something I cannot reach

first job dog walker, and cleaning the stairs of my home

indulgence reading adventure novels

last purchase Ski wear and ski hat

favorite movie Too many to just chose one

inspiration I am inspired by so many things every day

My life is about taking my own path

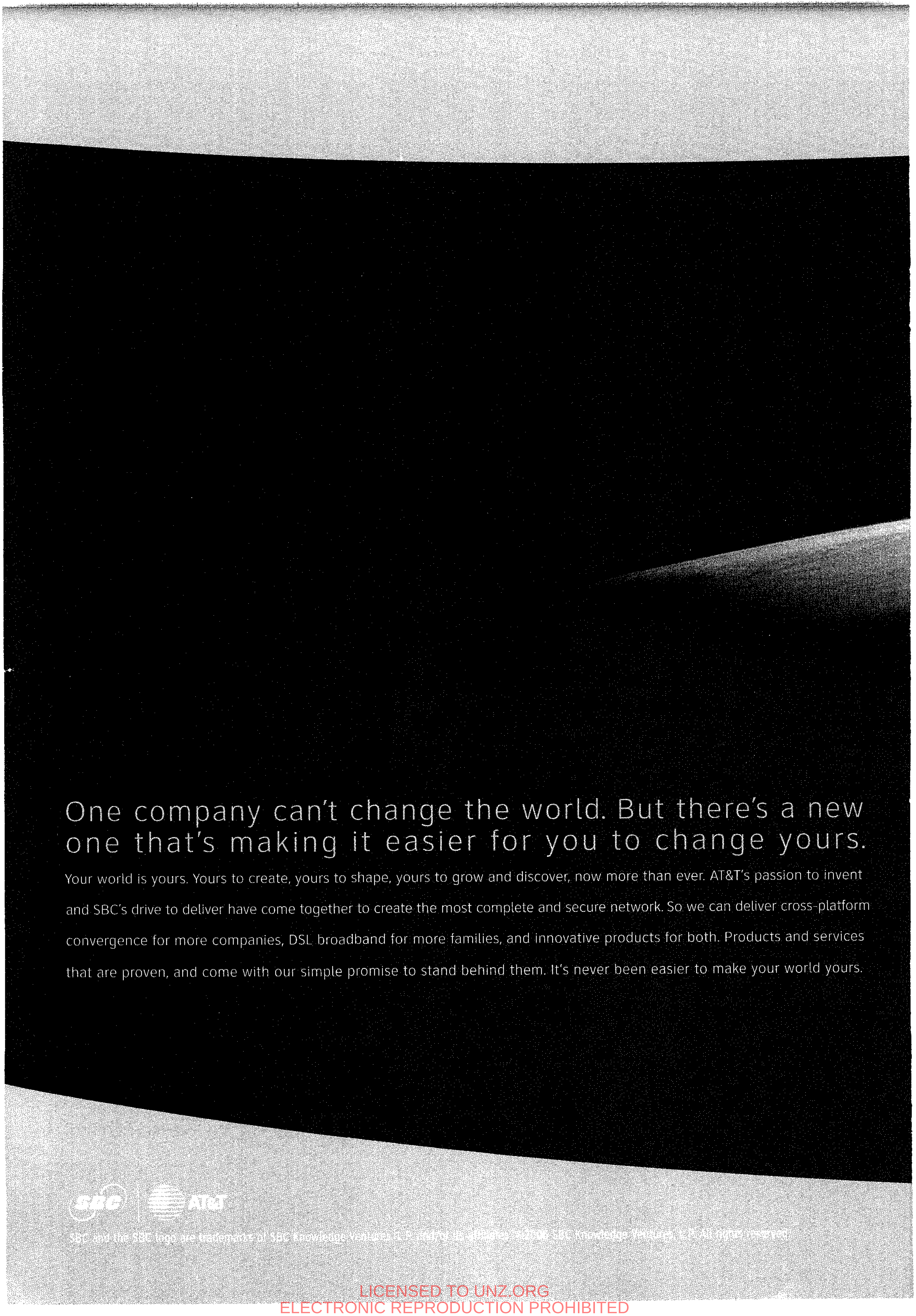
My card is American Express

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Ken Watanabe

My life. My card.℠

mylifemycard.com

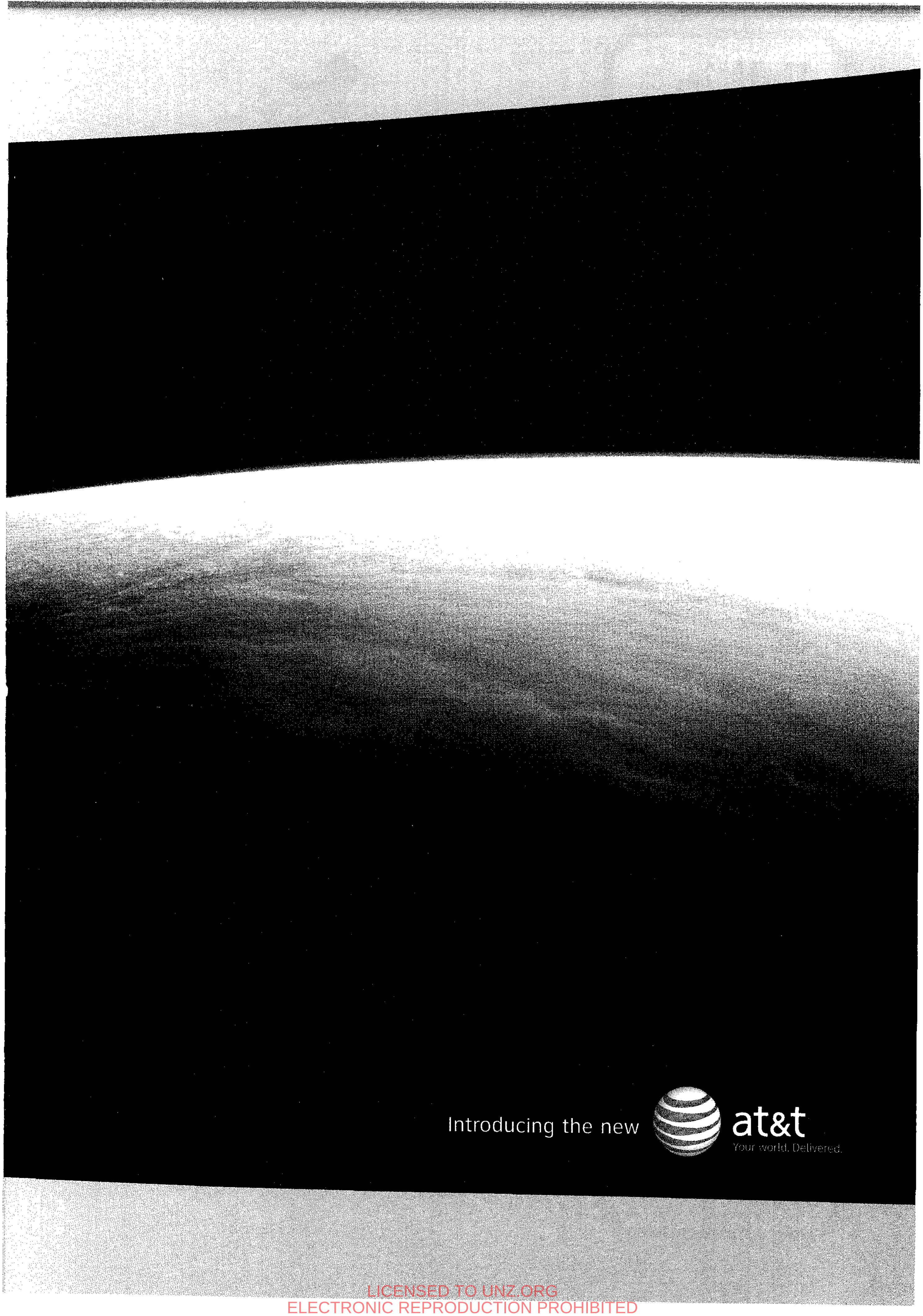


One company can't change the world. But there's a new one that's making it easier for you to change yours.

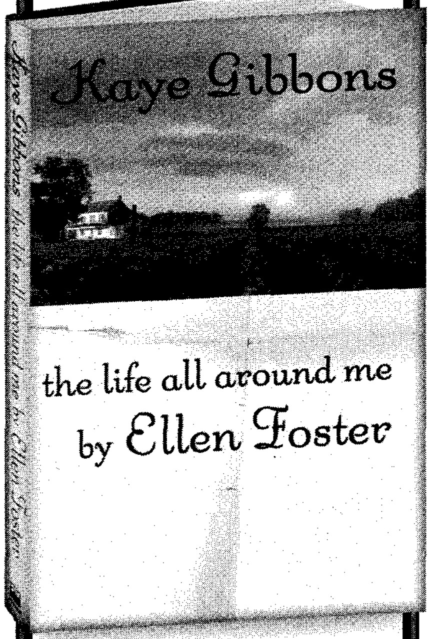
Your world is yours. Yours to create, yours to shape, yours to grow and discover, now more than ever. AT&T's passion to invent and SBC's drive to deliver have come together to create the most complete and secure network. So we can deliver cross-platform convergence for more companies, DSL broadband for more families, and innovative products for both. Products and services that are proven, and come with our simple promise to stand behind them. It's never been easier to make your world yours.

SBC | AT&T

SBC and the SBC logo are trademarks of SBC Knowledge Ventures, L.P. and/or its affiliates. ©2005 SBC Knowledge Ventures, L.P. All rights reserved.

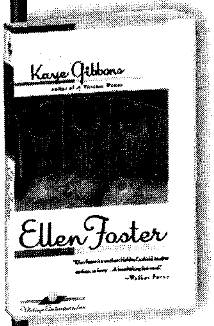

Introducing the new at&t
Your world. Delivered.

Fall in love with Ellen all over again.



KAYE GIBBONS' award-winning first novel, *Ellen Foster*, was the moving story of a young girl's search for a place to call home. Now a teenager, Ellen struggles to leave her bleak past behind as she discovers a world much larger than she ever could have hoped to imagine.

AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK FROM VINTAGE BOOKS



"Filled with lively humor, compassion and integrity."
—ALICE HOFFMAN, *The New York Times Book Review*

Harcourt
www.HarcourtBooks.com/EllenFoster/

THE NEW YORKER

JANUARY 23 & 30, 2006

10 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
29 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Jefferey Toobin on Supreme Court nominations; homework helpers.

Nicholas Lemann 38 THE WAYWARD PRESS
The Murrow Doctrine
The legacy of a pioneering broadcaster.

Larry Doyle 44 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Let's Talk About My New Movie

Dan Baum 46 ANNALS OF IMMIGRATION
The Lottery
A young green-card holder comes to America.

Ari Shavit 52 PROFILES
The General
A six-year conversation with Ariel Sharon.

Tad Friend 64 LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA
The Pursuit of Happiness
Los Angeles' love of the car chase.

Monica Ali 72 FICTION
"Sundowners"

THE CRITICS
BOOKS
David Levering Lewis 86 *Taylor Branch's "At Canaan's Edge."*
91 Briefly Noted
Nancy Franklin 92 ON TELEVISION
"Battlestar Galactica."
Hilton Als 94 THE THEATRE
"Beauty of the Father," "Abigail's Party."
David Denby 96 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Go for Zucker," "Why We Fight."

POEMS BY ELIZABETH BISHOP
48 "In a Cheap Hotel . . ."
57 "One Afternoon My Aunt and I . . ."
76 "The Moon Burgled the House . . ."

COVER *"Sleeping with Your Cat," by Gahan Wilson* DRAWINGS *George Booth, Charles Barsotti, Erik Hilgerdt, Roz Chast, David Sipress, Danny Shanahan, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Michael Crawford, Jack Ziegler, P. C. Vey, Drew Dernavich* SPOTS *Filip Pagowski*

www.newyorker.com

AN A&E ORIGINAL MOVIE

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001:

FOUR TERRORISTS WANTED TO TURN FLIGHT 93 INTO A WEAPON.

FORTY BRAVE PASSENGERS AND CREW STOPPED IT

FROM REACHING ITS TARGET.

FLIGHT 93

MONDAY, JAN. 30 A&E 9:00PM / 8:00C

AETV.COM

The Photography Show '06
sponsored by
aipad

7th Regiment Armory
Park Avenue and 67th Street
New York, New York

February 10-12, 2006

Open to the public:

Friday, February 10, 12-7
Saturday, February 11, 12-7
Sunday, February 12, 12-6

Ticket prices:

$30/Three Days
$20/One Day

Ticket price includes illustrated catalogue

For more info:
www.aipad.com

The Association of International Photography Art Dealers

From daguerreotype to digital, AIPAD members have consistently been at the forefront of defining fine art photography. The Photography Show, sponsored by AIPAD, has become an annual event essential to all who are interested in fine art photography.

In cooperation with Wendy Management

CONTRIBUTORS

Nicholas Lemann ("The Murrow Doctrine," p. 38) is the dean of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University and a staff writer.

Tad Friend (The Talk of the Town, p. 33; "The Pursuit of Happiness," p. 64) writes the Letter from California for the magazine.

James Surowiecki (The Financial Page, p. 36) is the author of "The Wisdom of Crowds."

Dan Baum ("The Lottery," p. 46) is a staff writer.

Elizabeth Bishop (Poems, pp. 48, 57, 76), who died in 1979, won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1956 and the National Book Award in 1970. "Edgar Allan Poe & The Juke-Box: Uncollected Poems, Drafts, and Fragments" comes out in March.

Larry Doyle (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 44) has contributed to the magazine since 1990.

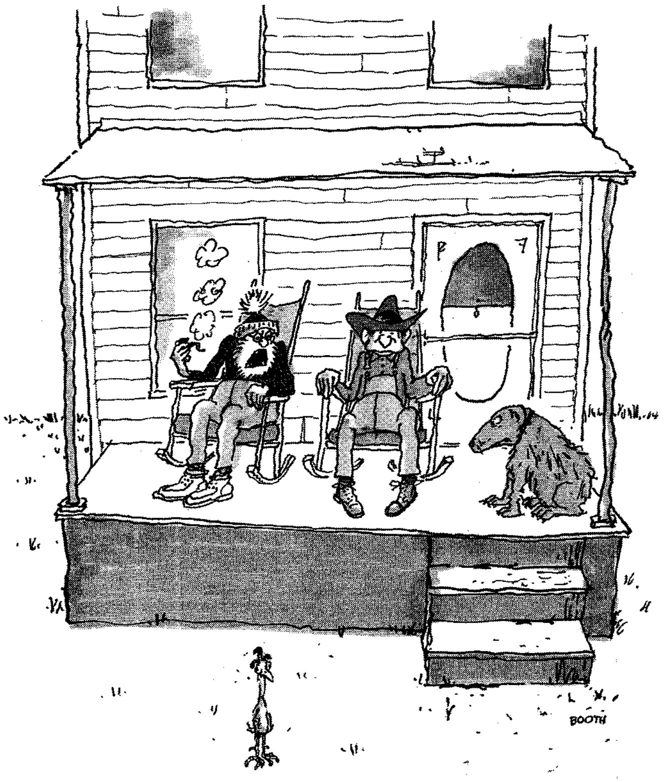
Ari Shavit ("The General," p. 52) is a columnist for the Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz*. His book "Partition: Disengagement and Beyond" was published last year in Hebrew.

Monica Ali (Fiction, p. 72) is the author of two works of fiction, "Brick Lane" and "Alentejo Blue," which will be published in June.

David Levering Lewis (Books, p. 86) is a professor of history at New York University. He is the author of "King: A Biography" and of a two-volume life of W.E.B. Du Bois; the first volume won a Pulitzer Prize in 1994, the second in 2001.

Hilton Als (The Theatre, p. 94) is a staff writer and theatre critic.

Gahan Wilson (Cover) is a cartoonist whose work appears regularly in the magazine. His book "The Best of Gahan Wilson" was published in December, 2004. ♦



"Were we gay?"

THE MAIL

HUNTING FOR HOGS

Ian Frazier's commentary on feral-hog hunting accurately depicts what lures many hunters, including me ("Hogs Wild," December 12th). Less successful are Frazier's sociological observations of those who are passionate about the sport. The author's foray into Georgia seemed to convince him that wherever there are wild pigs you will mostly find those who adore Bush and rue the day Dixie was lost. But you don't have to be a Bush supporter to appreciate wild hogs. My small town in the Ozarks typifies the diversity of the sport: there are attorneys, judges, doctors, and teachers who are hell-bent on taking the next pig with a bow.
George C. Fisher
West Plains, Mo.

Frazier's interesting piece on wild hogs includes some common misinformation when it refers to protecting oneself from "the water moccasins and cottonmouths that inhabit the swamp." In fact, there is but one species of venomous water snake native to North America, *Agkistrodon piscivorus*, known in some parts of its range as the cottonmouth, in others as the water moccasin, and in some as both. The term "water moccasin" is also used in some locales in reference to nonvenomous water snakes of the genus *Natrix*, but one would not need snake boots for protection from these.
Douglas J. McReynolds
Fayette, Iowa

As the producer of the National Geographic documentary "Hogzilla," I'd like to address Frazier's assertion that the film played Hogzilla's story "for thrills." He implies that the film disregarded the wild-hog expert John J. Mayer's conclusion that Hogzilla was a pen-raised, domestic hog. However, while Mayer's analysis of Hogzilla's carcass indicated that the hog was of domestic origin, DNA testing showed that Hogzilla actually had some ancestral wild-boar blood flowing through his veins—and, as Frazier notes, a domestic hog can turn feral very quickly. The film accurately reflected Mayer's skepticism, but, as Mayer said to me post-examination, we will probably never know the truth about Hogzilla. More important, the question "What was Hogzilla?" was simply a device to address the larger issue of feral hogs around the world.
Nancy Donnelly
Washington, D.C.

THE ELUSIVE P. L. TRAVERS

Pamela Travers appears and disappears as magically as the nanny she created. *The New Yorker* is the latest to discover the real Travers, the Australian who invented Mary Poppins seventy years ago ("Becoming Mary Poppins," by Caitlin Flanagan, December 19th). Travers told me in 1995, a year before her death, that she would talk of her work, but never of herself. In her lifetime, a biography was impossible, partly because she left so many false trails. Luckily, she also left a paper trail of truth at her London home and in a Sydney library. *New Yorker* readers might be interested in knowing of those who have trod the Travers path before, among them the Canadian academic Patricia Demers, myself, Lisa Matthews, the director of "The Shadow of Mary Poppins," an Australian documentary based on my biography, and Pamela Esterson and Nigel Wattis, the producer and the director of a second Travers documentary, "The Real Mary Poppins," telecast in Britain, for which I was program consultant. My biography, "Mary Poppins She Wrote: The Life of P. L. Travers," was published by Aurum Press in the United Kingdom in 2005 and was originally published in Australia in 1999 as "Out of the Sky She Came: The Life of P. L. Travers, Creator of Mary Poppins."
Valerie Lawson
Sydney, Australia

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium. All letters become the property of The New Yorker and will not be returned; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

symphonyspace

THALIA BOOK CLUB

Intimate conversations among readers and writers

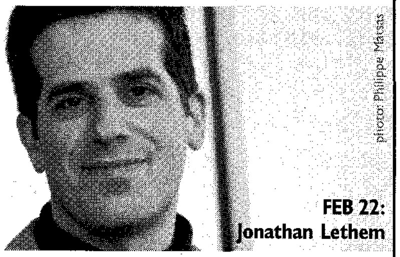
photo: Marion Ettlinger
JAN 18:
Kaye Gibbons

JAN 18: *THE LIFE ALL AROUND ME BY ELLEN FOSTER* with author Kaye Gibbons and Andrea Marcovicci

…………………………

SELECTED SHORTS

New York's finest actors read classic and new short fiction. As heard on NPR.

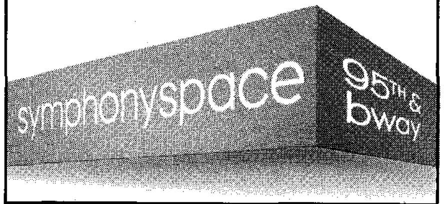


JAN 25: FORGIVENESS IN FAMILIES:
Stories by Chris Offutt, Jason Brown and William Henry Lewis

FEB 8: BANNED: STORIES BY CENSORED WRITERS & DISSIDENTS
A collaboration with Asian American Writers' Workshop and PEN American Center

FEB 22: GUEST CURATOR: JONATHAN LETHEM

MAR 8: IS THIS CAT LISZT?
Stories with special guests the Ying Quartet



symphonyspace.org
or 212.864.5400

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
3A OR NOT 3A

The actor Jeff Daniels, who can currently be seen onscreen as a divorced father and failed novelist in "The Squid and the Whale," is less of a literary failure than his character: he has written nine plays, the latest of which, the romantic comedy "Apartment 3A," is opening at the ArcLight Theatre. (See page 12.)

NIGHT LIFE
WHIRLED MUSIC

The two-night, three-stage GlobalFest gathering at the Public Theatre is one of the biggest events of the season, but that merry-go-round of international sounds isn't the only noteworthy show of music from abroad. Uptown, at Makor, the Senegalese singer Julia Sarr and the French guitarist Patrice Larose are performing the flamenco-influenced songs that make their début album, "Set Luna," such a subtle joy. (See page 14.)

ART
TEAM EFFORT

The Robert Miller gallery's "Dialogue: Lee Krasner and Jackson Pollock," which honors the twentieth anniversary of the Pollock-Krasner Foundation for visual artists, provides an opportunity to examine how the famous couple worked together, creatively and personally. (See page 18.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
PUCCINI'S PATH

Aprile Millo, Hei-Kyung Hong, Franco Farina, and Carlo Guelfi join the conductor Robert Bass and the Collegiate Chorale for a concert that explores the extremes of Giacomo Puccini's career—his first opera, "Le Villi," from 1884, and Act III of "Turandot" (completed by Luciano Berio). (See page 20.)

MOVIES
BARCELONA & CO.

The Walter Reade Theatre presents a hundred years of cinema from Catalonia in a three-week program. The films include Marc Recha's spare, novelistic view of life in a rugged valley near Valencia, "The Cherry Tree," as well as the only film by Lorenzo Llobet Gracia, "Life in Shadows," from 1952, about a movie buff who begins to make films on his own and documents the Spanish Civil War. (See page 26.)

Students at the Paul Green School of Rock Music. Photograph by Sylvia Plachy.

Design/R&D Centers

Where we go when we go back to the drawing board.

AUTOMOTIVE DESIGN IS A FIELD FOR DREAMERS. Eventually, the best dreams become real. The project ends, a new one begins, and back to the drawing board the designers go. Our Calty Design Research centers are full of such inspired dreamers. Together with the talented engineers at Toyota Technical Center (TTC), they bring these dreams to life. Yet Calty and TTC may be two of Toyota's best kept secrets.

By now, most people know that we build vehicles in the U.S.** But what they might not know is *just how much* we rely on Calty and TTC. They're an integral part of our investment in America, and we can't wait to see what they draw up next.

Toyota U.S. Operations
Total Jobs 386,000*
Total Investment ...... $13 B

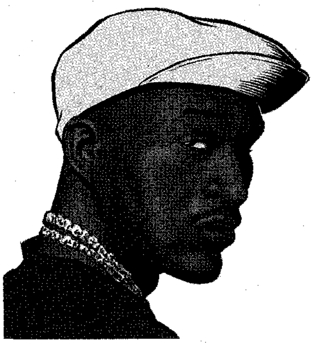
TOYOTA
toyota.com/usa

*2005 Center for Automotive Research study. Includes direct, dealer and supplier employees, and jobs created through their spending. **Toyota vehicles and components are built using many U.S. sourced parts. ©2005

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
THE R

Twenty years ago this summer, Eric B. & Rakim released their first single, "Eric B. Is President," backed with "My Melody." D.j.s weren't sure which side to play—both songs were so important that it seemed foolish not to play them both. These songs changed hip-hop forever, proving that samples of old records could serve as the basis for songs and that rhyming could be as conceptually complex as modernist poetry and as rhythmically free as jazz. Rakim was the Charlie Parker of rap: his lines didn't scan in predictable clumps of two or four but stretched over as many bars as they needed, making it clear that as long as you stayed within the time signature and everything added up you could use whatever math you liked. The pair split in 1992, and Rakim went on to release two solo records, both relatively quiet affairs. None of this should concern anyone unduly. This should: the greatest rapper of all time will appear at B. B. King's on January 30, two days after his thirty-eighth birthday. He performs rarely; even those who were around the first time only got a few chances to see him live. Don't miss this one.

—*Sasha Frere-Jones*



THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

APARTMENT 3A
A romantic comedy written by the actor Jeff Daniels, about a jilted young woman who moves into a shabby apartment building as her life unravels. Previews begin Jan. 20. Opens Jan. 23. (ArcLight, 152 W. 71st St. 212-352-0255.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK
Amanda Peet, Patrick Wilson, Jill Clayburgh, and Tony Roberts star in a revival of Neil Simon's romantic comedy from 1963. Scott Elliott ("Hurlyburly," "Abigail's Party") directs. Previews begin Jan. 24. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200.)

BRIDGE & TUNNEL
Sarah Jones's extremely successful downtown one-woman show comes to Broadway. In previews. Opens Jan. 26. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

FUNNYHOUSE OF A NEGRO
Classical Theatre of Harlem presents Adrienne Kennedy's play from 1964, in which a young black woman on her deathbed struggles with issues of culture and identity. In previews. Opens Jan. 20. (H.S.A., 645 St. Nicholas Ave. 212-868-4444.)

HUCK & HOLDEN
Sex, pornography, and a certain J. D. Salinger novel become the focus of an Indian engineering student's existence, in a new play by Rajiv Joseph. Opens Jan. 19. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 212-989-2020.)

(I AM) NOBODY'S LUNCH
The Civilians present a new show, written and directed by Steven Cosson, that examines today's political and cultural climate. Preview on Jan. 19. Opens Jan. 20. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
A young greeting-card writer discovers his girlfriend's infidelity and ventures back into the world of dating in New York. Previews begin Jan. 19. (Village, 158 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100.)

LOVELY DAY
The Play Company presents the New York première of a political play by Leslie Ayvazian, about a couple whose son's school is visited by military recruiters. Blair Brown directs. In previews. Opens Jan. 22. (Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

MAJOR BANG
Kirk Lynn's darkly comic play, presented by Foundry Theatre, borrows from Kubrick's "Dr. Strangelove" and the true story of a Boy Scout who built a nuclear reactor in his parents' shed. Opens Jan. 18. (St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water St., Brooklyn. 718-254-8779.)

THE PAJAMA GAME
Harry Connick, Jr., makes his Broadway début in a Roundabout Theatre Company revival of the musical. Kathleen Marshall directs. Previews begin Jan. 19. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

RABBIT HOLE
Cynthia Nixon, John Slattery, and Tyne Daly star in the world première of a new play by David Lindsay-Abaire ("Fuddy Meers"), about a husband and wife who drift apart after a terrible accident. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. In previews. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200.)

RED LIGHT WINTER
A new play by Adam Rapp, about two young men who have a wild night in Amsterdam's red-light district, only to be haunted by it a year later. Previews begin Jan. 20. (Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 212-239-6200.)

THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE
Primary Stages presents the New York première of a new play by the actor Charles Grodin, a satire of a Fifth Avenue co-op board. Previews begin Jan. 24. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

SAFETY
Daisy Walker directs a play by Chris Thorpe, about a war photographer coming to terms with the evil he has witnessed. Previews begin Jan. 20. Opens Jan. 23. (Urban Stages, 259 W. 30th St. 212-868-4444.)

THE SEVEN
A new hip-hop musical by Will Power ("Flow"), an adaptation of Aeschylus' "Seven Against Thebes." Directed by Jo Bonney, with choreography by Bill T. Jones. In previews. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

TAPE
At the Abingdon Theatre, Stephen Belber's play about former best friends at odds. Opens Jan. 19. (312 W. 36th St. 212-254-9533.)

25 QUESTIONS FOR A JEWISH MOTHER
The comedian Judy Gold stars in a one-woman show about a Jewish mother of two with a nagging Jewish mother of her own. Previews begin Jan. 18. Opens Jan. 25. (Ars Nova, 511 W. 54th St. 212-868-4444.)

UNDER THE RADAR 2006
The Public Theatre hosts a festival of fourteen cutting-edge international productions. Jan. 19-23. (Venues vary. For a complete schedule, visit www.publictheater.org or call 212-260-2400.)

NOW PLAYING

ABIGAIL'S PARTY
The New Group's New York première of Mike Leigh's 1977 comedy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Acorn, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

ALMOST, MAINE
John Cariani's collection of romance-themed vignettes takes place in a chilly northern township; its purpose is to warm your heart, but the temperature that comes to mind is tepid. Among Almost's population of flannel-wearing neurotics with cloying quirks are a woman who carries her broken heart in a paper bag and a man who literally "falls" in love with his bowling buddy. It's the perfect date play, if your date is a hypoglycemic. Gabriel Barre directs. (Daryl Roth, 101 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.)

BEAUTY OF THE FATHER
Manhattan Theatre Club presents the New York première of a play by Nilo Cruz ("Anna in the Tropics"). (Reviewed in this issue.) (131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

CHITA RIVERA: THE DANCER'S LIFE
Rivera turns seventy-three this month, but that doesn't stop her from swishing her skirt through two hours of autobiographical song and dance and making it look easy. The show itself, with a book by Terrence McNally, is seamless schmaltz and rather resembles a dramatized résumé, taking the Broadway legend through her career highs ("Bye Bye Birdie") and lows ("Bring Back Birdie"). But the real emphasis is on her collaborators, a long list of show-biz greats that includes Jerome Robbins, Gwen Verdon, and Bob Fosse; Rivera remembers herself as humble and even hapless in their company—a surprising sentiment for this eternal spitfire. Directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. (Shoenfeld, 236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

GONER
When an unctuous President gets an assassin's bullet lodged in his brain, things get rocky for his medical team, Dr. Hoyt Schermerhorn (Jody Lambert), Dr. Ecorse Southgate (Matt Oberg), and senior physician Dr. Warren Wyandotte (David Calvitto). Playwright Brian Parks's dystopian hospital farce features alarmingly lethal surgeons, an ingénue (Jona Tuck) who spends her daylight hours in a basement laboratory examining stool specimens, and plentiful gags about the C.I.A., indie filmmaking, and a doll called Chemotherapy Barbie. No one would accuse "Goner" of good taste, but it has a fringe-theatre volatility and the torpedo timing of a vintage "Saturday Night Live" skit. Directed by John Clancy. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 212-868-4444. Through Jan. 28.)

HECUBA
The Pearl presents Euripides' tragedy from 425 B.C. (80 St. Marks Pl. 212-598-9802.)

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED
As Diane, the P.R.-happy Hollywood agent who guides us through Douglas Carter Beane's slick new satire, Julie White portrays the embodiment of the

COOP

It's time for a cleaner return on investments.

We're bullish on carbon emissions. We are now investing $350 million over five years with the goal of reducing emissions by one million metric tons a year. We're also investing over $25 million in BP Solar's Maryland plant, which will more than double our global solar production before the end of 2006.
It's a start.

bp

beyond petroleum®

© 2006 BP p.l.c.

bp.com

entertainment industry's gutted soul with a thrilling exuberance. Her tour-de-force performance is not, however, at the center of the story, which concerns Diane's client Mitchell (Neal Huff), an emerging movie star who falls for a male prostitute (Johnny Galecki, of "Roseanne") and then considers making his homosexuality public. Beane ("As Bees in Honey Drown") has lined the play with caustic quips that founder as often as they fly; if the play finally transcends its fundamental sarcasm, it is not due to the hollow romance at its core but to the incandescent woman at its perimeter. Scott Ellis directs. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422.)

PENINSULA
Madelyn Kent wrote and directed this drama, about the disintegration of a couple's relationship against a backdrop of civil unrest in an unnamed locale. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 212-868-4444.)

THE STONES
The Melbourne writers Stefo Nantsou and Tom Lycos, who also star, based their play on actual events: in 1994, two Australian teens accidentally killed a motorist by kicking a stone off a freeway overpass. The actors share a natural chemistry as they egg each other on to mischief, but they're a bit long in the tooth to play amoral adolescents with assurance. Instead, they quiver, scramble, and bounce about, performing with more raw energy than acuity. (The Duke on 42nd Street, 229 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200. Through Jan. 22.)

WHAT THEN
In her futuristic kitchen, an imperfect oasis in the midst of deadly environmental pollution, Diane (Meg MacCary) abruptly ends an argument with her husband, Tom (Andrew Dolan), by falling sound asleep. At length, we learn that Tom works for one of the corporations spewing poisons into the environment, and that his narcoleptic wife is constructing an architectural paradise—perhaps imaginary—while she sleeps. Rinne Groff's fanciful new play is handsomely mounted, but it suffers from a degree of narrative incoherence, demonstrating only too well that the architecture of dreams can be slippery stuff. Directed by Hal Brooks. (Ohio, 66 Wooster St. 212-868-4444. Through Jan. 28.)

Also Playing

AVENUE Q: Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **DOUBT:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200. **HAIRSPRAY:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100. **IN THE CONTINUUM:** Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 212-868-4444. Through Jan. 28. **JERSEY BOYS:** August Wilson, 245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200. **MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION:** Irish Repertory, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737. **MR. MARMALADE:** Laura Pels, 111 W. 46th St. 212-719-1300. Through Jan. 29. **MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **THE ODD COUPLE:** Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 212-307-4100. **RFK:** The Culture Project, 45 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100. **SWEENEY TODD:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **A TOUCH OF THE POET:** Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 212-719-1300. Through Jan. 29. **THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL:** Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529. **THE 25TH ANNUAL PUTNAM COUNTY SPELLING BEE:** Circle in the Square, 50th St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave. 212-239-6200.

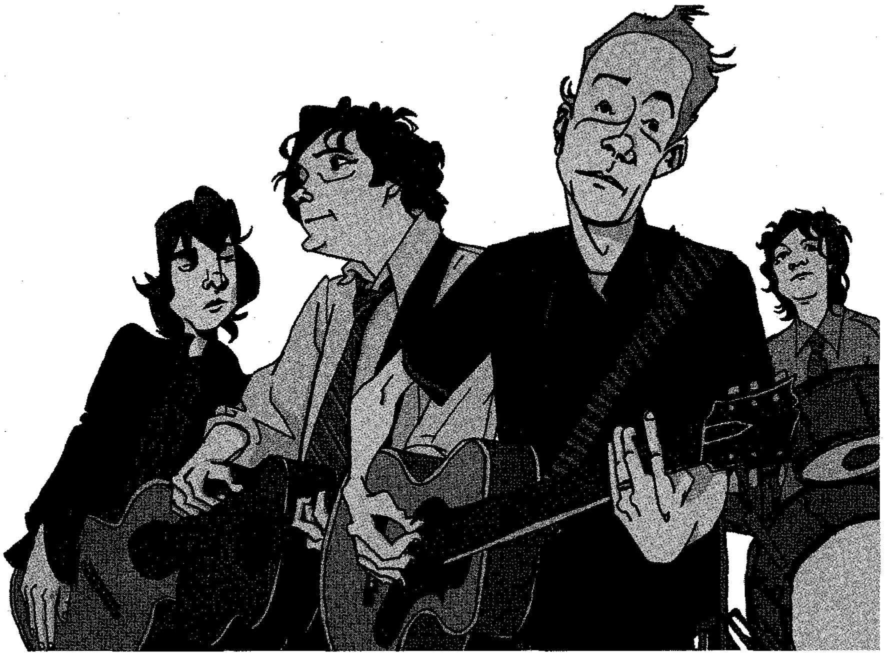
NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

"AMERICAN SONGBOOK"
Fountains of Wayne, named after a statuary shop in their native suburban New Jersey, hit it big two years ago with the single "Stacy's Mom." The group tones it down for an acoustic show that's part of this Lincoln Center series. (Allen Room, Rose Hall, Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500. Jan. 28.)

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Jan. 30: The old-school m.c. **Rakim.** Jan. 31: Having worked with everyone from the seventies rocker Edgar Winter to the eighties pop siren Cyndi Lauper, **Rick Derringer** is a revered guitar hero. His biggest hit was "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo," from 1974.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Jan. 21: The hepcats in **BR549** mix frenetic covers of rockabilly and country-and-Western classics with their own time-warping originals. The **Avett Brothers** open. Jan. 27: The ladies of **Lez Zeppelin** heat up the night with their high-powered, gender-bending take on the Page-Plant oeuvre. Jan. 30: The eclectic fare of San Francisco's **Deerhoof.**



The Fountains of Wayne play Lincoln Center's "American Songbook" series.

JASHAR AWAN

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—Jan. 28: A night of funk and soul with **Morris Day & the Time.** Brooklyn's **Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings** open the show.

CBGB & OMFUG
315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (212-982-4052)—Jan. 20-21: A pair of shows with kids from the New York branch of the **Paul Green School of Rock Music,** who will be covering the Rolling Stones, the music of their parents (and, in some cases, grandparents).

GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY
Fifth Ave. at 25th St., Brooklyn—The Brooklyn place of interment that's home to Boss Tweed, Leonard Bernstein, and Margaret Sanger welcomes a younger and livelier crowd as the singer-songwriter **Dawne Landes,** a regular on the downtown scene and a former touring partner of Hem and Joseph Arthur, joins **Mark Lesseraux,** of the avant-rock ensemble the Citizens, and the violin-and-guitar duo **Brazz Tree** in the chapel. (Jan. 21. For more information, call 917-837-8603.)

GLOBALFEST
The world comes to the Public Theatre's three stages on Jan. 21-22. The lineup, which is the same each night, includes the Mauritanian singer **Daby Touré,** the flamenco guitarist **Juan Carmona,** the French chanteuse and part-time New Yorker **Keren Ann,** the Cape Verdean vocalist **Lura,** the poetic French trio **Las Ondas Marteles,** and the Senegalese hip-hop act **Daara J.** (425 Lafayette St. 212-239-6200.)

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Jan. 18: The legendary country singer **Bobby Bare** returns to New York. Jan. 23: Led by the violinist and vocalist Carla Kihlstedt, the trio **2 Foot Yard** explodes the boundaries between art song, pop, chamber music, and rock. A founding member of Sleepytime Gorilla Museum and the postmodern chamber ensemble Tin Hat Trio, Kihlstedt is often fêted as a female incarnation of Tom Waits, with whom she's played, though her voice is more evocative of a hybrid of Björk and Sinead O'Connor. Prepare to be blindsided by the poetic vocal miniatures, virtuosic instrumentals, and visceral energy. Jan. 24: The moody, mysterious, and sometimes menacing sounds of **Calexico.** Jan. 25: The ever-evolving Continental rock of Brooklyn's **Barbez.** With the **Nervous Cabaret,** a percussion-stuffed quintet (two drummers, one playing a timpani) that is also from Kings County. The theatrical singer Elyas Khan, a British-born Pakistani who is prone to primal wailing, leads the band through dark tunes that include unexpected blasts of late-seventies English punk and ska. Several members are usually outfitted in trenchcoats and fedoras, but the band's suave attire never masks their ferociousness.

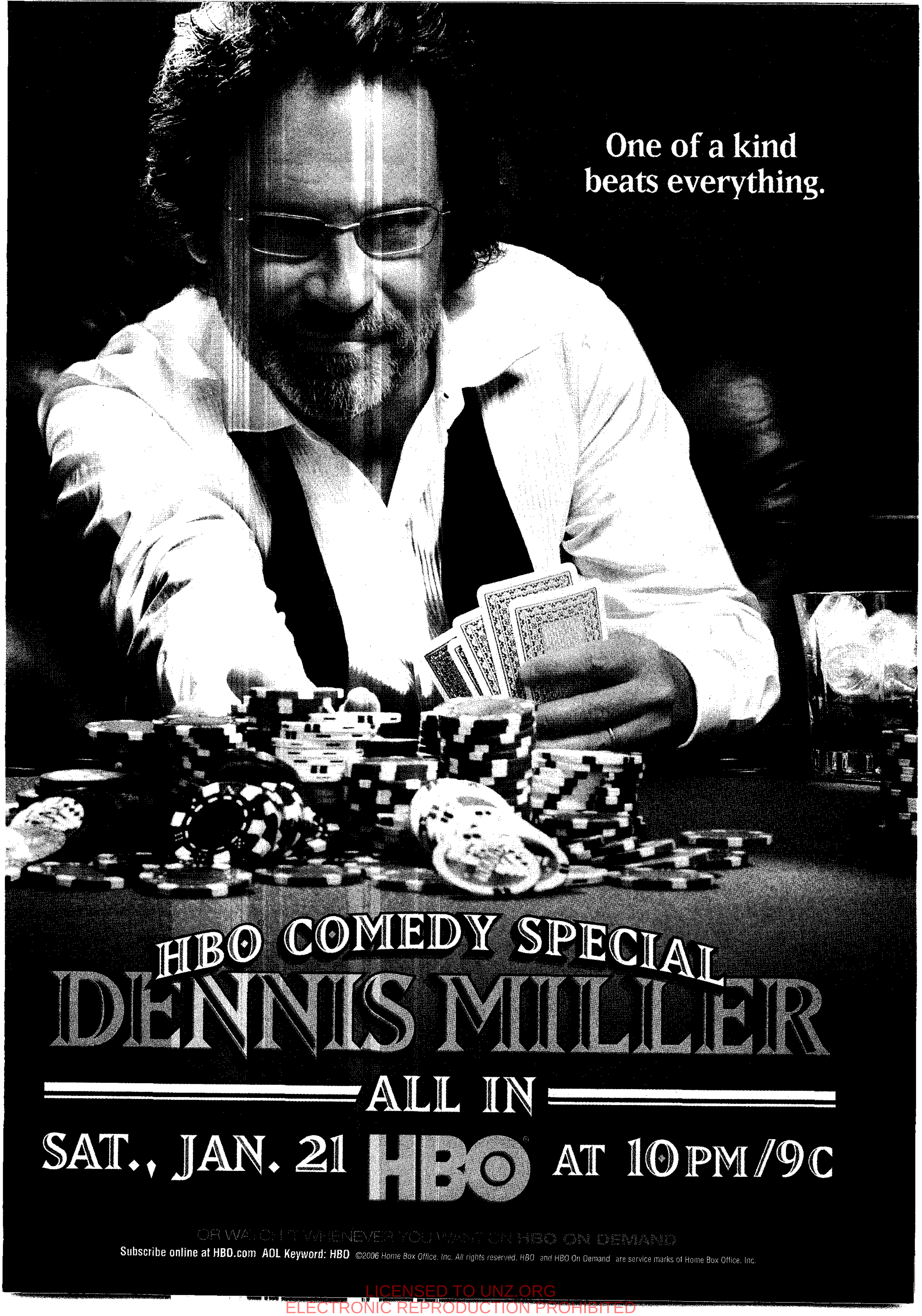
KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—In 1982, Robert (Bucket) Hingley started the **Toasters** and helped launch the third wave of ska music. The group has released fifteen albums, all of them independent and many on Hingley's Moon Ska label. Three years ago, the British expat started a new record company, Megalith, which will celebrate its anniversary with three floors of ska bands on Jan. 20. The lineup includes the **New York Ska-Jazz Ensemble** and the Hawaiian sextet **Go Jimmy Go.**

MAKOR
35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000)—Jan. 23: The Senegalese singer **Julia Sarr** and the French flamenco guitarist **Patrice Larose** have a wholly unique sound; it's graceful and elegant and full of unexpected twists and turns.

NEW YORK GUITAR FESTIVAL
Highlights of the festival, which runs through Feb. 8, include two nights of the blues at Merkin Concert Hall (129 W. 67th St.). Jan 18: **Jorma Kaukonen, Bill Morrissey, Brandon Ross,** and the **Jen Chapin Trio** perform the music of the finger-picking master Mississippi John Hurt. Jan. 25: **Sonny Landreth, Cindy Cashdollar, Gary Lucas, Chocolate Genius,** and **Alvin Youngblood Hart** pay tribute to the Delta bluesman Skip James. (For more information, visit www.newyorkguitarfestival.org.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

"AMERICAN SONGBOOK"
Jan. 25: The opera superstar **Deborah Voigt** makes her cabaret début. (Allen Room, Rose Hall. Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500.)



One of a kind
beats everything.

HBO COMEDY SPECIAL
DENNIS MILLER
ALL IN

SAT., JAN. 21 HBO AT 10PM/9C

OR WATCH IT WHENEVER YOU WANT ON HBO ON DEMAND

Subscribe online at HBO.com AOL Keyword: HBO ©2006 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO and HBO On Demand are service marks of Home Box Office, Inc.

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—The deserving bassist **Dave Holland** gets his own mini-festival. His big band performs on Jan. 18 and his quintet follows on Jan. 19, but Holland's New Sextet, featuring the pianist **Mulgrew Miller** (Jan. 20-21), and his duet with the vibraphonist **Steve Nelson** (Jan. 22) hold the potential to yield the most surprises.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Jan. 18-19: The **Bad Plus** plays acoustic jazz with rock intensity. Jan. 20-22: The saxophonist **Lou Donaldson** and his quartet. Jan. 25-29: The **Bill Charlap** trio is about as good as mainstream piano jazz gets these days. Working with the bassist **Peter Washington** and the drummer **Kenny Washington,** Charlap displays the poise and taste, and, increasingly, the inner depth, of such grand stylists as Hank Jones and the late Tommy Flanagan.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Jan. 20-22: The Scandinavian piano trio **E.S.T.** continues to explore rock-tinged jazz. Jan. 26-29: **Javon Jackson** pays tribute to his fellow tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson with a quintet that features the trumpeter **Jeremy Pelt** and the drummer **Joe Chambers,** a legendary Henderson associate.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—Jan. 22: Throwing a bone to jazz, the Knitting Factory presents its NYC Winter Jazzfest, chockablock with new-jazz artists (the pianists **Robert Glasper** and **Vijay Iyer** and the drummer **Dafnis Prieto,** to name but a few) and such questing ensembles as **Terence Blanchard's** Flow, **Meshell Ndegéocello's** the Spirit Music Jamia, and **Marc Ribot's** Spiritual Unity.

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Lincoln Center (212-362-6000)—Jan. 20: **Barbara Cook,** the grande dame of musical theatre, becomes the first female pop singer to perform a solo concert here. What, did you expect Madonna to have the honor?

"The Gym, 2004," by the Dutch photographer Erwin Olaf, at Hasted Hunt.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Jan. 17-22: The drummer **Jeff (Tain) Watts.** Jan. 24-29: The **Paul Motian Band.** The drummer Motian has added a third electric guitarist to his ingenious ensemble, the results of which can be heard on his impressive new album, "Garden of Eden." The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ZANKEL HALL
Carnegie Hall, 57th St. at Seventh Ave. (212-247-7800)—Jan. 29: The guitarist **Bill Frisell's** 858 Quartet, which features the violinist **Jenny Scheinman,** the violist **Eyvind Kang,** and the cellist **Hank Roberts,** is joined by the trumpeter **Ron Miles** and the saxophonist **Greg Tardy** for a program that includes the première of a collaborative multimedia piece Frisell created with the artist Jim Woodring.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—**"Robert Rauschenberg: Combines."** Through April 2. ♦ This is the last week to see the marvellous, rewarding paintings in the show **"Fra Angelico"**; for many who have already been once or even many times, the fifteenth-century Tuscan artist's work will merit a farewell visit. Through Jan. 29. ♦ The small but notable exhibition **"Antonello da Messina: Sicily's Renaissance Master"** includes his masterly, enigmatic "Virgin Annunciate." Through March 5. ♦ **"Santiago Calatrava: Sculpture Into Architecture."** Through March 5. ♦ **"Clouet to Seurat: French Drawings from the British Museum."** Through Jan. 29. ♦ **"David Milne Watercolors: 'Painting Toward the Light.'"** A subset of a larger show organized by the Art Gallery of Ontario, these forty-five watercolors provide a rare chance to see the work of the Canadian artist (1882-1953) outside of his home country. Through Jan. 29. ♦ The Costume Institute presents **"Rara Avis: Selections from the Iris Barrel Apfel Collection."** Through Jan. 22. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—Buzz Lightyear, Nemo, and the Incredibles might seem parvenus in this museum—but if a flicker of corporate opportunism pulses through **"Pixar: 20 Years of Animation,"** it's offset by an undeniable gee-whiz factor. The show opens with a tour de force: a zoetrope, about the size of a Volkswagen beetle, in which a circular platform spins under a strobe light, effectively animating a series of character models. This is followed by a kind of mega-trailer for Pixar films, in which the camera swoops inside a series of preparatory drawings that suddenly go 3-D, as if the eye could zoom between the grains of charcoal in a sketch. After that, there are five hundred-plus adamantly handmade drawings, storyboards, and clay models by some eighty artists. The exhibit is accompanied by an extensive program of screenings and talks. Through Feb. 6. ♦ The works in **"Beyond the Visible: The Art of Odilon Redon"** range from nightmarish charcoal drawings and lithographs to later jewel-toned oils and pastels. Through Jan. 23. ♦ **"In-Depth: The House of Spiritual Retreat by Emilio Ambasz"** examines a house that was built last year in Spain, more than twenty years after it was first designed for an imaginary site. Through March 6. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on display, including works from the museum's vast holdings of paintings and drawings by Vasily Kandinsky, in the dedicated Kandinsky Gallery. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—**"The Art of Richard Tuttle."** The post-minimalist artist whose work helped blur the lines separating painting from sculpture from drawing, Tuttle is edging toward grand-old-man status, with a retrospective spanning from the sixties to the present. Through Feb. 5. ♦ **"Follow Through,"** a "mobile audio-visual project" (not a tour!) created by the artists Jennifer Crowe and Scott Paterson, which tracks the Director's Tour of the fifth-floor permanent collection. Through Jan. 29. ♦ Ed Ruscha's **"Course of Empire"**—which shares a name and theme with Thomas Cole's 1833-36 cycle of paintings, in the New-York Historical Society's permanent collection—was a hit at the Venice Biennale and is on view at the Whitney through Jan. 29. ♦ **"Raymond Pettibon."** Thirty-seven drawings and an animated film. Through Feb. 19. ♦ The retrospective **"Oscar Bluemner: A Passion for Color"** reveals a painter (1867-1938) who melded Old World influences with an architect's training and eye—updated later by the lessons of the Fauves, Die Brücke, and artists like Franz Marc—to produce images of buildings and landscapes broken into bright structural shards, like segments of stained glass. Through Feb. 12. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

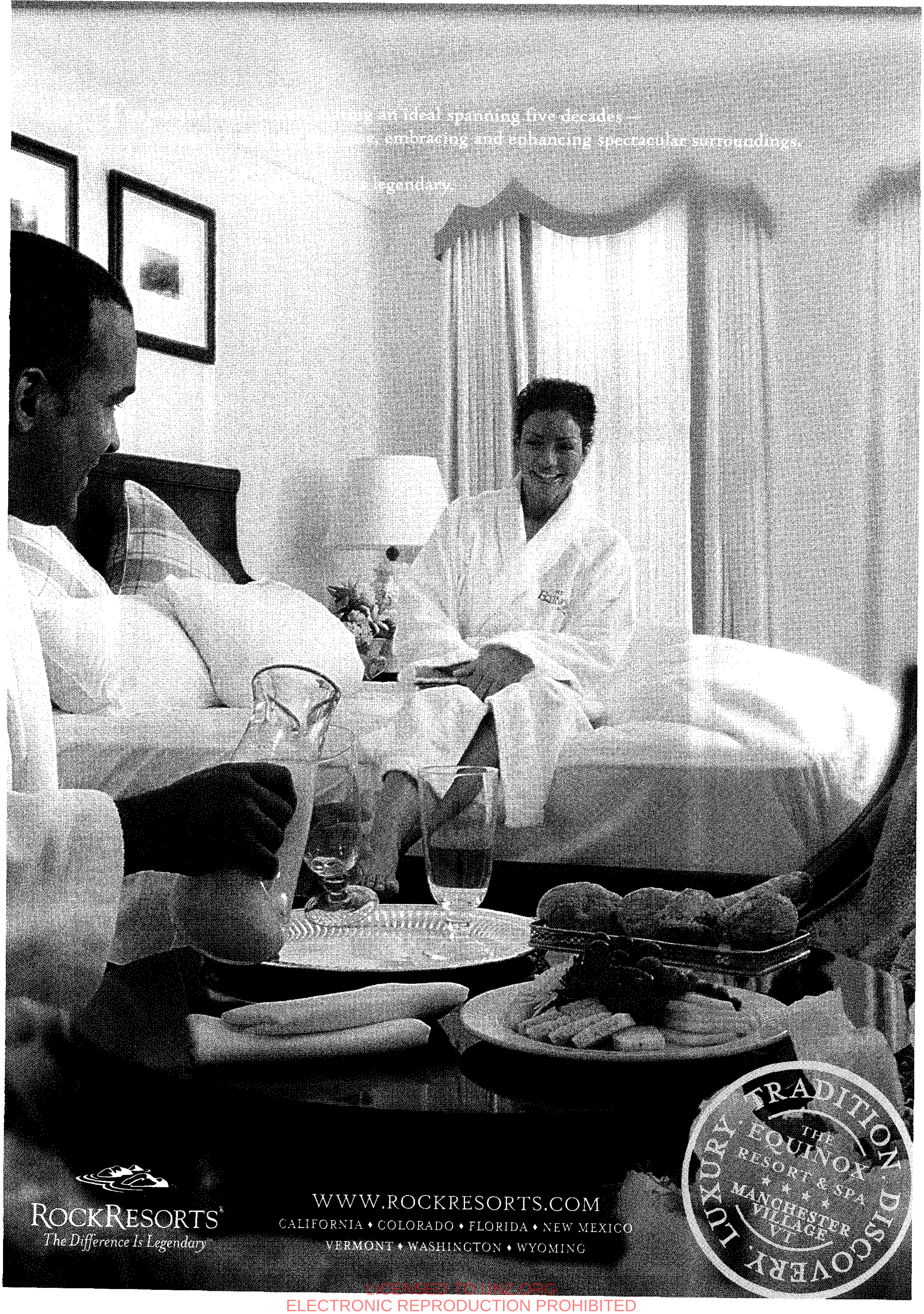
WHITNEY MUSEUM AT ALTRIA
120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (917-663-2453)—Big, clunky sculpture made of scavenged construction materials—drywall, pipe, fibreglass, electrical conduit—Rob Fischer's assemblages deal with the architectural uncanny. But they're also funny, as if dreams of entrapment or exposure were sublimated into the glee of kids building forts in vacant lots. Needless to say, the glass atrium at Altria is an unlikely place for these ungainly objects, and the juxtaposition doesn't quite work. The space feels too crowded, and the contrast between midtown sleek and industrial funk isn't as sharp as it should be. Still, Fischer has a strong sense of physical drama. Through Jan. 22. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

SAUL LEITER
With all the attention being devoted to the "pioneering" color photographs of William Eggleston, Stephen Shore, Joel Meyerowitz, and others in the nineteen-seventies, it's good to be reminded of work that paved the way. Leiter's pictures, nearly all made in New York in the fifties, are more romantic and reflective than the deadpan images that came later, but they're all characterized by streetwise savvy and visual wit. Mirrors, windows, and doorways fragment and frame his busy streetscapes; the city's hectic simultaneity has rarely looked so artfully layered. His grasp is light—even the most composed shots appear to have been taken in passing—but firm, and utterly authoritative. Through Jan. 21. (Greenberg, 41 E. 57th St. 212-334-0010.)

EDMUND TESKE
Although Teske (1911-96) has been the subject of recent retrospectives at both the Getty and the Art Institute of Chicago, this is the photographer's first New



T[illegible] ing an ideal spanning five decades –
[illegible] se, embracing and enhancing spectacular surroundings.

[illegible] legendary.

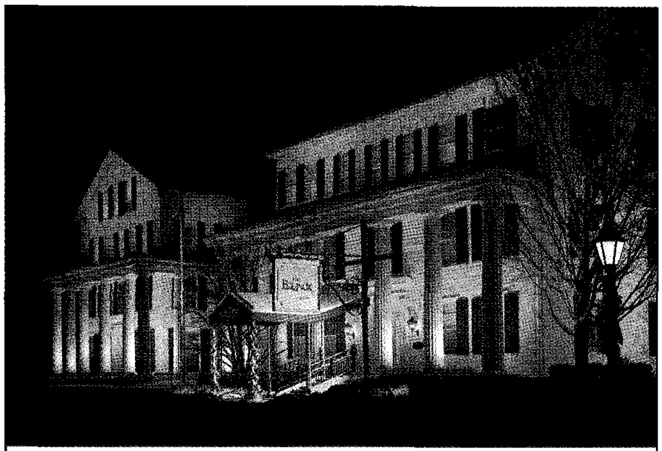
TRADITION. DISCOVERY. LUXURY.
THE EQUINOX
RESORT & SPA
MANCHESTER VILLAGE VT

ROCKRESORTS®
The Difference Is Legendary™

WWW.ROCKRESORTS.COM
CALIFORNIA ♦ COLORADO ♦ FLORIDA ♦ NEW MEXICO
VERMONT ♦ WASHINGTON ♦ WYOMING

Advertisement

WINTER GETAWAYS

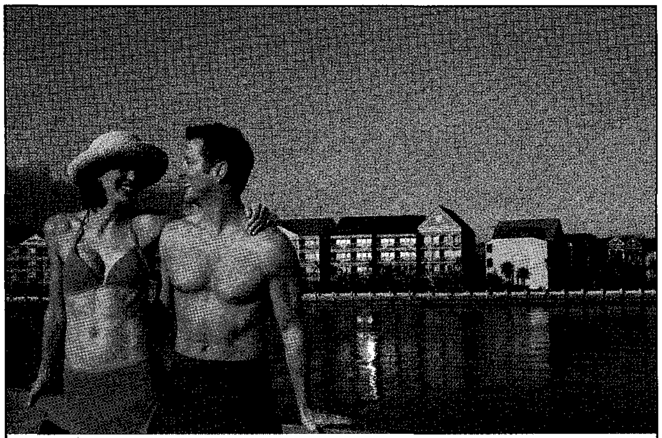


THE EQUINOX RESORT & SPA

Experience the 237th Anniversary Package at The Equinox Resort & Spa, A RockResort in Manchester, Vermont. Arrive Sunday or Monday and stay three nights from just $237 per room through April 30, 2006. Upgrades available for an additional $30 per night. Rate does not include resort fee or room tax. **866-379-ROCK** or **rockresorts.com/NewYorker**

THE EQUINOX
EST. 1769

ROCKRESORTS®
The Difference Is Legendary™



PELICAN BAY AT LUCAYA

Grand Bahamas' newest boutique hotel is a perfect place to retreat to, and is just steps from everything. Enjoy golf, diving, fishing, gaming, shopping, and more. Stay four nights in our luxurious waterfront suites at $349 per night and get the fifth through seventh nights free through April 22nd. **866-296-7963** or **PelicanBayHotel.com**

PELICAN BAY
AT LUCAYA
AN ELEGANT ROMANTIC OASIS

Look for the next

GETAWAYS

in the March 20th issue.

CLASSICAL NOTES

Ten favorite CDs from 2005, listed alphabetically.

Adès, Piano Quintet / Schubert, "Trout" Quintet (EMI): In the hands of the supremely talented composer-pianist Thomas Adès, Schubert's old chestnut (recorded with members of the Belcea Quartet) sounds like the voice of a young composer clamoring to be heard; Adès's own quintet (recorded with the Arditti Quartet) is a fantastically complex but immediately accessible reconception of Schubertian sonata form.

"Bach Cantatas 10" (Soli Deo Gloria): It would be difficult to overpraise the astonishing vigor, intelligence, and sensitivity of these live performances conducted by John Eliot Gardiner, part of a "Bach Cantata Pilgrimage" that will eventually reach twenty-seven volumes. A riveting account of "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" is the climax of the album.

Berio, "Sinfonia" and "Ekphrasis" (Deutsche Grammophon): Berio reimagined the possibilities of the symphony, writing humane and luminous works influenced by such disparate sources as Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony and the architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright. These richly atmospheric recordings are by the Göteborg Symphony, London Voices, and the conductor Peter Eötvös.

Glass, Symphony No. 6 ("Plutonian Ode") (Orange Mountain Music): The world's most popular composer proves his mettle once more, providing a background of Wagnerian grandeur for Allen Ginsberg's antinuclear poem. In the second of two disks, Ginsberg's own reading of the text is superimposed over the first disk's impassioned performance by the soprano Lauren Flanigan, the conductor Dennis Russell Davies, and the Bruckner Orchestra Linz.

Ives, "Concord" Sonata / Barber, Piano Sonata (Hyperion): In this unlikely yet inevitable pairing, the intrepid and indefatigable pianist Marc-André Hamelin turns his laserlike focus to major solo works by America's experimentalist pioneer and its most rewarding neo-Romantic, turning in tightly controlled but deeply compelling performances.

Mahler, Symphony No. 6 (Channel Classics): The conductor Iván Fischer has a fresh take on this monumental work, a performance full of striding melodies, urgent rhythms, and clean textures. The Budapest Festival Orchestra, which Fischer founded, proves itself as an ensemble of the first rank.

Schubert, "The Complete Songs" (Hyperion): This landmark release, recorded over the course of thirteen years, is the magnum opus of the superb pianist and song scholar Graham Johnson, who provides watercolored accompaniments to performances by such singers as Janet Baker, Christine Schäfer, Peter Schreier, and Ian Bostridge.

Taneyev, Piano Quintet and Piano Trio (Deutsche Grammophon): Sergey Taneyev (1856-1915), the great mystery man of Russian music, is gloriously revealed in an album featuring such commanding artists as the pianist Mikhail Pletnev, the violinist Vadim Repin, and the cellist Lynn Harrell. The Quintet in particular, a magisterial combination of Germanic counterpoint and Russian lyricism, is a towering achievement.

Trio Mediaeval, "Stella Maris" (ECM): At once more daring and more delicate than Anonymous 4, their predecessors in the a-cappella-female-vocal category, these three Scandinavian singers bring a crystalline magic to a range of ancient and contemporary polyphonic works.

Wagner, "Tristan und Isolde" (EMI): This won't turn out to be the last studio opera recording ever made, but it mostly lives up to its hype. Nina Stemme's Isolde is sonically huge and sulphur-edged, while Plácido Domingo brings a frightening intensity to Tristan's final moments. René Pape, Olaf Bär, Ian Bostridge, and Rolando Villazón complete the luxury casting. Antonio Pappano conducts.

—*Russell Platt*

York gallery show, and it will come as a surprise to many. Working primarily in Chicago and Los Angeles, Teske developed an idiosyncratic, experimental style involving double exposure, solarization, and coppery toning. His results, combining nudes and the landscape, could be self-consciously arty in the Clarence John Laughlin mode, but this exhibition is careful to balance melodramatic excess with incisive, sometimes hauntingly erotic observation, some of it focussed on Kenneth Anger, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Geraldine Page, and a beatific Jim Morrison. Through Jan. 28. (Cohen Amador, 41 E. 57th St. 212-759-6740.)

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ

Abramović's performances typically involve brutal acts of self-exposure and endurance, undertaken as social purification but with the knowledge that society is either indifferent or beyond repair. Not so in "Balkan Erotic Epic," a suite of five videos examining some eyebrow-raising folk beliefs. A bespectacled Abramović first recites old wives' (and husbands') tales about how to protect crops and family, then pounds her bare belly with a skull to guard against untimely death. Elsewhere, amateur participants enact group rituals; thirteen naked men, filmed from above, mime ecstatic copulation with the ground, and women in traditional blouses and babushkas massage their breasts and lift their skirts to coax abundance from the land and scare rain gods. Through Jan. 21. (Sean Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. 212-239-1181.)

ELLEN ALTFEST

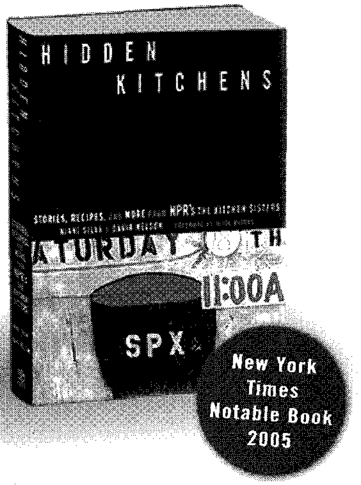
One of those huge, sliding, sheet-metal-covered doors that city dwellers know so well appears in the best picture in Altfest's show; nestled next to it, where a rat or pile of recyclables should be, one finds a giant tumbleweed. Indeed, the whole series of craftily painterly, stubbornly realistic still-lifes stages a dialogue between the cactus-studded West and an East of peeling paint, imprisoned houseplants, and sooty rooftop views. Like a Sunday landscape painter gone wrong, Altfest glories in getting the illusion *almost* just right, the sense of place evoked through detail just *slightly*, nuttily askew. Through Jan. 21. (Bellwether, 134 Tenth Ave. 212-929-5959.)

HARRY CALLAHAN

Callahan, who was relentless in his pursuit of new ways of seeing and recording the world, photographed "Women Lost in Thought" on the streets of Chicago in 1950. Twenty pictures from the series—all radically cropped and modestly scaled black-and-white rectangles—make for a smartly focussed show. Unaware of his gaze, Callahan's subjects are isolated from the passing crowd and given the kind of attention that emphasizes both their ordinariness and their singularity. (For a recent echo of this approach, see Philip-Lorca di-Corcia's "Heads.") Even if you don't identify with their distraction, concentration, or worried concern, it's hard not to fall under the spell of inwardness that these women cast. Through Jan. 21. (Danziger, 521 W. 26th St. 212-629-6778.)

MIKE CHILDS / ANTHONY DUBOVSKY

Artists made the selections for this split-gallery exhibition, and their choices reflect their own practices and predilections. Childs's abstract, architecturally


HIDDEN KITCHENS
STORIES, RECIPES, AND MORE FROM NPR'S THE KITCHEN SISTERS
New York Times Notable Book 2005

From NPR's
The Kitchen Sisters

Hidden Kitchens

By Davia Nelson
& Nikki Silva

"This collection of Hidden Kitchens stories from every corner of the United States is so hopeful and reassuring. They can be surprising and they can be familiar; they can be comforting and outrageous."

–Alice Waters
Founder, Chez Panisse

"The Kitchen Sisters hold a wry, appreciative mirror up to America's foodways and, in the process, make you realize just how strange and wonderful our culinary traditions are."

–Michael Pollan
author of *The Botany of Desire*

Visit us at rodale.com
or call 800-848-4735

RODALE

inspired paintings feature grids and forms in muted decorators' colors, which echo the palette and quiet, elegantly constructed canvases of his curator, Cameron Martin. Dubovsky is an entirely different sort of painter. He favors earth tones and irregular formats, cardboard and Masonite rather than canvas, and dreamy, fanciful figures: curvy horses, humans emerging from clouds of scumbled paint, or the Asian-inspired "Ritomo (Wild Geese Descending on a Sandbank)." He's a fitting choice for the artist who tapped him, since Christopher Brown's own works, while brighter, are similar in their sketchy dreaminess. Through Jan. 28. (Cue, 511 W. 25th St. 212-206-3583.)

MERLIN JAMES

What might cursorily be deemed traditional, retrograde painting—with a few flourishes in the style of Richter or Tuymans—achieves a reinvigorating freshness with a few deft sleights. Step back from a diminutive abstract painting filled with bright blotches in complementary hues and they arrange themselves into a visage—a girl's face with all the rough personality of a Dubuffet. A flamboyantly sketchy still-life, on greater inspection, riffs off the stiff, bombastic floral arrangement embossed on the terry-cloth towel on which it's painted. Bits of balled-up string huddle under pigment and lurk among the brushstrokes. Mundane interiors are transformed into luminous theatrical stages; or perhaps that's the accomplishment of these canvases: that merely because James has painted these subjects, they feel significant. Through Jan. 21. (Sikkema Jenkins, 530 W. 22nd St. 212-929-2262.)

LEE KRASNER / JACKSON POLLOCK

At first glance, it's hard to attribute the drawings, paintings, and prints in "Dialogue: Lee Krasner and Jackson Pollock"—it's like tracking two moods in a single mind. Then, as if the eye adjusted to the light, differences clarify to a subtle but fundamental opposition. The architectonic nudes, febrile dreamscapes, and coiled skeins of marks are his; hers are the mosaic-like collages, wide-open still-lifes, and abstractions organized by brushy, swashbuckling filigree. There is one room full of documentary materials—photographs, a video of Krasner speaking to Cooper Union students in the seventies, the seashell centerpiece from the couple's dining table—and another showcasing five big Krasners from the nineteen-sixties, all dark pink and scumbly brown, sexier than one might have remembered. Through Jan. 28. (Miller, 524 W. 26th St. 212-366-4774.)

GORDON MOORE

Moore's paintings and drawings are studies in paradox: simultaneously quiet and agitated, minimal and gestural, abstract and vaguely representational. His palette looks anemic from a distance, but up close the grays, beiges, and mint greens are soothing—and as existentially unsettling as the low-alert colors used to paint institutional cinder-block walls. Hooked and looped lines, like diagrams for some unknown scientific experiment or fragmentary bodies moving in space à la Eadweard Muybridge, hover in front of grids derived from industrial plastic netting. Smears and smudges and partially rubbed-out under-drawings function like traces left by a frustrated researcher who can't find a resolution to his equation—an apt analogy, perhaps, for the travails of the painter. Through Jan. 28. (Cuningham, 541 W. 25th St. 212-242-2772.)

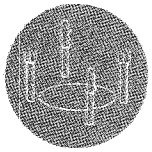
JAMES SIENA

An enormous effort, Siena's exhibition of new work comprises almost forty paintings, in lustrous, viscous enamel on aluminum, and drawings, in exquisitely controlled gouache and happily relaxed pencil. Siena's mode is abstraction through recursive or concentric geometry, but his references are subtly diverse. At one moment, the nested combs and spiralling webs put one in mind of high-modernist mathematics (Albers, Mondrian); at the next, one thinks of folk art (kente cloth, Navajo blankets). A spectre of the computer motherboard flickers throughout, but Siena's colors are earthy, and his confident, somehow inquisitive mark-making hews close to its origin in the eyeballed and handmade. Through Jan. 28. (PaceWildenstein, 534 W. 25th St. 212-929-7000.)

"SPECTRUM"

A quietly cheeky examination of monochrome as an organizing principle, "Spectrum" begins with blue and phases through green, yellow, red, brown, gray, pink, and purple. Along the way, the twenty-two participating artists explore diverse forms, from the scatter pieces of Felix Gonzalez-Torres and Tony Feher (turquoise candies and fuchsia shredded paper, respectively) to the whimsical minimalism of Josiah McElheny (a black-and-silver wavy mirror) and Francis Cape (a yellow "wainscot" protruding from the wall and a pink "cabinet" that doesn't open). Also among the participants are Ellsworth Kelly,

---



TABLES FOR TWO

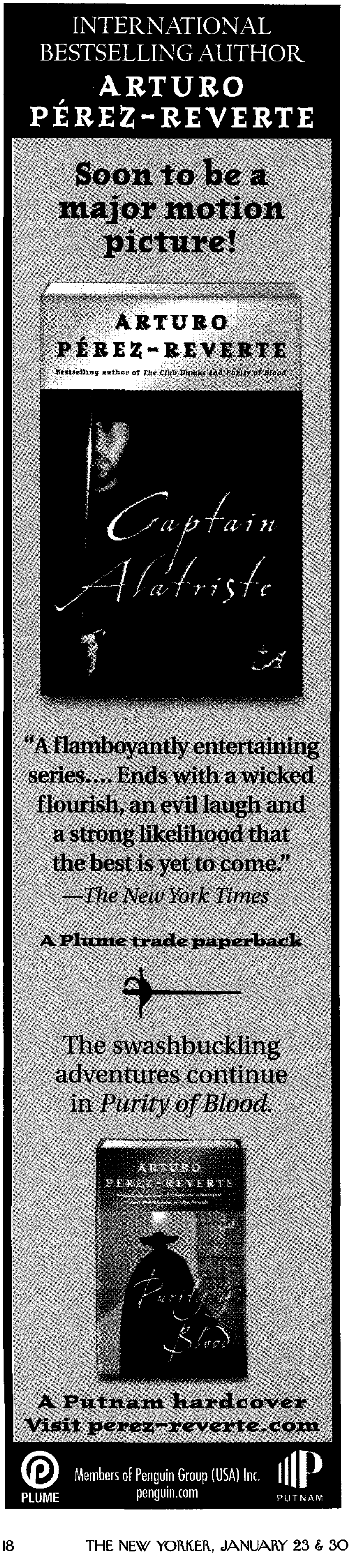
202

75 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (646-638-1173)—Occupying a commodious space on the ground floor of Chelsea Market, 202 suggests an epicure's version of the old parlor game Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?—Restaurant, Bar, Boutique? "Everything is on sale except the people," a shopgirl said recently. A rich woman's Ikea, with booze, it offers some sumptuous wares. There's a squash-colored kettle ($220) and a shadow box full of beetles ($850); would they work with a French-country cupboard ($25,000)? Eaters, drinkers, and shoppers don't always mingle, but occasionally someone kills three birds with one credit card. A very good customer, one evening, picked out a goatskin throw pillow ($280) before settling in the café part of the room. He pulled out an antique bentwood chair and used his purchase as a seat cushion.

Nicole Farhi, a clothing designer and the owner of similar spots in London and, more recently, the Upper East Side, opened 202 in June. The food, like the goods, is both elegant and homey. At brunch on the weekends, mothers signal from the racks while husbands handle the strollers and tuck into full English breakfasts. Bubble and squeak, an ample casserole of cabbage and potatoes, is like a starch pie, browned on the top and creamy underneath. Weekday lunches are a more civilized scene, popular with the sort of people who eat sandwiches with forks and linger over teacups of Vanilla Rooibos and Thunderbolt Darjeeling. The whole place, though, clears out at night. Perhaps it's fear of drinking and buying, but missing the tuna burger—which, unlike most versions, never comes overcooked and is slathered with guacamole—would be the worse crime.

But even a menu this appealing is sometimes eclipsed by the retail element. The other day, a woman sat at the bar, leafing through a tabloid and picking at a tin can of Dole pineapple chunks. Maybe she'd blown her meal money on a set of buffalo-horn napkin rings ($75). Her loss. (Open daily for lunch and Tuesdays through Sundays for dinner. Entrées $9-$21.)

—*Lauren Collins*



INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR
ARTURO PÉREZ-REVERTE

Soon to be a major motion picture!

"A flamboyantly entertaining series.... Ends with a wicked flourish, an evil laugh and a strong likelihood that the best is yet to come."
—*The New York Times*

A Plume trade paperback

The swashbuckling adventures continue in *Purity of Blood.*

A Putnam hardcover
Visit perez-reverte.com

PLUME
Members of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.
penguin.com
PUTNAM

Helen Mirra, Karin Sander, and Richard Tuttle. Through Jan. 28. (Lelong, 528 W. 26th St. 212-315-0470.)

Short List

NICHOLAS NIXON: Milo, 525 W. 25th St. 212-414-0370. Through Jan. 21. **ERWIN OLAF:** Hasted Hunt, 529 W. 20th St. 212-627-0006. Through Feb. 18.

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
Balanchine said that he learned how to handle the interaction between corps and soloists from Verdi, but there is nothing particularly Verdian about his "Ballo Della Regina," a set of variations to music from "Don Carlos," which is being performed this week at the New York State Theatre. Where Verdi's music tends toward the muscular and dramatic, Balanchine's steps are clean, swift, and decidedly feminine. The elegant classicism of Mozart inspired one of his loveliest works, "Divertimento No. 15," in which the virtuosity of the steps is perfectly in tune with the luminosity of the music. A more stately elegance characterizes Christopher Wheeldon's new ballet, "Klavier"; in its opening sequence the dancers stride forward slowly to the strains of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata, peeling away one by one to return in a kind of perpetual motion. The company will also be performing Balanchine's streamlined version of Stravinsky's Russian-folklore-inspired "Firebird" and Jerome Robbins's charming suite of fairy tales, "Mother Goose," while the angular abstraction of Webern finds its embodiment in Balanchine's "Episodes." Casts are announced a week ahead of time on the Web site. ♦ Jan. 18 at 7:30: "Swan Lake." ♦ Jan. 19 at 8: "Ballo Della Regina," Peter Martins's "Morgen," and Robbins's "N.Y. Export: Opus Jazz." ♦ Jan. 20 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," Wheeldon's "Liturgy," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Fearful Symmetries." ♦ Jan. 21 at 2: "Ballo Della Regina," "N.Y. Export," and "Fearful Symmetries." ♦ Jan. 21 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," Sean Lavery's "Romeo and Juliet" (the balcony scene), "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" (from "Swan Lake"), and "Symphony in C." ♦ Jan. 22 at 3: "Ballo Della Regina," "Morgen," and "N.Y. Export." ♦ Jan. 24 at 7:30: "Monumentum," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Klavier" (première), and "Symphony in C." ♦ Jan. 25 at 7:30: "Episodes," "N.Y. Export," and "Firebird." ♦ Jan. 26 at 8: "Mother Goose," "Klavier," and "Episodes." ♦ Jan. 27 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Firebird," and "Symphony in C." ♦ Jan. 28 at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Morgen," and "Firebird." ♦ Jan. 28 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Klavier," and "N.Y. Export." ♦ Jan. 29 at 3: "Mother Goose," "Episodes," and "Firebird." ♦ Jan. 31 at 7:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Mother Goose," and "Episodes." (Lincoln Center. 212-870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)

EMIO GRECO/PC
The Italian choreographer Emio Greco and the Dutch theatre director Pieter C. Scholten première "Conjunto di Nero" (2001), a piece for six men and women. At its most aggressive, Greco's movement is a fury of flailing arms, jerky necks, and twitching feet—all issuing from irreducibly upright, graceful bodies. (175 Eighth Ave. 212-242-0800. Jan. 17-21 at 8 and Jan. 22 at 2 and 7:30.)

"5 STREAMS"
In the latest creation from the director Ibrahim Quraishi and his international crew of collaborators, the five tributaries of the Indus River symbolize the historical confluence of Islamic and Hindu cultures. The media used to represent the meeting are equally mixed. A video-drenched kathak dancer acts out a Mughal court romance; two actors in illuminated suits wrestle through a philosophical battle of the gods from the Bhagavad Gita. At the end, the audience enters an installation of synthetic trees and sounds, encouraged to meditate on a Sufi mystical treatise. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 212-517-2742. Jan. 18-19 at 7, Jan. 20 at 8, Jan. 21 at 3 and 7, and Jan. 22 at 3.)

BEN MUNISTERI DANCE PROJECTS
"Tuesday, 4 A.M.," Munisteri's newest work, is set to Stravinsky's "Capriccio for Piano and Orches-

GIVING TANKS
The purchase of souvenirs is nothing new for visitors to London. But for a guest in town tracing the World War II career of her grandfather, the memento in question was an actual Sherman tank. The Milestone staff quickly mobilized, did some reconnaissance, and discovered an available tank in Scotland. This military order was promptly delivered before reveille the next morning.

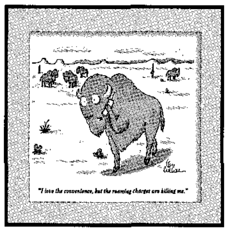
When one stays at The Milestone, no request is too large.

SERVICE AND APPOINTMENTS WORTHY OF ROYALTY.
JUST STEPS FROM KENSINGTON PALACE.

The Milestone Hotel
London

www.redcarnation.com/ny

BRITAIN
visitBritain.com/ny


"I love the convenience, but the roaming charges are killing me."

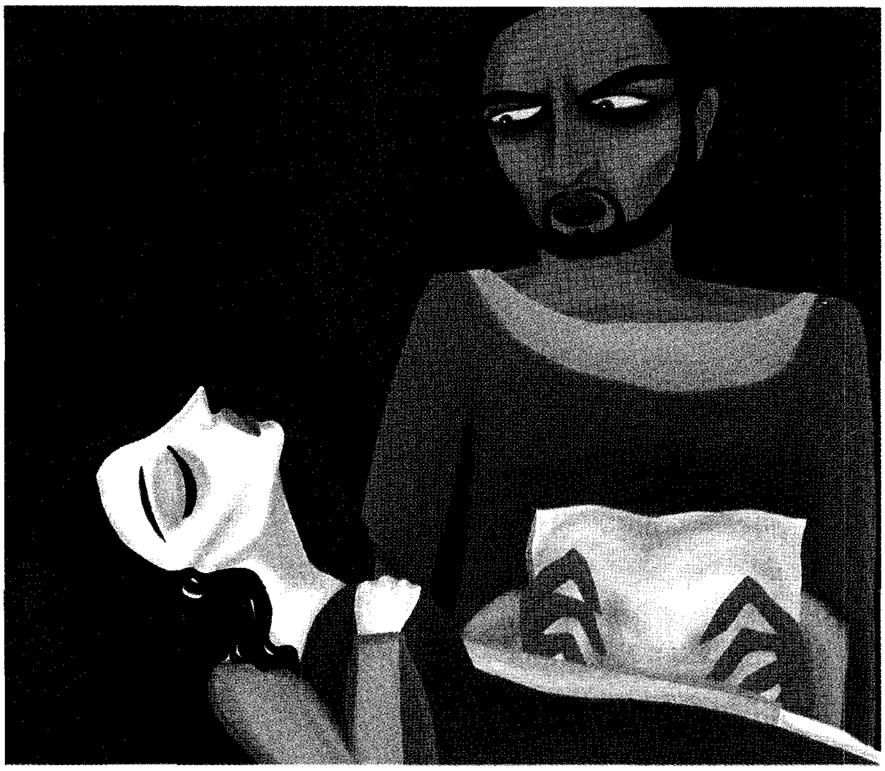
NEW YORKER CARTOON
FRAMED AND MATTED PRINTS
Choose your favorite cartoon! Great as a gift or spoil yourself!
cartoonbank.com
OR CALL 1-800-897-TOON

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE, KAEMS A NMA AHYHTEL YWLAHTE NDA SWEI."
WHAT DID BEN FRANKLIN REALLY SAY?
SOLVE ONLINE AND YOU COULD WIN.
GOPHILA.COM/BF

Raven and the Box of Daylight
Raven took the sun from the Box of Daylight and put it in the sky to give us light. From our Northwest Coast Indian collection. Sterling Silver.
No. N967 Pendant, with 24" chain....$68
No. N967E Earrings, Fishhook....$42
Add $7 handling. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shown full size. Gold also available.
Request a catalog or visit our web site for Northwest Coast Indian Jewelry, Celtic Jewelry and much more...
David Morgan
800-324-4934 davidmorgan.com
11812 N Creek Pkwy N, Ste 103•Bothell WA 98011

tra"—a bold choice, since it's also the music for Balanchine's "Rubies." Munisteri rises to the challenge, blending ballet and athletic movement (hurdle leaps, jumping jacks) to build complex designs. The program also includes the recent "Thunderblood," set to Evren Celimli's spiralling score (played live), and "Not Human," set to a collage of growls, howls, Debussy, and Devo. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Jan. 18-19 and Jan. 21 at 7:30 and Jan. 20 at 7:30 and 10.)

"COIL: A WINTER DANCE FESTIVAL"
At P.S. 122's wide-ranging contemporary festival, the headliner is the buzz-generating Australian company BalletLab, making its U.S. début with its signature piece, "Amplification." Researched at an E.R. and a morgue, Phillip Adams's work sends six dancers spinning into brutal, raw collisions that evoke a car crash while a d.j. mans the turntables. His fellow Australian choreographer Helen Herbertson presents "Strike 1," and two P.S. 122 hits from the past year are dusted off: Saar Harari's "Herd of Bulls," an intensely physical dance about a soldier's instincts, and Adrienne Truscott's witty video-dance piece inspired by the New Jersey Turnpike, "They Will Use the Highways." (150 First Ave. 212-352-3101. Jan. 19-24. For a complete schedule, visit www.ps122.org.)



Sequitur offers music theatre inspired by Shakespeare (including "Othello").

DIVYA SRINIVASAN

LAVA
In "(W)hole," Sarah East Johnson's troupe of female acrobats presents its signature balances, handsprings, and trapeze work. (Flea, 41 White St. 212-352-3101. Jan. 19-21 and Jan. 26-28 at 7 and Jan. 22 and Jan. 29 at 5. Through Feb. 19.)

DAVID GORDON AND PICK UP PERFORMANCE COMPANY
"Aristophanes in Birdonia," Gordon's topical adaptation of "The Birds" by Aristophanes, concludes its run at Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. Jan. 19-22 at 8:30.)

JAPANESE CONTEMPORARY DANCE SHOWCASE
The Japan Society's unparallelled annual window onto the Japanese dance scene offers three more U.S. débuts: Tatsuya Kusuhara's ensemble, APE, sends up corporate culture; Roussewaltz, a group of eight women in long dresses and flowing tresses, satirizes dining out; and the high-voltage soloist Youya Shinjo makes his first U.S. appearance as a choreographer-dancer. The relatively cheerful female trio known as Shinonome Butoh returns with new work, and Yukiko Amano, who missed a May performance here because of an injury, gets another chance to show her imaginative solo "Kompeito." (333 E. 47th St. 212-715-1258. Jan. 20-21 at 7:30.)

"ANYTOWN"
The New York première of the national touring production by the Minneapolis-based choreographers Danial Shapiro and Joanie Smith is very New Jersey. Guys and gals in belted bluejeans and muscle shirts tromp through steady pop numbers supplied by Bruce Springsteen and Patti Scialfa, weaving together three family narratives. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave. 212-242-0800. Jan. 24 at 7, Jan. 25-27 at 8, Jan. 28 at 2 and 8, and Jan. 29 at 2 and 7:30.)

DEBORAH HAY DANCE COMPANY
Building on her Bessie-winning piece from 2004, "The Match," the adamantly conceptual choreographer again collaborates with a cast of strong dancer-choreographers. "O, O," which Hay describes as a piece "fuelled by bodily inquiry, not virtuosity," has elements of a Cunningham experiment. Clad in black and white, the five topnotch performers (Jeanine Durning, Neil Greenberg, Miguel Gutierrez, Juliette Mapp, and Vicky Schick) are placed on a stage in the round, circumscribed by light. Here their bodies react—sometimes wittily—to a prescribed set of questions, taking care to avoid ingrained movement patterns. (Danspace Project at St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. Jan. 26-28 at 8:30 and Jan. 29 at 7:30.)

"TANGO, HISTORIAS BREVES"
The tone of this show by the Argentinean choreographer Guillermina Quiroga is better captured in its former title, "Tangos of the Cabala." The tango is presented less as a dance and music form than as a mysterious force of destiny: religious symbols appear; dancers wear masks. Regardless, plenty of rich dancing is delivered by the highly polished cast of twelve. A ten-member tango orchestra led by the bandoneon player Héctor Del Curto accompanies. (Skirball Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. 212-545-7536. Jan. 27-28 at 8.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Jan. 21 at 1:30 and Jan. 24, Jan. 27, and Jan. 30 at 8: Julie Taymor's production of **"Die Zauberflöte"**—a joyfully populist but daringly conceived entertainment from last season that the Met would do well to reproduce—returns with Mary Dunleavy, Erika Miklósa, Eric Cutler, Nathan Gunn, and Morris Robinson in the leading roles; Paul Daniel, an excellent young British conductor, makes his Met début. ♦ Jan. 25 at 8 and Jan. 28 at 1:30: **"Così Fan Tutte,"** with Alexandra Deshorties, Magdalena Kožená, Paul Groves, and Mariusz Kwiecien; James Levine conducts. ♦ Jan. 26 at 7:30 and Jan. 31 at 8: For Plácido Domingo, once is not enough: the tenor who used his singular star power to get Franco Alfano's lovely but rather limp **"Cyrano de Bergerac"** on the boards last season is once again offering his considerable services in the title role. One of the best things about the production is the soprano Sondra Radvanovsky, as Roxane; Marco Armiliato. ♦ Jan. 28 at 8: Verdi's **"Rigoletto"** returns with Frederick Burchinal singing the title role; his co-stars are the glamorous Anna Netrebko and Rolando Villazón. Netrebko's focussed lyric soprano is a little unpredictable in the highest range, but she dominates the stage, making Gilda into a sexually confident teen-ager. Villazón's vocal agility perfectly mirrors the squirrelly Duke; he ingeniously delivers "La donna è mobile" like a student sharing his latest philosophical discovery. Plácido Domingo conducts. (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

OSVALDO GOLIJOV'S "AINADAMAR"
Lincoln Center begins its monthlong festival devoted to the classical/world-music crossover composer with a brief run of his phantasmagorical opera about the last days of Federico García Lorca, with a libretto by David Henry Hwang. Dawn Upshaw stars; Peter Sellars directs. (Rose Theatre, Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500. Jan. 22 at 3 and Jan. 24 and Jan. 26 at 8.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE: "PUCCINI: A COMPOSER'S JOURNEY"
Aprile Millo and Hei-Kyung Hong are among the singers featured in an evening of concert performances of the composer's first opera, **"Le Villi,"** and of Act III of **"Turandot"**—which will close with the New York première of the ending by the modernist master Luciano Berio. Robert Bass conducts. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Jan. 30 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Kurt Masur returns to the orchestra he once whipped into shape, leading, as is his wont, a program dominated by German and Russian music: Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, Liszt's Fantasy on Motives from Beethoven's "The Ruins of Athens" and "Totentanz" (both featuring the elegant and absorbing pianist Louis Lortie), and Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite." (Jan. 19 at 7:30, Jan. 20 at 2, and Jan. 21 at 8.) ♦ Lorin Maazel, Masur's successor as music director, kicks off the Philharmonic's Magic of Mozart Festival with performances of the composer's "Haffner" Symphony, Fourth Violin Concerto (with Sheryl Staples), and "Coronation" Mass—the last featuring the singers Celena Shafer, Joyce DiDonato, John Tessier, and Nathan Berg and the Westminster Symphonic Choir. (Jan. 26 at 7:30 and Jan. 27-28 at 8.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656.)

ORCHESTRAS AT CARNEGIE HALL
Jan. 18 at 8: Leif Ove Andsnes is both conductor and pianist for an evening with the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra, offering concertos by Haydn and Mozart (No. 20 in D Minor), Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and an arrangement of Beethoven's Quartet in F Major, Op. 135. ♦ Jan. 20 at 8: Richard Goode is the special guest

for the Budapest Festival Orchestra's performances, conducted by Iván Fischer, of works by Dohnányi, Bartók (the Piano Concerto No. 3), and Mahler (the First Symphony). ♦ Jan. 29 at 3: James Levine leads his Met Orchestra through three masterworks of early modernism: Bartók's Suite from "The Miraculous Mandarin," Schoenberg's "Erwartung" (with the incandescent soprano Anja Silja), and Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." (212-247-7800.)

ORCHESTRE RÉVOLUTIONNAIRE ET ROMANTIQUE AND MONTEVERDI CHOIR
Powerhouse Mozart, led by one of the most gifted of the composer's interpreters, John Eliot Gardiner. Jan. 22 at 3: The Mass in C Minor and the Requiem. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ♦ Jan. 23 at 8: The last three symphonies, Nos. 39-41 ("Jupiter"). (Alice Tully Hall.) (212-721-6500.)

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC
Simon Rattle leads his sumptuous orchestra in a four-program residency at Carnegie Hall. All concerts are at 8. Jan. 25: Haydn's Symphony No. 86 in D Major, Schoenberg's Variations for Orchestra, and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." ♦ Jan. 26: Magdalena Kožená adds her silvery voice to the solo part of Mahler's Fourth Symphony; the evening begins with the New York première of Hanspeter Kyburz's "Noesis." ♦ Jan. 27: Alfred Brendel joins the orchestra for an all-Mozart program featuring the Piano Concerto No. 27 in B-Flat Major and the "Prague" Symphony. ♦ Jan. 28: The long-overdue New York première of Thomas Adès's "Asyla" precedes performances of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 9, "Jeunehomme" (with Emanuel Ax), and Ravel's ballet "Mother Goose." (212-247-7800.)

RECITALS

THOMAS HAMPSON
The refulgent baritone, with the pianist Wolfram Rieger, offers a broad selection of American classical, popular, and religious songs from the eighteenth century to the present day. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Jan. 19 at 8.)

MUSIC AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Jan. 19 at 8: The pianist Stephen Kovacevich, admired for his Beethoven, plays a clutch of the composer's Bagatelles along with Schubert's Sonata in B-Flat Major, D. 960, and Berg's Sonata, Op. 1. ♦ Jan. 21 at 8: The ebullient flutist Carol Wincenc joins the gentlemen of the Guarneri String Quartet for a concert of works by Mozart (the Flute Quartet in D Major), Schumann, and Richard Danielpour. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 212-570-3949.)

DBR AND THE MISSION
The glamorous young violinist and composer Daniel Bernard Roumain—the Lenny Kravitz of classical music—brings his hip-hop-meets-classical band to the Cutting Room, performing the première of "Bring Them Down" along with "Hip-Hop Studies and Études, Book I." (19 W. 24th St. 212-691-1900. Jan. 23 at 8.)

DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY: "FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE"
The commanding Russian baritone, trading in some of his prodigious musical capital, offers New York audiences a largely unfamiliar program—not only arias from operas by Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Rubinstein, and Rimsky-Korsakov but a selection of Russian popular songs from the Second World War. Constantine Orbelian conducts the Philharmonia of Russia. (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-721-6500. Jan. 25 at 8.)

JUILLIARD "FOCUS!" FESTIVAL
Joel Sachs's annual festival of new music, featuring a bushel of premières, begins with a concert of music by such composers as Roberto Sierra ("Bongo +"), Guus Janssen, and Akira Nishimura performed by the New Juilliard Ensemble. (Peter Jay Sharp Theatre, Juilliard School. 212-769-7406. Jan. 27 at 8. Through Feb. 3. For full schedule, see www.juilliard.edu.)

"MUSIC BEFORE 1800" SERIES: THE HILLIARD ENSEMBLE
The male vocal group, one of the leading lights of the early-music movement and a major presence on the ECM label, performs music by Gombert, Du Fay, and Josquin. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 212-666-9266. Jan. 29 at 4.)

SEQUITUR: "SHAKESPEARE REINVENTED"
The ensemble, an energetic and enduring operation that mixes uptown intellectuality with a funky downtown spirit, gives two current Guggenheim composer fellows—Andrew Waggoner ("This Powerful Rhyme," for two actors and ten instruments) and Susan Botti ("Telaio: Desdemona")—a chance to offer their own interpretations of scenes and sonnets from the Bard. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Jan. 30 at 8.)

MOVIES OPENING

ANNAPOLIS
A Naval Academy recruit (James Franco) seeks to make his mark through boxing. Directed by Justin Lin. Opening Jan. 27. (In wide release.)

BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE 2
Martin Lawrence stars as an undercover F.B.I. agent who poses as a nanny. Directed by John Whitesell. Opening Jan. 27. (In wide release.)

BUBBLE
Steven Soderbergh directed this mystery, about residents of a small town in Ohio who attempt to solve a murder. Opening Jan. 27. (Sunshine Cinema.)

GO FOR ZUCKER
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. In German. Opening Jan. 20. (Sunshine Cinema.)

HOW TO EAT YOUR WATERMELON IN WHITE COMPANY (AND ENJOY IT)
A documentary about the director and actor Melvin Van Peebles, directed by Joe Angio. Opening Jan. 20. (Film Forum.)

IMAGINE ME & YOU
Piper Perabo stars as a newlywed who falls in love with another woman. Directed by Ol Parker. Opening Jan. 27. (In wide release.)

THE LIVING WORLD
Eugène Green directed this modernized chivalric legend of a knight who must battle an ogre. In French. Opening Jan. 20. (Anthology Film Archives.)

LOOKING FOR COMEDY IN THE MUSLIM WORLD
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Jan. 20. (In wide release.)

MANDERLAY
Bryce Dallas Howard and Isaach De Bankolé star in Lars von Trier's political fantasy about slavery in America in the nineteen-thirties. Opening Jan. 27. (IFC Center.)

NANNY MCPHEE
In this comedy, Emma Thompson stars as a governess with magical powers. Directed by Kirk Jones. Opening Jan. 27. (In wide release.)

LA PETITE JÉRUSALEM
A French Jewish woman rejects her family's views on religion and love. Directed by Karin Albou. In French, Arabic, and Hebrew. Opening Jan. 27. (Quad Cinema.)

LE PONT DES ARTS
A stylized romance directed by Eugène Green, about two mismatched couples in Paris. In French. Opening Jan. 20. (Anthology Film Archives.)

PIZZA
An overqualified pizza-delivery man (Ethan Embry) befriends a smart teen-age misfit (Kylie Sparks), in this comedy written and directed by Mark Christopher. Opening Jan. 20. (IFC Center.)

TRISTRAM SHANDY: A COCK AND BULL STORY
Michael Winterbottom directed this tale of his own attempt to film Laurence Sterne's classic novel. Opening Jan. 27. (In wide release.)

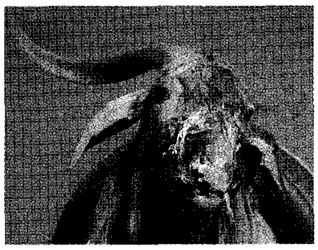
UNDERWORLD: EVOLUTION
Werewolves battle vampires in this sequel to the sci-fi thriller "Underworld." Directed by Len Wiseman and starring Kate Beckinsale and Scott Speedman. Opening Jan. 20. (In wide release.)

WHY WE FIGHT
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Jan. 20. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
ALWAYS IN PROGRESS

Robert Rauschenberg's "combines" (defined by Jasper Johns as "painting playing the game of sculpture") from the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, in a majestic, exhilarating show at the Met, are works in progress, permanently. Those singing congeries of innumerable stuffs, images, gestures, colors, formal schemes, and poetic nuances make, unmake, and remake themselves as you look, becoming the art that, at the moment of viewing, your sensitivity and attentiveness deserve. They are uneven in quality. The first ones, violently original conquests of new ground for art, are sui generis. Subsequent works alternately lampoon second-generation Abstract Expressionism and indulge in it. Junkiness and elegance, equally intense, don't always coöperate. The forced last works go to pieces and stay there. But the standards that some combines fail to live up to are only their own, raised by the half-dozen or so downright masterpieces among them: "Monogram" (the stuffed goat) and "Canyon" (eagle) are included, of course, along with less celebrated feats like "Winter Pool," a painting both split and supported by a rough-hewn, fatherly ladder.

—Peter Schjeldahl



ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG, "MONOGRAM" (1955-59)

NOW PLAYING

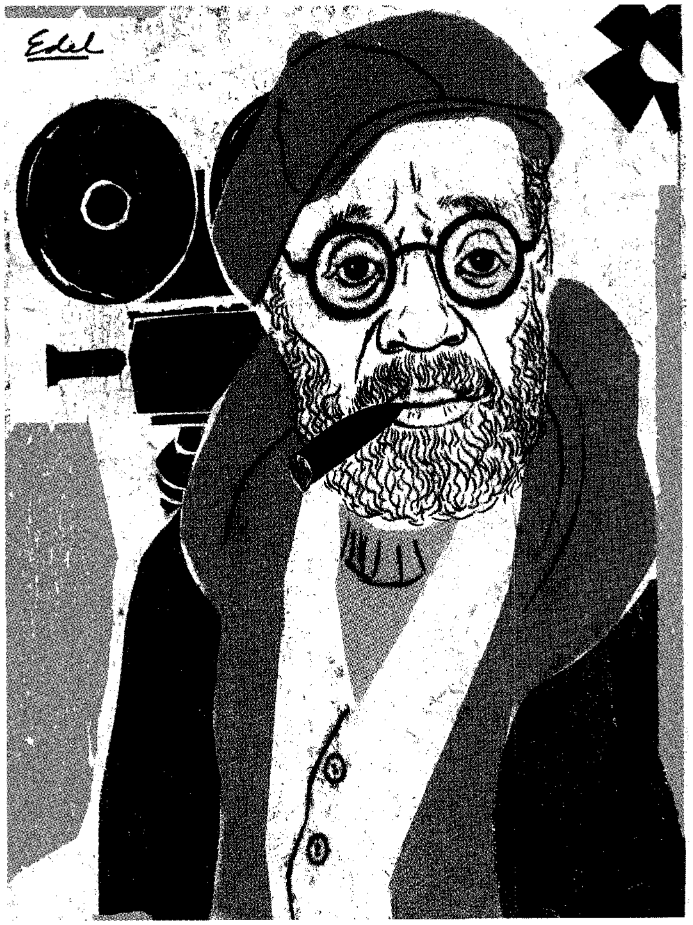
BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN
In the summer of 1963, Ennis Del Mar (Heath Ledger) and Jack Twist (Jake Gyllenhaal) herd the sheep on Brokeback Mountain, in Wyoming, and fall in love. Ang Lee's movie traces the ups and downs of that love over many years, making it clear that the downs are fated to outnumber the ups. The film has a curious motion to begin with, managing to seem at once hectic and sluggish; once the heroes start to grow up, however, and thus to struggle against their feelings, the story comes painfully alive, and the performances stretch toward the tragic. There is fine support from Anne Hathaway and Michelle Williams as the baffled wives of the two men and from Kate Mara as Ennis's teen-age daughter, but the picture belongs to Ledger, whose downcast gaze and chewed-up words bear almost unbearable testimony to a heart under siege. Any attempt to promote this as an issue movie, gripped by an agenda, feels badly misplaced; the only issue here is the oldest and most sorrowful one of all.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/05.) (In wide release.)

HOSTEL
Two intellect-free guys (Jay Hernandez and Derek Richardson) on a European trip leave tourist-glutted Amsterdam for a small town in Eastern Europe in search of a good time. What they discover is a ring of townsfolk involved in a spectacularly sickening torture-for-money operation. The filmmaker Eli Roth (who did a credible job with a flesh-eating-virus plot in "Cabin Fever") thinks he's doing a transgressive house-of-horrors story, complete with blowtorched faces and rusty surgical instruments, but this pathetic "Saw" wannabe succeeds only at gratuitous, suspense-free violence.—*Bruce Diones* (In wide release.)

LOOKING FOR COMEDY IN THE MUSLIM WORLD
Excruciating. Albert Brooks, playing himself, goes off to India, where there are a hundred and fifty million Muslims, and then to Pakistan, in order to find out what tickles the funny bone in that part of the globe. The movie turns into another of Brooks's masochistic exposures of folly and self-delusion. Doing one of his meta-comedy routines from his Johnny Carson days (the inept ventriloquist who talks while pouring water down the dummy's throat), he bombs with an Indian audience that has no idea what the jokes refer to. He asks people on the street what they find funny and they blow him off. The exposition is painfully slow and obvious, the other actors zeroes. The movie is devoted to Brooks making a fool of himself.—*David Denby* (In wide release.)

MATCH POINT
In the opening half hour or so of Woody Allen's new movie, which sets the scene in upper-class contemporary London, the exposition feels a little lame: two impoverished outsiders—Chris Wilton (Jonathan Rhys Meyers), an Irish-born tennis pro, and Nola Rice (Scarlett Johansson), an unsuccessful young American actress—are both trying to marry into a very wealthy English family. At first, the conversational idiom is falsely debonair, the plot too easily manipulated. But then the two interlopers face each other in a bar and the movie takes off. Rhys Meyers, who has widely spaced blue eyes and a flattened upper lip, can look angelic or brutally calculating at will. Johansson, poured into a white dress, also has an unusual upper lip, curved and fleshy, and a low, smoky voice. What follow are the most passionate and explicitly erotic love scenes that Allen has ever directed. The movie's narrative scheme becomes urgent and will-driven in the manner of Dreiser: Chris suddenly has one woman too many on his hands. Against our better instincts, we are with this cold-blooded murderer every inch of the way.—*D.D.* (1/9/06) (In wide release.)

MUNICH
Steven Spielberg's latest film begins at the Olympic Games in 1972 with the kidnapping and killing of Israeli athletes. It then follows the Israelis' plan to eliminate those whom—rightly or wrongly—they suspect of having backed the attack. Eric Bana plays a Mossad agent who, leaving behind his case officer (Geoffrey Rush) and his pregnant wife (Ayelet Zurer), heads to Europe, where a band of his fellow-specialists (Ciarán Hinds, Mathieu Kassovitz, Hanns Zischler, and Daniel Craig) join him in the quest for revenge. This, for all the director's well-oiled narrative skills, is largely a matter of statistics: the film starts to drag as the team works its way through eleven specified targets (plus the slaying of a Dutch hit woman, the most gratuitous scene that Spielberg has ever devised). There has been much inflamed debate over the movie's politics, but the efforts of Spielberg and his screenwriters, Tony Kushner and Eric Roth, to strike a balance—by gesturing to Palestinian grievances or to the assassins' own qualms—leave the film looking agonized and heavy. Good intentions, and a range of strong performances, are never quite enough to quicken the pulse.—*A.L.* (12/26/05 & 1/2/06) (In wide release.)



At Film Forum, a Melvin Van Peebles retrospective, from Jan. 20.

THE NEW WORLD
On the evidence of this new film, Terrence Malick has lost none of his ability to infuriate and bewitch at the same time. His retelling of the Pocahontas story may be grounded in historical research, but it floats toward the airiness of legend. Colin Farrell plays Captain John Smith, who lands in 1607 at what will become Jamestown, Virginia. There he encounters a young tribal princess (Q'Orianka Kilcher) and falls in love with her—or, rather, with the purity of body and spirit that she enshrines. This lasts until the outbreak of hostilities between the locals and the British; with peace restored and Smith reassigned, Pocahontas travels to England with her husband, John Rolfe (Christian Bale), and child. This final act is the consummation of the film's concerns, and of its semi-stoned amazement at the world. When Malick (with help from Mozart and Wagner) is at full blast, his peculiarities—the preference for monologue over conversation, and for lyrical meandering over forthright action—somehow fall into place.—*A.L.* (12/26/05 & 1/2/06) (In wide release.)

Also Playing

KING KONG: In wide release (12/19/05). **LAST HOLIDAY:** In wide release. **THE PRODUCERS:** In wide release. **SYRIANA:** In wide release (12/5/05).

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"NewFilmmakers Presents." Jan. 18 at 7: Short-film program. ♦ Jan. 18 at 8: "Never Say Die" (2004, David Gray and Katie McQuerrey). ♦ Jan. 25 at 6: Third World newsreel program. ♦ Jan. 25 at 8: "September 12th" (2005, John Touhey). ♦ In revival. Jan. 18-19 at 7 and 9: "Beyond the Rocks" (1922, Sam Wood; silent). ♦ "*The Onion* Presents." Jan. 19 at 8: "Dunston Checks In" (1996, Ken Kwapis). ♦ "Essential Cinema." Jan. 20 at 8: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966, Stan Brakhage). ♦ Jan. 21 at 6: "Songs 1-15" (1964-81, Brakhage). ♦ Jan. 22 at 6: Short films by Robert Breer (1952-73). ♦ Jan. 22 at 8: "The Pittsburgh Trilogy" (1970-71, Brakhage). ♦ "Eugène Green: A Baroque Vision." Jan. 21-22 at 4:30: "Toutes les Nuits" (2001, Eugène Green; in French). ♦ "Unessential Cinema Presents: Lost Lost Found (Lost)." Jan. 26 at 8: Unreleased experimental films of the nineteen-sixties and seventies. ♦ New York première. Jan. 27 at 8: "Niger: Magic and Ecstasy in the Sahel" (2005, Hisham Mayet). ♦ Special screening. Jan. 28-29 at 5 and 7: "Beautiful Things" (2005, Tambay A. Obenson). ♦ "Storefront Films." Jan. 31 at 7:30: "Passages," a short-film program curated by Anselm Franke.

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—"Month of Malick." Jan. 18 at 7: "The Thin Red Line" (1998, Terrence Malick). ♦ Jan. 25 at 7: "Pocket Money" (1972, Stuart Rosenberg).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—In revival. Jan. 17-19 at 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, and 10: "One, Two, Three" (1961, Billy Wilder). ♦ Melvin Van Peebles Festival. Jan. 20-22 at 1:30, 5:20, and 9:30: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, Melvin Van Peebles). ♦ Jan. 23 at 1:30, 5:20, and 9:30: "Baadasssss!" (2003, Mario Van Peebles). ♦ Jan. 24 at 1:30, 5:20, and 9:30: "Watermelon Man" (1970, Melvin Van Peebles). ♦ Jan. 25 at 1:40, 5:20, and 9:30: "The Story of a Three-Day Pass" (1967, Melvin Van Peebles). ♦ Jan. 26 at 1:20, 5:20, and 9:30: "Bellyful" (2000, Melvin Van Peebles; in French and English). ♦ In revival. Jan. 27-31 at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30: "Spirit of the Beehive" (1973, Víctor Erice; in Spanish).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—Through Feb. 28: "To Murder the Cinema: The Films of Marguerite Duras." All films are in French. Jan. 24 at 12:30, 4, and 7: "Moderato Cantabile" (1960, Peter Brook). ♦

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

Peaceful, restful sleep.

Lunesta™
(eszopiclone)Ⓒ
1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

Discover Lunesta,™ a sleep aid that can change your nights.

Even when your restless mind keeps you awake, Lunesta can give your body and mind the soothing sleep you need. Lunesta not only helps most people fall asleep fast, it helps you sleep all through the night. Peacefully, uninterrupted. Lunesta works quickly, so you should only take it right before bed. And prescription Lunesta is non-narcotic, and approved for long-term use. Of course, do not use sleep medicines for extended periods without first talking to your doctor.

Now's the time to catch the sleep you need. If you've been hesitant to take a prescription sleep aid, be sure to ask your doctor about Lunesta.

How are your sleeping habits? There are many changes you can make in your lifestyle to improve your sleep. To find out more go to www.lunesta.com

Important Safety Information: Be sure you have at least eight hours to devote to sleep before becoming active. Until you know how you'll react to Lunesta, you should not drive or operate machinery. Do not use alcohol while taking Lunesta. Most sleep medicines carry some risk of dependency. Side effects may include unpleasant taste, headache, drowsiness and dizziness.

See important patient information on the next page.

Leave the rest to Lunesta

© 2006 Sepracor Inc.

1-800-Lunesta www.lunesta.com

Lunesta™
(eszopiclone)©

1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

Please read this summary of information about LUNESTA before you talk to your doctor or start using LUNESTA. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. If you have any questions about LUNESTA tablets, be sure to ask your doctor or pharmacist.

LUNESTA is used to treat different types of sleep problems, such as difficulty in falling asleep, difficulty in maintaining sleep during the night, and waking up too early in the morning. Most people with insomnia have more than one of these problems. You should take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed because of the risk of falling.

LUNESTA belongs to a group of medicines known as "hypnotics" or, simply, sleep medicines. There are many different sleep medicines available to help people sleep better. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent. It usually requires treatment for only a short time, usually 7 to 10 days up to 2 weeks. If your insomnia does not improve after 7 to 10 days of treatment, see your doctor, because it may be a sign of an underlying condition. Some people have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. However, you should not use these medicines for long periods without talking with your doctor about the risks and benefits of prolonged use.

Side Effects

All medicines have side effects. The most common side effects of sleep medicines are:

- Drowsiness
- Dizziness
- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been *dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a* higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breastfeeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a *prescription and herbal preparations. You should also* tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

Rx only

SEPRACOR

© 2005 SEPRACOR INC. All Rights Reserved.

Jan. 31 at 12:30 and 4: “Nathalie Granger” (1972, Duras). ♦ Jan. 31 at 7: “Marguerite par Elle-Même” (2002, Dominique Auvray).

IFC CENTER

323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—In revival: “Marjoe” (1972, Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan). Call for dates and showtimes. ♦ “Waverly Midnights.” Jan. 20-21: “Mean Streets” (1973, Martin Scorsese). ♦ Jan. 27-28: “After Hours” (1985, Scorsese). ♦ A Lars von Trier retrospective. Jan. 20 at 12:45, 3:35, 6:25, and 9:15: “Dancer in the Dark” (2000). ♦ Jan. 20-21 at midnight: “Von Trier’s 100 Eyes” (2000, Katia Forbert Petersen; in English and Danish) and “The Dogville Confessions” (2003, Sami Saif). ♦ Jan. 21 at noon: “The Kingdom” (1994; in Danish and Swedish). ♦ Jan. 21 at 5:30 and 8:40: “Breaking the Waves” (1996). ♦ Jan. 22 at noon: “The Kingdom II” (1997; in Danish and Swedish). ♦ Jan. 22 at 5:30, 7:50, and 10:30: “Zentropa” (1991; in English and German). ♦ Jan. 23 at noon, 3:35, 7:10, and 10:45: “The Five Obstructions” (2003, von Trier and Jørgen Leth; in Danish, English, French, and Spanish). ♦ Jan. 23 at 2, 5:35, and 9:10: “Liberation Pictures” (1982; in Danish). ♦ Jan. 24 at 12:45, 5:15, and 9:40: “The Element of Crime” (1984). ♦ Jan. 24 at 3 and 7:30: “Epidemic” (1987; in Danish and English). ♦ Jan. 25 at 11:30 A.M., 3:45, and 8: “The Idiots” (1998; in Danish). ♦ Jan. 25 at 1:55 and 10:30 and Jan. 26 at 7:45: “The Humiliated” (1998, Jesper Jargil). ♦ Jan. 25 at 6:15 and Jan. 26 at 6: “Medea” (1987; in Danish). Jan. 26 at 11:10 A.M., 2:35, and 9:30: “Dogville” (2004).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—“Early Autumn: Masterworks of Japanese Cinema in the National Film Center, Tokyo.” All films are in Japanese. Jan. 18 at 5:30: “A Human Bullet” (1968, Kihachi Okamoto). ♦ “Fort Lee: Early Film Capital.” Jan. 18 at 7: A program of short films from 1909-13, presented by Richard Koszarski and Nelson Paige. ♦ “Medusa: Films from an Italian Studio, 1995-2005.” All films are in Italian except where noted. Jan. 18 at 8 and Jan. 21 at 6:30: “The Supper” (1998, Ettore Scola). ♦ Jan. 19 at 8:15 and Jan. 23 at 6: “After Midnight” (2004, Davide Ferrario). ♦ Jan. 20 at 6 and Jan. 22 at 5: “Holy Tongue” (2000, Carlo Mazzacurati). ♦ Jan. 20 at 8:30 and Jan. 22 at 2: “Maximum Speed” (2002, Daniele Vicari). ♦ Jan. 21 at 4:15 and Jan. 30 at 8:30: “His Secret Life” (2001, Ferzan Ozpetek). ♦ Jan. 21 at 8:30 and Jan. 25 at 8:30: “Three Men and a Leg” (1997, Giovanni Aldo, Giacomo Aldo, and Massimo Venier). ♦ Jan. 22 at 2:30 and Jan. 28 at 9: “Not Scared” (2003, Gabriele Salvatores). ♦ Jan. 22 at 5:30 and Jan. 29 at 1: “The Days of Abandonment” (2005, Roberto Faenza). ♦ Jan. 23 at 8 and Jan. 29 at 3: “Besieged” (1998, Bernardo Bertolucci; in English). ♦ Jan. 25 at 5:30 and Jan. 28 at 2: “The Legend of 1900” (1998, Giuseppe Tornatore). ♦ Jan. 26 at 6 and Jan. 29 at 5: “The Consequences of Love” (2004, Paolo Sorrentino). ♦ Jan. 26 at 8 and Jan. 28 at 4:30: “One Last Kiss” (2001, Gabriele Muccino). ♦ Jan. 27 at 5:30 and Jan. 28 at 6:45: “Radiofreccia” (1998, Luciano Ligabue). ♦ Jan. 27 at 8:30 and Jan. 29 at 2: “Don’t Move” (2004, Sergio Castellito). ♦ “Gaumont Presents.” Jan. 19 at 6 and Jan. 21 at 2: “La Poison” (1951, Sacha Guitry; in French). The Jan. 19 screening will be introduced by Nicolas Seydoux. ♦ Through Feb. 6: “Pixar: 20 Years of Animation.” Jan. 19 at 6, Jan. 20 at 8:30, and Jan. 21 at 2: “Toy Story 2” (1999, John Lasseter) and short films. ♦ Jan. 27 at 8:30, Jan. 28 at 2, Jan. 29 at 5, and Jan. 30 at 5:30: “Finding Nemo” (2003, Andrew Stanton) and short films. ♦ “Robert Wise, American Filmmaker.” Jan. 19 at 8:30 and Jan. 28 at 6: “Citizen Kane” (1941, Orson Welles). ♦ Jan. 21 and Jan. 26 at 6:30: “The Day the Earth Stood Still” (1951, Wise). ♦ Jan. 21 at 8:30 and Jan. 26 at 8:15: “Directors at Work: The Director and the Actor” (1982, Carl Workman) and “The Set-Up” (1949, Wise). ♦ Jan. 23 at 8:15 and Jan. 27 at 6:30: “My Favorite Wife” (1940, Garson Kanin). ♦ Jan. 28 at 8:30: “Born to Kill” (1947, Wise). ♦ “Asian Cinevisions.” Jan. 23 at 6 and Jan. 25 at 8: “The Beautiful Washing Machine” (2004, James Lee; in Mandarin and Cantonese). ♦ “MediaScope” Jan. 30 at 8: A program of short films by Lynn Marie Kirby.

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Repertory nights. Jan. 20 at 7:30 and Jan. 21-22 at 6:30: “Brazil” (1985, Terry Gilliam). ♦ Jan. 28-29 at 6:30: “Once Upon a Time in the West” (1968, Sergio Leone). ♦ “New York Film Critics Circle Series.” Jan. 21-22 at 1:30: “Kundun” (1997, Martin Scorsese). The Jan. 21 screening will be introduced by Nathan Lee. The Jan. 22 screening will be introduced by Thelma Schoonmaker. ♦ Jan. 21-22 at 4: “Foreign Correspondent” (1940, Alfred Hitchcock). The Jan. 21 screening will be introduced by Andrew Sarris. ♦ Jan. 28-29 at 1:30: “Stroszek” (1977, Werner Herzog; in English, German, and Turkish). The Jan. 29 screening will be introduced by Michael Atkinson. ♦ Jan. 28-29 at 4: “Zabriskie Point” (1970, Michelangelo Antonioni). The Jan. 28 screening will be introduced by J. Hoberman. ♦ “Black Light: Films from the African Diaspora.” Jan. 27 at 7:30: “Blue Collar” (1978, Paul Schrader).

PIONEER CINEMA

155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300)—“Pioneer Late Nights.” Jan. 18 and Jan. 25 at 7:15: “New York Doll” (2005, Greg Whiteley). ♦ Jan. 20 and Jan. 27-28 at 10:30: “Gay Sex in the 70s” (2005, Joseph Lovett). ♦ “Third I Presents.” Jan. 19 at 7: Short films from Pakistan. ♦ In revival. Jan. 21 at 7: “Mr. Arkadin (Confidential Report)” (1955, Orson Welles). ♦ Jan. 21 at 10:45 and Jan. 27 at 6:30: “Last Tango in Paris” (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in English and French). ♦ Jan. 22 and Jan. 30 at 6:45: “Ramones: End of the Century” (2003, Jim Fields and Michael Gramaglia). ♦ Jan. 26 at 7: “Rashomon” (1950, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). ♦ “Penny Arcade Presents.” Jan. 31 at 7: “You Are All Coke Machines!,” a program of archival films featuring John Vaccaro and the Explosive Playhouse of the Ridiculous.

SUNSHINE CINEMA

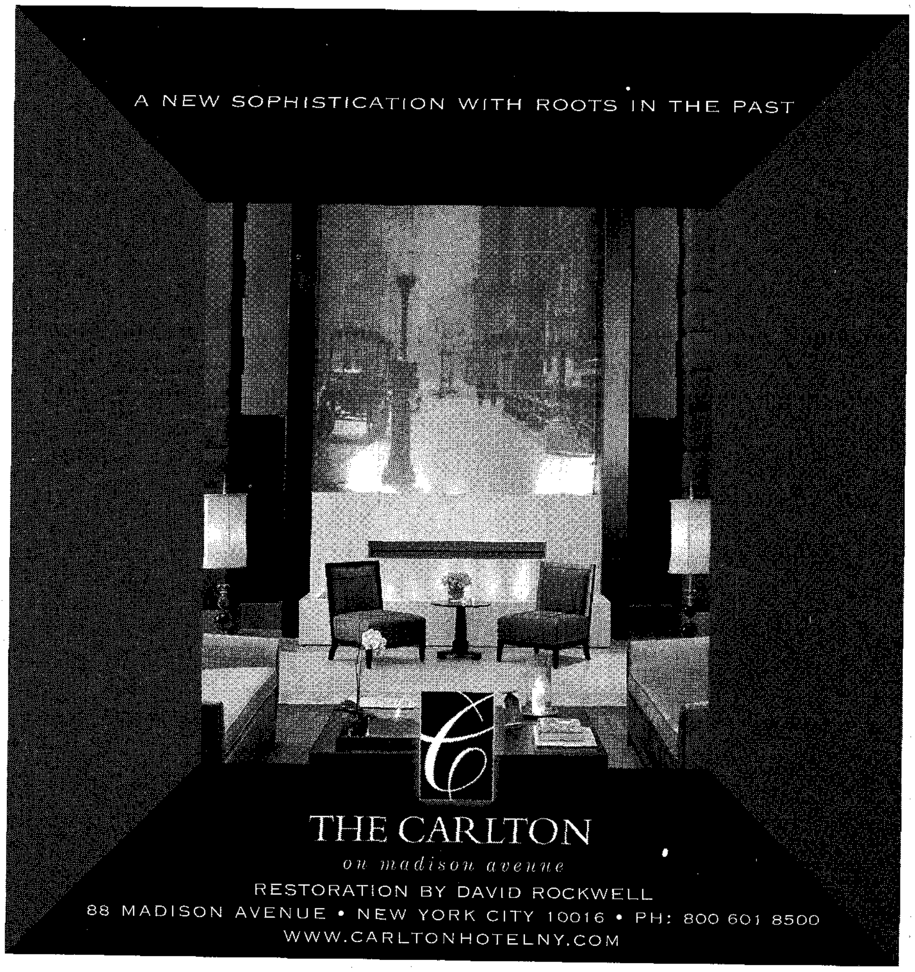
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—“Sunshine@Midnight.” Jan. 20-21: “The Aristocrats” (2005, Paul Provenza). ♦ Jan. 27-28: “Live Freaky! Die Freaky!” (2003, John Roecker). No one under 18 will be admitted.

THALIA THEATRE

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—“Bearing the Unbearable: Israeli and Palestinian Films about the Conflict.” Jan. 22 at 4: “Arna’s Children” (2003, Juliano Mer Khamis and Danniel Danniel; in English, Arabic, and Hebrew). ♦ Jan. 22 at 5:45: “No. 17 Is Anonymous” (2003, David Ofek; in Hebrew, English, and Gujarati). ♦ Jan. 24 at 6: “Campfire” (2004, Joseph Cedar; in Hebrew). ♦ Jan. 24 at 7:45: “Forbidden Marriages” (1995, Michel Khleifi; in Arabic and Hebrew). ♦ Jan. 29 at 4: “Wall” (2004, Simone Bitton; in Arabic and Hebrew). ♦ Jan. 29 at 6: “Soraida, Woman of Palestine” (2004, Tahani Rached; in Arabic). ♦ Jan. 31 at 6: “Another Road Home” (2004, Danae Elon).

WALTER READE THEATRE

Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—The New York Jewish Film Festival. Jan. 18 at 1:30 and 9: “The Two Lives of Eva” (2005, Esther Hoffenberg; in French, English, and German). ♦ Jan. 18 at 4: “Best Sister” (2005, Ira Wohl). ♦ Jan. 18 at 6, Jan. 22 at 8:45, and Jan. 23 at 6: “Sentenced to Marriage” (2004, Anat Zuria; in Hebrew). ♦ Jan. 19 at 1 and Jan. 22 at 1: “The Living Orphan” (1939, Joseph Seiden; in Yiddish). ♦ Jan. 19 at 3 and 8:30 and Jan. 21 at 7: “La Petite Jérusalem” (2005, Karin Albou; in French, Arabic, and Hebrew). ♦ Jan. 19 at 6, Jan. 21 at 9:15, and Jan. 24 at 8:30: “Roots” (2005, Pavel Loungin; in Russian, English, and Yiddish). ♦ Jan. 22 at 3:15, Jan. 23 at 1, and Jan. 24 at 3: “A Treasure in Auschwitz” (2005, Yahaly Gat; in Hebrew, English, and Polish). ♦ Jan. 22 at 6, Jan. 25 at 3:30, and Jan. 26 at 3:15: “Jews of Iran” (2005, Ramin Farahani; in English, Hebrew, and Farsi) and “Love Iranian-American Style” (2005, Tanaz Eshaghian; in English and Farsi). ♦ Jan. 23 at 3:30 and 8:45: “The Chosen People” (2004, *Igal Hecht*). ♦ Jan. 24 at 12:30, Jan. 25 at 1, and Jan. 26 at 6:15: “Goodbye Holland” (2004, Willy Lindwer; in English and Dutch). ♦ Jan. 25 at 6:30 and Jan. 26 at 1 and 8:30: “Melting Siberia” (2004, Ido Haar; in Hebrew, English, and Russian). ♦ Jan. 25 at 8:30: “The Diaries of Yossef Nachmani” (2005, Dalia


A NEW SOPHISTICATION WITH ROOTS IN THE PAST
THE CARLTON
on madison avenue
RESTORATION BY DAVID ROCKWELL
88 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY 10016 • PH: 800 601 8500
WWW.CARLTONHOTELNY.COM

Karpel; in Hebrew). The screening will be followed by a panel discussion. ♦ Through Feb. 14: "Film in Catalunya." Jan. 27 at 1: "The Burned City" (1976, Antonio Ribas; in Spanish and Catalan). ♦ Jan. 27 at 4 and Jan. 28 at 9:20: "Los Tarantos" (1963, Francisco Rovira Beleta; in Spanish). ♦ Jan. 27 at 7: "The Secret Life of Words" (2005, Isabel Coixet; in Spanish). ♦ Jan. 28 at 1: "The Beginnings of Filmmaking in Catalunya," a program of short films from 1907-12. ♦ Jan. 28 at 3 and Jan. 31 at 3 and 9: "Life in Shadows" (1952, Lorenzo Llobet Gracia; in Spanish). ♦ Jan. 28 at 5 and Jan. 31 at 5: "Anita Takes a Chance" (2001, Ventura Pons; in Catalan). ♦ Jan. 28 at 7:15: "The Cherry Tree" (1998, Marc Recha; in Catalan and Spanish). ♦ Jan. 29 at 3: "The Old Memory" (1978, Jaime Camino; in Spanish). ♦ Jan. 29 at 6:30: "Fata Morgana" (1965, Vicente Aranda; in Spanish). ♦ Jan. 29 at 8:30: "In the City" (2003, Cesc Gay; in Spanish). ♦ Jan. 31 at 1 and 7: "Post Box 1001" (1950, Julio Salvador; in Spanish).

READINGS AND TALKS

PLANTU
The noted French political cartoonist (born Jean Plantureux), whose drawings have been in the pages of *Le Monde* since 1972, talks about his work. (La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews, at University Pl. 212-998-8750. Jan. 18 at 7.)

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART
The novelist, essayist, and biographer Edmund White talks with the dramatist Doug Wright. (150 W. 17th St. For reservations, which are suggested, call 212-620-5000, ext. 344. Jan. 18 at 7.)

MCNALLY ROBINSON BOOKSELLERS
Vincent Pieribone and David Gruber, the authors of "Aglow in the Dark: The Revolutionary Science of Biofluorescence," talk about how the discovery of fluorescent proteins found in glowing jellyfish has changed medical research. (52 Prince St. No tickets necessary. Jan. 19 at 7.)

MATT MADDEN
Madden, an illustrator and artist, recently published "99 Ways to Tell a Story," a work inspired by the French novelist Raymond Queneau that retells the same micro-anecdote over and over in compelling visual style. On Jan. 20 at 7, he presents a slide show that goes into more detail. (Barnes & Noble, Sixth Ave. at 21st St. No tickets necessary.)

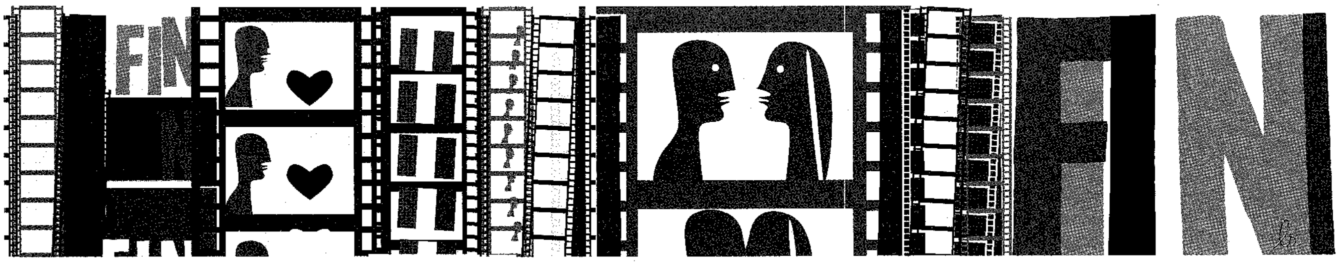
ITALIAN CULTURAL INSTITUTE
A reading from and discussion of Elena Ferrante's novel "The Days of Abandonment," with the director Roberto Faenza, who recently adapted it for the cinema, the translator Ann Goldstein, and the film critic Antonio Monda. In English and Italian. (686 Park Ave., between 68th and 69th Sts. 212-879-4242, ext. 365. Jan. 23 at 6.)

"AMERICAN VERTIGO"
Tina Brown, a former editor of this magazine, talks with the French writer and philosopher Bernard-Henri Lévy about the state of the world. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 212-868-4444. Jan. 26 at 7.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

OUTSIDER ART WEEK
The American Folk Art Museum celebrates the self-taught artist with a series of programs, including artist talks, panel discussions, and performances. The big highlight, however, is the Outsider Art Fair at the Puck Building (at the corner of Lafayette and Houston Sts.), in which the autodidacts and their champions stand to profit from their obsessions. (45 W. 53rd St. For more information, call 212-265-1040. Jan. 24-29.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
The auction circuit will soon be teeming with all things American, from weathervanes to portraits of tight-lipped shipbuilders' wives. At **Sotheby's** (Jan. 20-22), amid the furniture, silver, pottery, and folk art, the pick of the bunch is a familiar image, "The Peaceable Kingdom," one of several dozen paintings on the theme by the nineteenth-century Quaker artist Edward Hicks. The focus then turns to the Old Masters (Jan. 25-28) and in particular to a painting only recently confirmed to be by Rembrandt, "Portrait of an Elderly Woman in a White Bonnet" (Jan. 26), whose inauthentic fur collar has lately been removed by restorers. Also not to be missed is a characteristically graceful terra-cotta relief of a Madonna and Child by the Florentine master Donatello and "The Dealer's Eye," a selection of paintings consigned by big-time dealers (Jan. 26). (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.) ♦ **Christie's** Americana offerings (Jan. 20-21) are led by a full-length portrait by Charles Willson Peale depicting a relaxed George Washington sporting a brilliant blue sash, painted in 1779. A late study of a male torso by Michelangelo is the undisputed king of the house's sale of Old Master drawings (Jan. 24). (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.) ♦ As much a social event as a showcase for collectibles, the **Winter Antiques Show** (Jan. 20-29) is back; this year's offerings include an exhibition of decorative objects from Mount Vernon, Washington's longtime residence. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. 718-292-7392.)



LAURIE ROSENWALD

ON THE HORIZON

MOVIES
AUTEUR, AUTEUR
Feb. 10-Dec. 30

Each year since 1951, the Prix Jean Vigo has been awarded in memory of the director of "L'Atalante" to the French film deemed most likely to herald "an auteur of the future." The Museum of Modern Art will present a yearlong program of past recipients of the honor, including Jean-Luc Godard's "Breathless," Claude Chabrol's "Le Beau Serge," and such notable rarities as Jacques Rozier's epic road comedy, "Maine-Océan." (212-708-9480.)

NIGHT LIFE
LOVE TRAIN
Feb. 14

The seventies R. & B. titans the O'Jays have a spectacular back catalogue that includes "For the Love of Money," "I Love Music (Part 1)," and "Back Stabbers." They'll perform a Valentine's Day show at the Apollo Theatre. (212-307-7171.)

ART
NO LIMIT
Feb. 26-May 22

MOMA brings together fifteen artists from Islamic countries, many of them stars of the Chelsea gallery scene (Emily Jacir, Marjane Satrapi, Shirin Neshat, and Shahzia Sikander, among others), and two Americans (Bill Viola and Mike Kelley) for "Without Boundaries," which will address identity, politics, faith, and aesthetics. (212-708-9400.)

THE THEATRE
BEING JULIA
March 28

The Hollywood sweetheart Julia Roberts makes her Broadway début this spring in a revival of "Three Days of Rain," by Richard Greenberg ("Take Me Out"), in which two siblings (Roberts and Paul Rudd) contend with the son (Bradley Cooper) of their father's business partner and rival. Joe Mantello ("The Odd Couple") directs. Previews begin March 28; the play opens April 19. Tickets go on sale Jan. 28. (212-239-6200.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
RETURN OF THE KING
March 15-16

The Catalan gambist Jordi Savall, whose gig at the Temple of Dendur last season caused a sensation, comes back to the Metropolitan Museum to teach a public master class and perform a concert with his renowned early-music ensemble Hespèrion XXI. (212-570-3949.)

THEIR PAST WAS LOST. UNTIL NOW.

Chris Tucker Oprah Winfrey Whoopi Goldberg Quincy Jones Bishop T.D. Jakes Dr. Ben Carson Dr. Mae Jemison Dr. Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot

Hosted by Henry Louis Gates, Jr.

AFRICAN AMERICAN LIVES

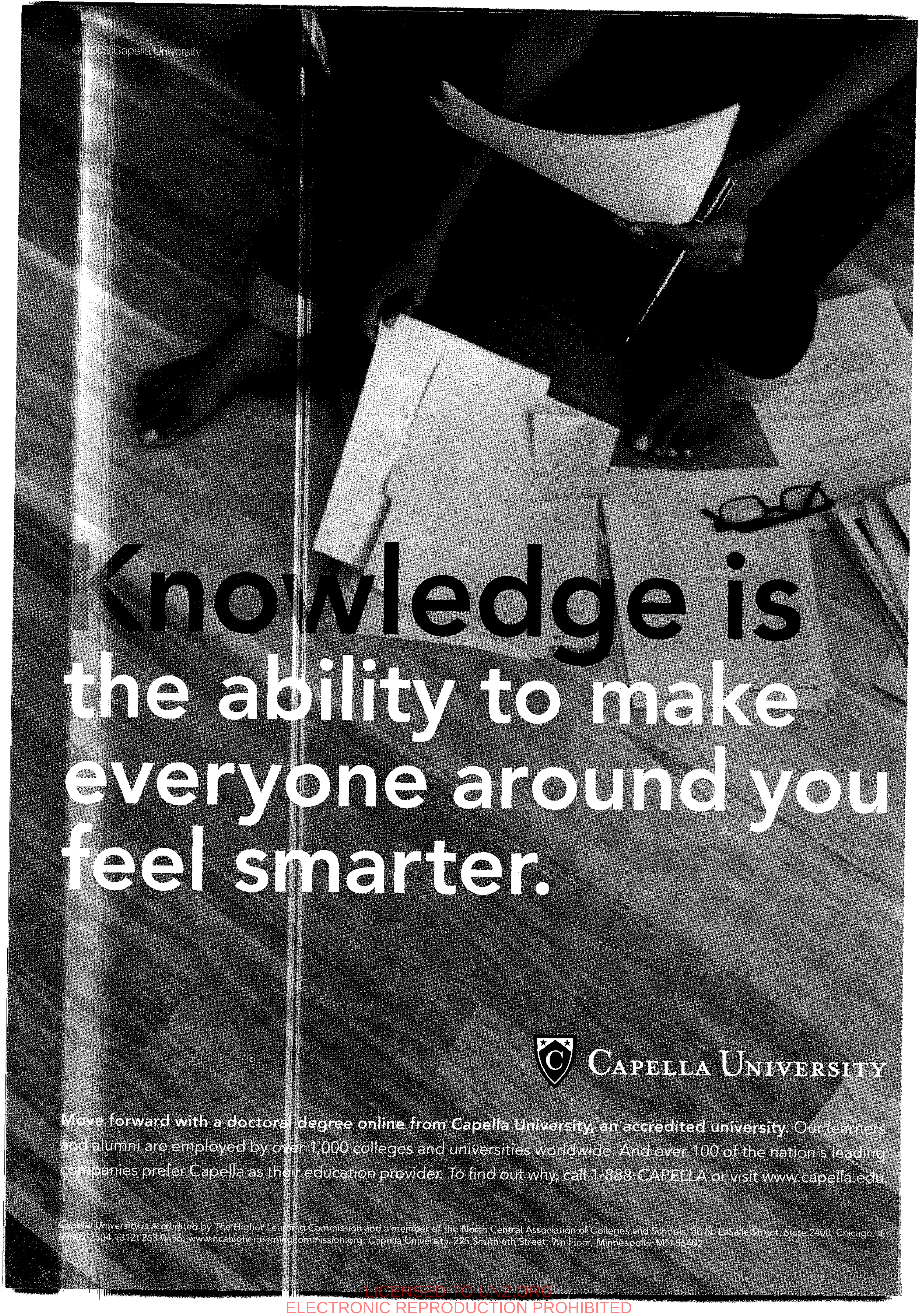
FEBRUARY 1ST 9PM ET/PT

Sponsored in part by:
The Coca-Cola Company P&G

pbs.org/AfricanAmericanLives

Be more PBS

© 2005 Capella University



CAPELLA UNIVERSITY

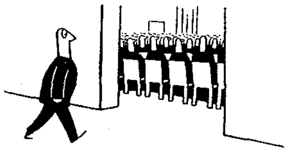
Move forward with a doctoral degree online from Capella University, an accredited university. Our learners and alumni are employed by over 1,000 colleges and universities worldwide. And over 100 of the nation's leading companies prefer Capella as their education provider. To find out why, call 1-888-CAPELLA or visit www.capella.edu.

Capella University is accredited by The Higher Learning Commission and a member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Schools, 30 N. LaSalle Street, Suite 2400, Chicago, IL 60602-2504, (312) 263-0456; www.ncahigherlearningcommission.org. Capella University, 225 South 6th Street, 9th Floor, Minneapolis, MN 55402.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

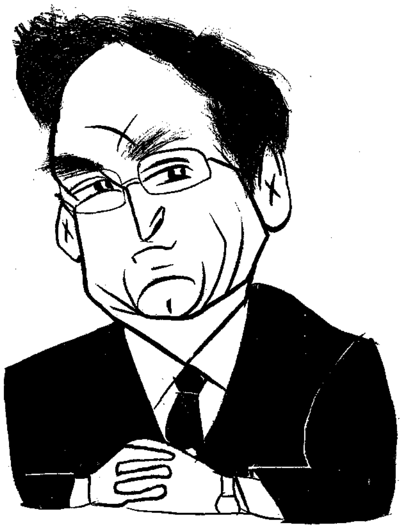
COMMENT
UNANSWERED QUESTIONS



Richard A. Posner, the Chicago judge and conservative polymath, recently made a revealing confession in the pages of the *Harvard Law Review.* Of the 2004-05 Supreme Court term, he wrote, "Almost a quarter century as a federal appellate judge has convinced me it is rarely possible to say with a straight face of a Supreme Court constitutional decision that it was decided correctly or incorrectly." This was because the most important pronouncements of the Court were invariably political in nature, rather than strictly legal. Constitutional cases, Posner asserted, "can be decided only on the basis of a political judgment, and a political judgment cannot be called right or wrong by reference to legal norms." The Justices, guided only by the majestic generalities of the Constitution, and the malleable (and sometimes disposable) precedents of the Court itself, enjoy a degree of authority and freedom of action that is without parallel in our system of government. Some of the issues addressed during the term that Posner reviewed make his point nicely. Does the Constitution permit the execution of murderers under the age of eighteen? May local governments take private property through eminent domain and transfer it to other private owners? Where and how may the Ten Commandments be displayed on government property without amounting to establishment of a state religion? To such questions, conscience, not competence, dictates the answers.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

At the confirmation hearings for Samuel A. Alito, Jr., last week, there was little mystery about his political views early in his legal career. He spent most of the Reagan years as a zealous advocate in a fiercely ideological Department of Justice. In a now famous application for a promotion, in 1985, when he was thirty-five years old, Alito wrote an autobiographical essay that marked the progress of a committed conservative: a boyhood steeped in *National Review,* a youthful revulsion at the liberal fortress of Princeton (leading to his membership in an outré alumni group), and an important role in the causes closest to the heart of Attorney General Edwin Meese III. Alito noted that he was "particularly proud of my contributions in recent cases in which the government has argued in the Supreme Court that racial and ethnic quotas should not be allowed and that the Constitution does not protect a right to an abortion."



In 1990, Alito became a federal appeals-court judge. In that job, he testified last week, his ideological inclinations were instantaneously rendered, so to speak, moot. "When someone becomes a judge," he said, "you really have to put aside the things that you did as a lawyer at prior points in your legal career and think about legal issues the way a judge thinks about legal issues." The nominee thus limited his discussion of constitutional issues to platitudes and anodyne summaries of case law. On the suddenly pressing issue of Presidential power, he assured his interlocutors that "the President is not above the Constitution and the laws." Lawyer Alito may have been "particularly proud" of his work to limit abortion rights, but Judge Alito insisted that this view would have no influence at all on Justice Alito.

This studied reticence is similar to that of most Supreme Court nominees since 1987, when Robert H. Bork gave extensive and candid testimony about his legal philosophy and political views. Members of the Judiciary Committee conducted a high-level debate with Bork on civil rights, abortion, and the right to privacy—and the full Senate rejected him by a vote of 58–42. That experience has led to a belief that, for nominees, the less said the better. As Arlen Specter, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, observed last week, "The hearings are really, in effect, a subtle minuet, with the nominee answering as many questions as he thinks necessary in order to be confirmed." By that standard, if only by that standard, Alito probably said enough. Hapless committee Democrats interrupted their speechifying long enough to run into Alito's stonewalling on almost all the important constitutional questions, so they hectored him on smaller points, like alumni politics and his failure to recuse himself in a case where, theoretically, he had a financial interest.

But if the Senate had a more transparent and searching confirmation process, the Supreme Court would probably be similar, though not identical, to the one we have now. Bork lost not because he answered but because of how he answered; a majority of senators saw him, correctly, as being outside the political mainstream of his time. That wouldn't have been true for at least four of the six nominees confirmed since. If Anthony M. Kennedy, David H. Souter, Ruth Bader Ginsburg, and Stephen G. Breyer had forthrightly answered questions about their judicial philosophies, they almost certainly would have been confirmed anyway; all of them belong in the large middle ground of American politics. Clarence Thomas, who squeaked by, in a vote of 52–48, probably would have been rejected in this imaginary regime of candor, given his extreme views on the bench. It's too soon to say about the new Chief Justice, John G. Roberts, Jr.

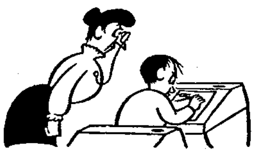
The key question about Alito, which the hearings did little to answer, is what kind of conservative he would be on the Court—moderate or extreme. He wasn't saying, but his record indicates that his views, from his years at the Justice Department through his time on the court of appeals, didn't really change so much as they were constrained by the generally moderate rulings of the current Supreme Court. That middle course was steered largely by the Justice whom Alito would replace, Sandra Day O'Connor—especially on the salient issue of abortion rights.

Republican nominees have been particularly cagey about expressing a view on the fate of Roe v. Wade. Their reluctance may be as strategic as it is prudential: a recent poll shows that almost seventy per cent of the public would oppose Alito's confirmation if he were committed to overturning Roe. (The last two Democratic nominees, Ginsburg and Breyer, made plain that they would protect a woman's right to choose.) Politically, Alito's silence may be golden, but it is absurd that it is tolerated. Like most candidates for public office, the eighteen senators on the Judiciary Committee went before the voters of their states with public stands on the issue of legalized abortion. Indeed, virtually all politicians in the country are expected to have a view on Roe, yet the nine individuals who can actually decide its fate are not.

Of course, the job of Justice is more than politics alone, and Alito's career, as well as his testimony, shows him to be a man of intelligence and integrity. He'll master the craft with ease. But it is disheartening that a matter of such importance as confirming a Supreme Court Justice is a charade—about the nature of the job, about the character of the nominee, and about a process that tells us everything except what we need to know.

—*Jeffrey Toobin*

GOLD STAR DEPT.
STUDY BUDDY



Whatever side you're on in the homework wars (more vs. less, phonics vs. "whole language"), a case can be made that study habits formed in grade school establish patterns for negotiating life as an adult. The kid whose mom builds his diorama may expect a rent-check stipend later; the girl who spends Friday night finishing her science project will likely resist the temptations of happy hour with her co-workers.

When the city's public libraries announced, last month, the launch of an all-points Web site, homeworkNYC.org, for K-12 students, proponents hailed it as a critical blow to the old "dog ate my homework" excuse. Dakota Scott, a freshman at Bard High School Early College, stood before a group of teachers and librarians at the Donnell Library, on West Fifty-third Street, and demonstrated some of the site's features, performing searches on "insects" and "ancient Egypt." She did not click on a link for "live homework help," but, had the demonstration occurred between 2 P.M. and 11 P.M., the link would have connected her, via Tutor.com, to any of twelve hundred tutors around the country sitting on their sofas, or in cafés, and, for all we know, sipping margaritas, while dispensing advice on trigonometry or mitochondria or intransitive verbs.

Or, as it happens, love. On a recent Friday night, Yasmin, a graduate student in animation, sat on a futon in her boyfriend's studio apartment, in Brooklyn. For roughly ten dollars an hour, she had signed on to counsel students looking to get a jump on the weekend's assignments. She had her laptop open and was logged in to the Tutor.com server.

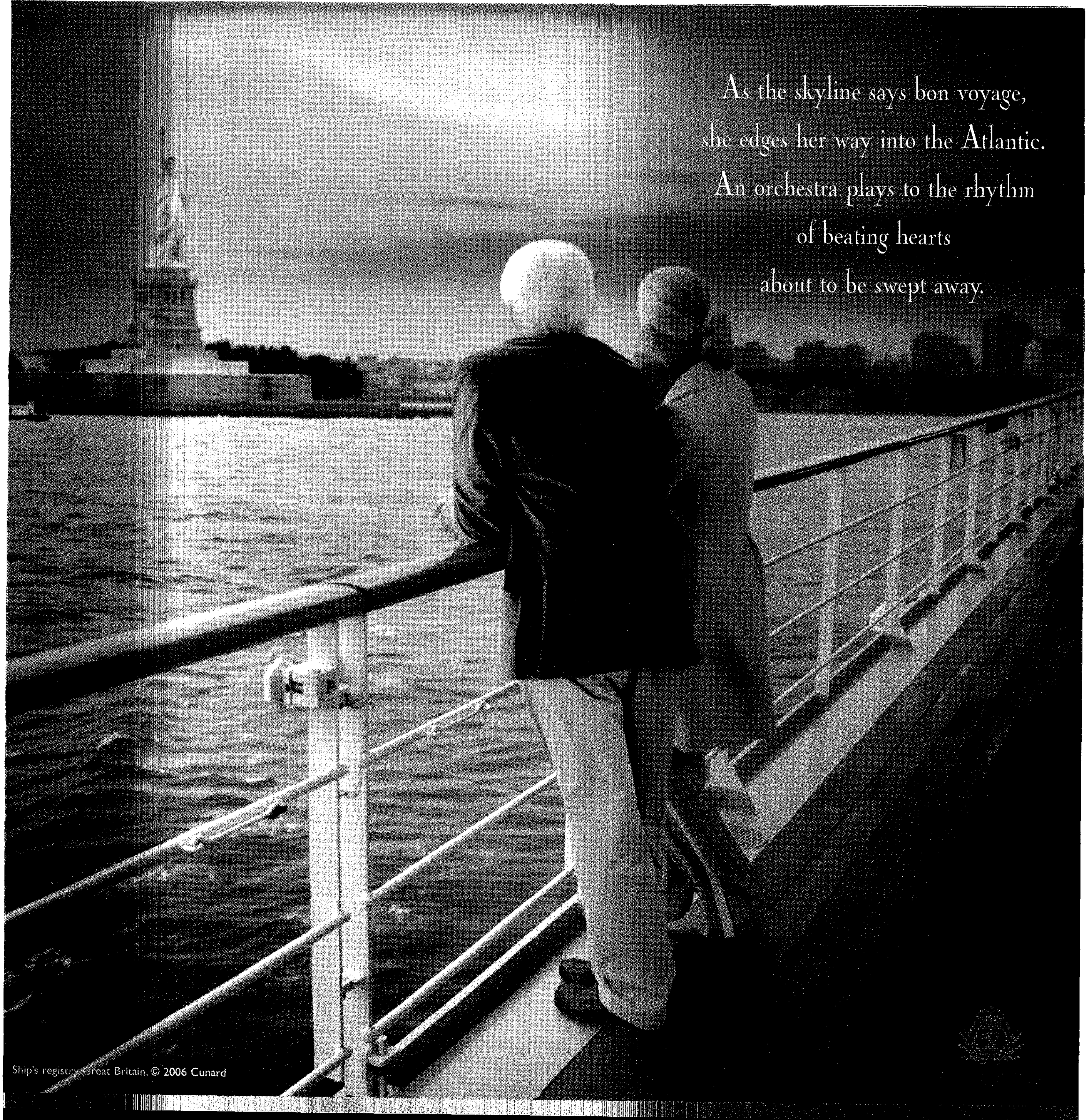
On her screen, a window popped up: "A student has requested your help." The student was apparently in the fourth grade and was logging on from California. A chat session began:

Student: Can you help me with wrighting?
Yasmin: Sure. What is your assignment?
Student: Fiction. . . .
Yasmin: Ok, great. Do you know what you want to write about?
Student: My frind said love hurts but I want it to be about passion.
Yasmin: You want to write a love story? . . . Or should we brainstorm?

A nine-year-old writing a love story on a Friday night? Suddenly, the Internet connection failed and the session was terminated.

Sometimes, Yasmin explained, it's difficult to tell whether a student is legit. But she thought the fiction-writing kid was for real. "Teachers can get pretty creative with assignments," she said. "The other day, a student had to make a mix tape for a character in a book." He was to include liner notes, explaining why each song had been chosen.

One of the songs that the student had picked was "Kokomo," by the Beach Boys, about Caribbean romance. ("Afternoon delight/Cocktails and moonlit nights/That dreamy look in your eye/Give me a tropical contact high.") The book he'd read was called "The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time." "He related it to the character, a guy going somewhere with his mother,"


As the skyline says bon voyage,
she edges her way into the Atlantic.
An orchestra plays to the rhythm
of beating hearts
about to be swept away.
Ship's registry: Great Britain. © 2006 Cunard

QUEEN
MARY 2

A MOST CIVILIZED ADVENTURE.™

Six unforgettable days to experience the pure thrill of a transatlantic crossing in the grandest and most luxurious style imaginable, of any era.

For reservations or further information, call your travel agent or 1-800-7-CUNARD or visit www.cunard.com

Yasmin said. She wrote to the student, " 'Kokomo' isn't exactly a song I think of when discussing a person's relationship with their mom."

Back on Yasmin's laptop, a new request came in, from a sixth grader:

Student: I need to learn about William Shackspear

Yasmin: Ok, great. Do you have a specific assignment?

Student: Nooooooooo. . . . .

Yasmin: Have you read any sonnets or plays?

Student: Nooooooooo.

Disconnected.

The aspiring fourth-grade romance novelist signed on again:

Yasmin: You said "love hurts." Tell me more. How? Why?

Student: Well, I changed it to passion.

Yasmin: Ok, what about passion? Let's make up some characters?

Student: Do you have any idears?

Yasmin: Do you want to have one male and one female character? What should their names be?

On a shared "whiteboard," a virtual chalkboard, the student scrawled the names Jesus and Christine, using his mouse. Yasmin, still credulous, tried to develop the backstory: How did they meet? ("Um") Where should they meet? ("At a special place. Could you think of any?") They agreed on Hawaii as the setting:

Yasmin: How will they meet? Do they know any of the same people . . . ?

Student: She was thirsty, so she wanted a drink.

Yasmin: . . . So she goes to a restaurant?

Student: Yep

Yasmin: Is Jesus working there? Is he there having dinner?

Student: Yes. . . .

Yasmin: Christine goes to the restaurant for a drink and meets Jesus . . . how?

Student: He took her order

Yasmin: So he's the waiter?

Student: Yep

Yasmin: And then what?

Student: She looked up and saw him.

And, with that, the session, which had lasted nearly half an hour, timed out. Yasmin dutifully typed an entry into her tutor's log: "We started brainstorming a story about passion."

—*Ben McGrath*

HOSPITALITY DEPT.
MR. BERENDT'S PARTY

Mr. Berendt, like Mrs. Dalloway, said that he would buy the flowers himself. The vases were filled with white roses. It was quarter past seven. He arranged some slivers of cheese on a tray, then opened the refrigerator and pressed a palm to a green bottle. It was almost chilled. "We said, 'We'll bring the wine,' " Mary Kay Gallagher explained, "and he said, 'No, no, I've got it taken care of.' " Gallagher is one of the founders of the Prospect Park South book club, whose monthly gathering Berendt had offered to host. The guests were due to arrive in fifteen minutes.

John Berendt is the author of "The City of Falling Angels," a social anatomy of Venice, which débuted, in September, at the top of the *Times'* best-seller list. Eight years ago, the group, having just finished Berendt's first book, "Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil," invited him to Prospect Park South for a discussion and a potluck dinner. "It was in a Victorian-type home, and we thought he'd like to see it," Gallagher, who was wearing a gold "Brooklyn" brooch, said. Berendt's appearance was a success, and, this year, the group decided to try him again. He had been on tour and was feeling like a bit of a homebody. He asked if instead they might like to come over to his place, a newly renovated town house on West Eighty-seventh Street.

At just past seven-thirty, the doorbell chimed. Myra and Matthew Zuckerbraun were the first to show up. Berendt took their coats and led them upstairs, to the parlor. Soon, their neighbor Allan Waltzman, a psychoanalyst with a mustache and black Velcro shoes, walked in. "Your purple basil has taken over my garden!" Waltzman said to the Zuckerbrauns, in a stentorian voice. "My wife puts it in everything." Matthew put a hand on his shoulder. "You poor man. If you don't mind things that spread, I'll give you some mint."

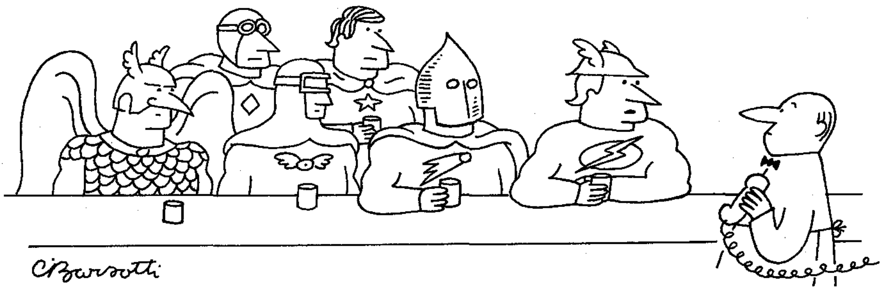
A woman pointed to an end table, where Berendt had a book about Venice's opera house, which figures prominently in his story. "Oh, look, La Fenice," she said, pronouncing the word so that it rhymed with "Venice." She was quickly corrected: "No, it's La Fe-*nee*-chay." Matthew Zuckerbraun greeted another club member: "Look at you, you elegant lady!"

That was Gloria Fischer, a cofounder of the group, wearing tortoiseshell sunglasses and a single beaded cornrow. Fischer is a member of three book clubs, making her something of a literary Blaine Trump. "I belong to one at the school where I teach, and then I belong to a very small, much more esoteric one in the Heights. We do stuff linearly. This one is the most general." People had begun to settle in—a pair of couples on the sofa; five women across the window seat, tote bags at their feet. They could have been supporting players in "The Squid and the Whale." "A few of us would like to do Balzac, Maupassant, Dostoyevsky," Fischer said. "We disagree a lot."

"Gloria, I want to get started," Mary Kay Gallagher announced, from across the room. "John, is Venice sinking?"

Berendt held up an Italian newspaper, and showed the group a picture of La Fenice in the aftermath of the fire that destroyed it, in 1996. "When we were there, my complaint was—" Matthew Zuckerbraun began. Myra took over. "It was 1998 when we went. There were a few Vivaldi concerts in churches, and no other music."

After entertaining questions about La Fenice's rebuilding, Berendt took one from Gloria Fischer. "How did you



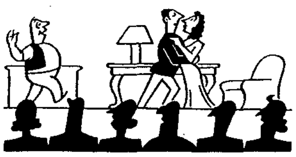
"If that's 'Dancing with the Stars,' we only work as a group."

have the patience to go from one novel of place to another?" she asked. "It's not a novel, but a lot of people find it to be that way, so don't be embarrassed," Berendt said. "I wasn't," Fischer answered. Someone whispered, "Judy, can you pass the Prosecco?" More questions: "Were the Italians friendly?" "Will Venice become a Disney World?" Fischer brought up a scene in which Peggy Guggenheim buries her fifteenth Lhasa Apso. "I think that's what makes it novel*esque*," she said.

Afterward, Berendt brought out coffee and a platter of Italian cookies. "If you like, I'll show you around the house," he said to the group. He led them up a flight of stairs, to his immaculate office. "Tell us you cleaned it for tonight," someone said. "Just to make us feel better!"

—*Lauren Collins*

THE BOARDS
DOG EAT DOG



The actress Julie White, who stars in the new play "The Little Dog Laughed," at the Second Stage Theatre, arrived at Orso for dinner one night last week with fingers black from signing autographs with an exploding Sharpie. After stopping in the ladies' room to wash her hands, she returned in triumph: "Indelible, my ass!" White can make an entrance. And an exit: after three years in Park Slope, she and her actor husband are returning to Los Angeles. "The *Times* finally loves a play I'm in," she said, "and here I am leaving."

A slim forty-four-year-old stage actress with a comedienne's supersized eyes, White is best known as the wacky neighbor on the sitcom "Grace Under Fire." In "The Little Dog Laughed," by Douglas Carter Beane, she plays a Hollywood agent named Diane. An asexual, gutter-mouthed clotheshorse with a veneer of Buddhist resignation, she exemplifies the type. "There's a bit of televangelist in her, that fast-talking enthusiasm," White said. We see—through her asides to the audience—that Diane is always four moves ahead of the other characters, primarily Mitchell, her closeted actor client.

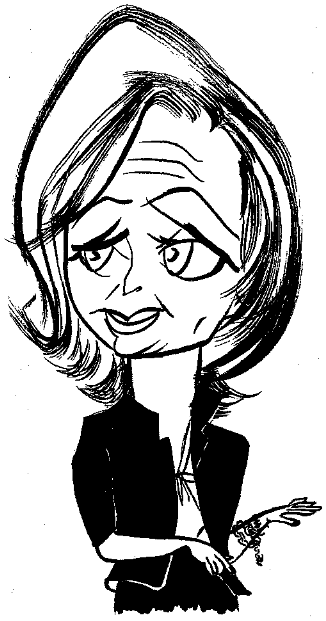
In one scene, Diane is having lunch in Manhattan with Mitchell and a writer whose play about a gay romance she wants to buy for the movies. Smiling solicitously, she asks the writer whether he doesn't see Mitchell in the lead role, but he misunderstands:

DIANE (to audience)

No, not for the play. You inconsequential little stain. I didn't fly across the country to put my client in a *play*. I am not paying for your fucking crab cakes in this hellhole for my client, who is on the rise, to replace someone in a *play*.

(to writer)

That could work if Mitchell's schedule clears up. Maybe he could do a short run of the play, a limited-engagement sort of thing. No, I was thinking more of a film version.



Julie White

Diane, White said, believes that "being a movie star is the ultimate degree of evolution that a human being can have." So Diane plots to betray the playwright by turning his story into a heterosexual romance that will make Mitchell a star; to maneuver Mitchell back into the closet; and to bootstrap herself by becoming Mitchell's producing partner. She thwarts everyone's desires while seeming to grant them. (She's a very good agent.) "What I like about this play—after being in plays where I've had to cry for twenty minutes or die of brain cancer—is that I win, I'm happy," White said. "Diane probably ends up with thirty million and a lovely home in Ojai where she raises some llamas."

For actresses of a certain age, Los Angeles can be less hospitable than New York. "There are only two TV roles I can play now," White said. "Mommy McNoble or Mommy McCrazy." Not long ago, one of her agents told her that she'd landed a role in "War of the Worlds." "I asked, 'What am I?,' and he said, 'I don't know. No one's allowed to see the script. But you're Woman in Scene 34 with Tom Cruise, in a Steven Spielberg film. *You should do it, you should do it, you should do it!*' So I get this FedEx and it contains one page with my one line to Tom Cruise: 'Hey, what's going on?' " She laughed. "I'd be in the shower, practicing: 'Hey, *what's* going on? Hey . . . what's going *on*?'

"Then the assistant director calls and says, 'Scene 34 has been cut. But Steven really wants to put you in Scene 35! It's an unscripted moment where you and Tom are just going to improvise!' So I go sit in the trailer for eight and a half hours, no talking to Steven or Tom, none of that, and then they cover me with this weird crap. The makeup guy says, 'Honey, don't tell anyone, but I think it's people dust.' And then I get put at the end of a street with five hundred extras behind me and Tom Cruise across the way looking handsome as all getout, and the a.d. says, 'When I say "Action!," everybody run!' And we did. And that was my improvisation with Tom Cruise. After I'd done it a couple of times, running from the aliens, covered in people dust, I went and sat on a curb and just cried my heart out."

—*Tad Friend*

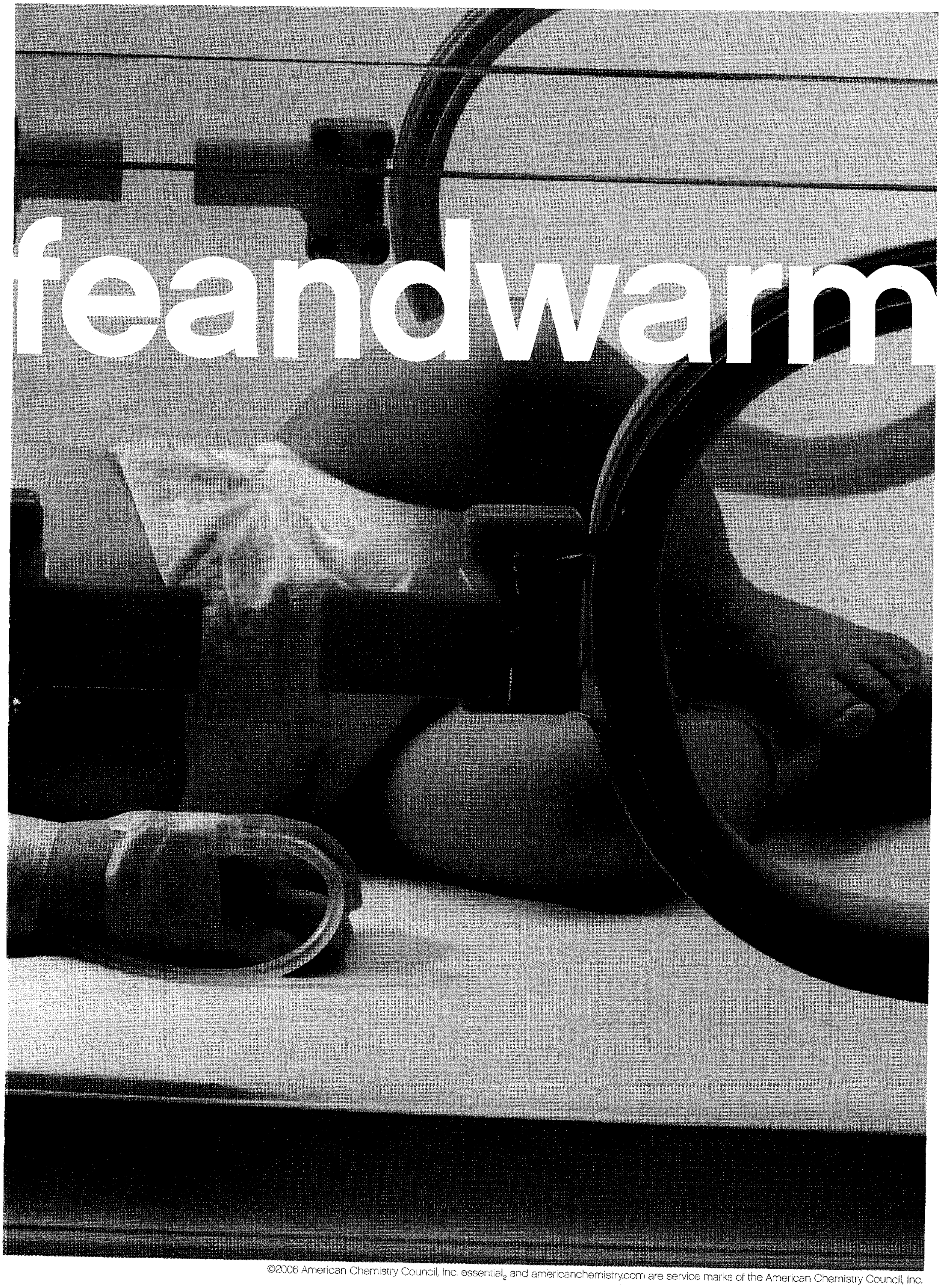
POSTSCRIPT

Harriet Walden, who died on January 7th, at the age of ninety-one, had a forty-year career at this magazine. She was hired in 1944, to replace Harold Ross's secretary—her husband, William Walden, who had joined the Army. Later, she managed a pool of editorial assistants that became known as Walden Pond. Mrs. Walden was born and grew up in Brooklyn, and had a distinct accent and a charming theatrical sense. She liked to call out to the young assistants as though from a distance, elongating a name like Judy into "Juu-uu-DEEE-eee!" She was a handsome woman, who, mysteriously and a little scarily, did not age with the decades. She was cheerful and generous, never cross, with a simple heart, like Flaubert's Félicité, whom she resembled in her industry and in her complete devotion to her employers. She was the housemother; she held the place together.

essential$_2$sa

IT IS WHAT MAKES INCUBATORS, BABY BOTTLES AND CAR SEATS POSSIBLE. IT IS CHEMISTRY.

americanchemistry.com
essential



©2006 American Chemistry Council, Inc. essential$_2$ and americanchemistry.com are service marks of the American Chemistry Council, Inc.

THE FINANCIAL PAGE
MORALES'S MISTAKE

Twenty years ago, a radical economic experiment began in Latin America. With economies beleaguered by foreign debt and runaway inflation, many of the region's politicians decided that salvation lay in a program of market-friendly reforms that became known as the Washington Consensus—privatization of state-owned businesses, balanced budgets (usually achieved by cutting social spending), free trade, and openness to foreign investment. Reform, the promise went, would lead to prosperity.

The reforms happened. The prosperity didn't. And so, in Latin America, it's a time of backlash. In recent years, voters in Brazil, Uruguay, and Venezuela have elected leaders with avowedly leftist politics and a vehement rhetorical opposition to Washington Consensus economics (also known as neoliberalism). The latest evidence of this shift came several weeks ago, when Bolivia elected Evo Morales, a forty-six-year-old Aymara Indian, as President. In almost every way, Morales represents a clean break with the past: he's the first indigenous President of Bolivia; he's a former leader of the country's *cocaleros*, or coca-leaf growers, and has promised to decriminalize coca growing; his party is called the Movement Toward Socialism; and he has called for the re-nationalization of the country's lucrative natural-gas resources. Like Hugo Chávez, the President of Venezuela, Morales is openly hostile to the United States, speaking freely of the need to resist "U.S. imperialism." Not surprisingly, the Bush Administration has tried to dismiss Morales as a kind of unholy combination of Pablo Escobar and Fidel Castro. But his ability to win a solid majority in a country where politics has traditionally been dominated by a small, ethnically homogeneous élite shows just how badly neoliberalism has failed in the region.

Neoliberalism actually enjoyed a strong start in Bolivia. In 1985, when inflation was running at twenty-five thousand per cent, the country instituted a campaign of "shock therapy," eliminating price controls, slashing government spending, and removing barriers to trade. The changes stopped the hyperinflation almost overnight, and got the economy growing again. In the years that followed, Bolivia deregulated its banks, reformed its tax system, privatized its five biggest state-owned companies, and tried to attract more foreign investment. But during the past fifteen years the country's per-capita economic growth has been just 0.5 per cent a year, and today half of all Bolivians live on less than two dollars a day. Bolivia has always been a very poor country with a few very rich people, but inequality has worsened, with the élite skimming off most of the little wealth that has been created. The immense gap between what neoliberal reforms promised and what they delivered has inevitably left people feeling cheated and angry.

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

Neoliberalism failed in Bolivia because a macroeconomic checklist is not enough to make an economy work. Incorporating a new business in Bolivia, for instance, takes fifty-nine days, entails fifteen separate procedures, and costs twice as much as the average person earns in a year. So, according to a recent World Bank study, most of Bolivia's businesses remain "informal," which means that they have no legal protection, and limited access to credit markets. Corruption is rampant—a survey in 2000 found that it was a greater problem in Bolivia than in about ninety-five per cent of other countries surveyed. And the state bureaucracy has been more interested in patronage and clientelism than in good policy. The government's campaign against coca farming, for instance, left the *cocaleros* without economic alternatives, since the infrastructure necessary to get food crops to market in a timely fashion didn't exist. Privatization, however, turned into a handout to the wealthy.

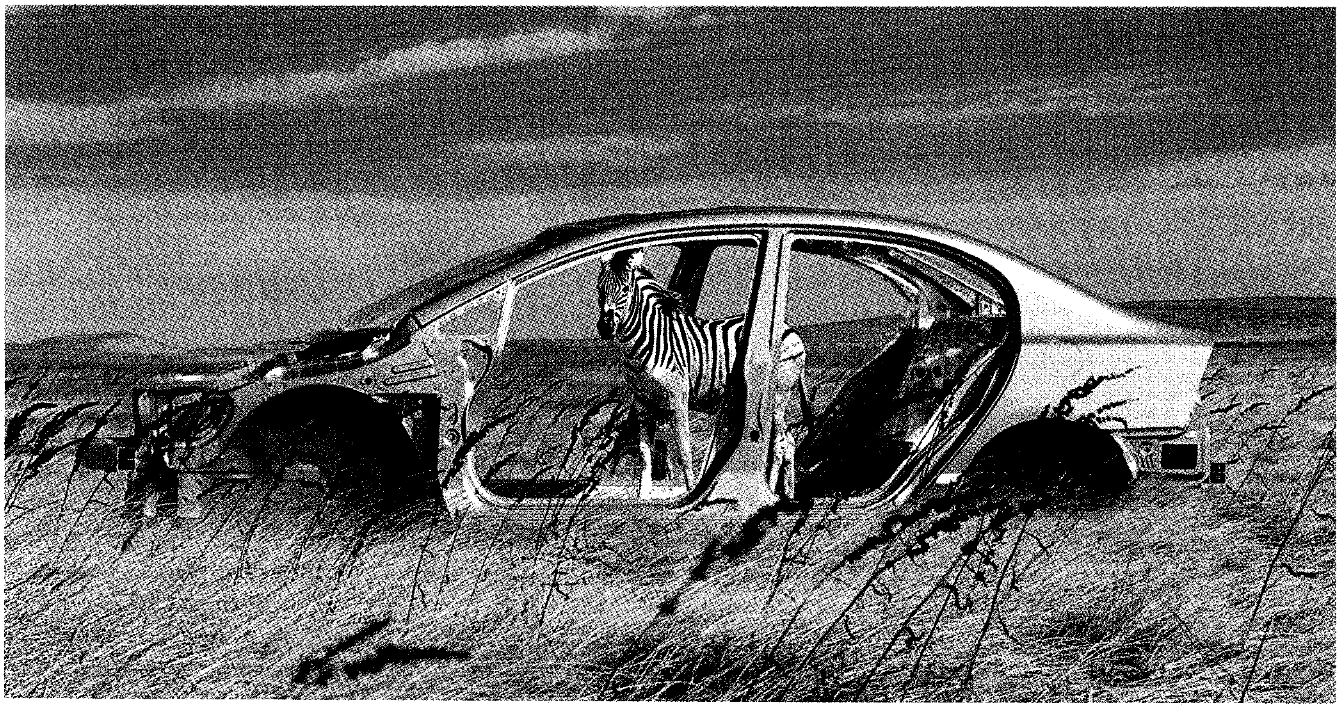
Even if Bolivia got the big picture right, it got the details all wrong. And it's increasingly clear that when it comes to development God really is in the details. A country's history, institutions, and power structures have a profound impact on whether reform can work. Neoliberalism, at least in its purest form, suggested that good policies alone were what mattered. But, as a just-released study of development in Latin America by the Inter-American Development Bank puts it, "Policies and institutions are inseparable." Reforms that can't be implemented properly are sometimes worse than no reforms at all.

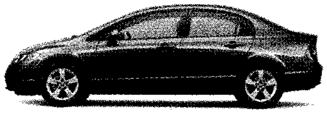
Unfortunately for Bolivia, though, Morales is just as utopian as the neoliberals were. His economic vision looks like the Washington Consensus turned on its head: instead of privatizing industries, you nationalize them; instead of liberalizing trade, you control it; instead of deregulating industries and prices, you subsidize and supervise them. And Morales's promise is similar to the one Bolivians heard two decades ago: my program will lift us out of poverty.

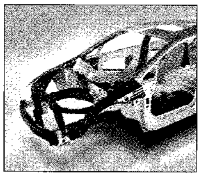
It may be foolish to expect caution from a populist like Morales; radicalism is the basis of his appeal. Ultimately, however, utopian rhetoric and utopian strategies are the last thing a country like Bolivia needs, because they foster the illusion that prosperity is easy to achieve. Morales has some potentially useful ideas, most notably land reform, which was instrumental in the development of Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan—countries where tenant farms owned by absentee landlords were gradually replaced by independent farms. But his hyperbolic rhetoric and his lack of attention to the concrete realities of reform will make it harder for even his sensible ideas to work. Bolivians have been promised too many big victories. What they need now are some small ones.

—*James Surowiecki*

Ingeniously designed to help protect the things that need protecting.







At Honda, we continue to show our commitment to "Safety for Everyone" by developing new technologies designed to help protect you and your family in the event of an accident. Regardless of the size or price of your Honda.* By studying the dynamics of collisions between vehicles, our engineers created the Advanced Compatibility Engineering™ (ACE™) body structure. It's a unique design that helps spread the energy of a frontal collision throughout the body. ACE is only from Honda and comes standard on the all-new Civic. In the future, ACE will come standard on many of our models as they evolve. After all, we made a promise to help keep all of our drivers and passengers safe.

ACE helps absorb frontal-collision energy.

Safety for Everyone. HONDA
The Power of Dreams

*Does not include specialty vehicles: Honda Insight, Honda S2000 and Acura NSX. © 2005 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. safety.honda.com

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
NEW YORKER
ONLINE

newyorker.com

THIS WEEK'S
WEB EXCLUSIVES:

Ari Shavit reflects on
Ariel Sharon.

Jeffrey Toobin talks about Samuel Alito, the Supreme Court, and the confirmation process.

Tad Friend discusses car chases, why criminals run, and what the L.A.P.D. is doing about it.

THE HARD DRIVE
An archive of hundreds of past Web exclusives, including Q. & A.s, cover galleries, slide shows, Web sightings, and more.

THE FILM FILE
A decade's worth of New Yorker Film Notes.

EVENTS
A calendar of New Yorker events across the country.

NOW ONLINE:
THE NEW YORKER'S AUDIO EDITION, AVAILABLE AT AUDIBLE.COM/NEWYORKER

THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE MURROW DOCTRINE

Why the life and times of the broadcast pioneer still matter.

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

There is a memorable entry in William Shirer's "Berlin Diary" in which he describes—as, in effect, something that happened at work one day—the birth of broadcast journalism. It was Sunday, March 13, 1938, the day after Nazi troops entered Austria. Shirer, in London, got a call from CBS headquarters, in New York, asking him to put together a broadcast in which radio correspondents in the major capitals of Europe, led by Shirer's boss, Edward R. Murrow, who was on the scene in Vienna, would offer a series of live reports on Hitler's move and the reaction to it.

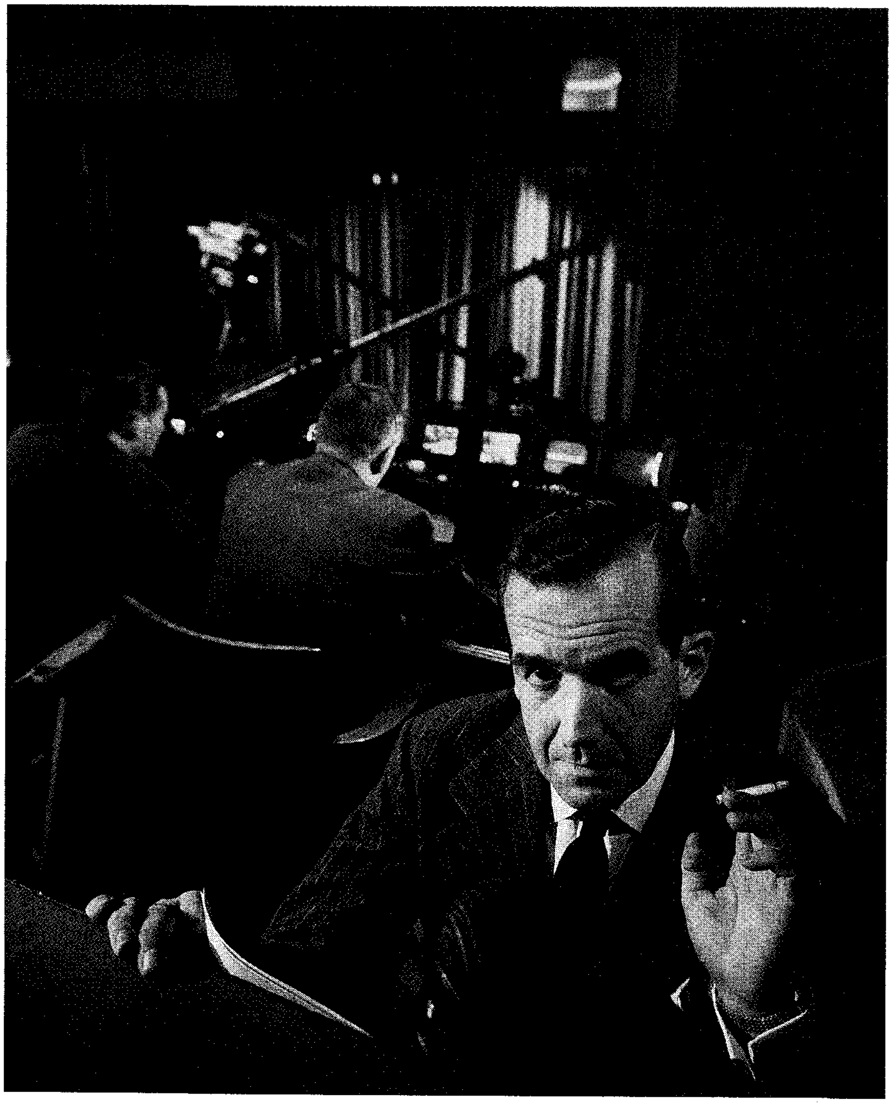
Shirer had to overcome two problems: CBS had no staff in Europe except Murrow and himself, so he had to find newspaper reporters in Berlin, Paris, and Rome; and then he had to line up shortwave transmitters that could carry the reporters' voices to the United States. Somehow, he and Murrow pulled it off. "One a.m. came," Shirer writes, "and through my earphones I could hear on our transatlantic 'feedback' the smooth voice of Bob Trout announcing the broadcast from our New York studio. Our part went off all right, I think.... New York said on the 'feedback' afterwards that it was a success. They want another one tonight."

After that, the exigencies of war in Europe turned Shirer and Murrow—and, over the next few years, a crew of additional CBS radio reporters like Howard K. Smith, Charles Collingwood, and Eric Sevareid—into unusually busy and prominent members of the working press. When Murrow returned to the United States for a home leave in the fall of 1941, at the age of thirty-three, he was more famous and celebrated than any journalist could be today. A crowd of fans and reporters met his ship at the dock. CBS gave him a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, with eleven hundred guests in attendance and millions more listening in via a national radio broadcast. Franklin Roosevelt sent a congratulatory telegram to be read aloud, and the poet Archibald MacLeish offered the most eloquent of many in-person encomiums, in which he said, "You burned the city of London in our houses and we felt the flames that burned it."

It seems obvious now that the country was eager for broadcast journalism from Europe, so you wonder why CBS didn't realize that when it sent Murrow there in the first place, in 1937. Aside from the technical difficulties of broadcasting across the ocean, and the historical indifference of Americans to news from overseas, the answer is that CBS didn't think of itself as being in the news business. Instead, it was an entertainment company, under vague but frightening instructions (they came from the federal government, which had life-and-death power over the future of the networks) also to offer material that was uplifting and public-spirited.

The Radio Act of 1927 established a system in which the government owned the airwaves; rather than broadcast itself, however, it would grant licenses for locations on the spectrum to private companies, though only—fateful phrase—"if public convenience, interest or necessity will be served thereby." The Communications Act of 1934, which created the Federal Communications Commission, adopted the same language. During the debate over the Communications Act, two U.S. senators (one was Robert F. Wagner, of New York) proposed that one quarter of the spectrum be given over to purely educational stations. That, as Sally Bedell Smith writes in her 1990 biography of CBS's founder, William Paley, "would have been devastating to commercial broadcasters." The proposal was defeated, but still, with the New Deal at its apogee and with other Western nations setting up state broadcasting systems like the BBC, CBS had reason to be vigilant about protecting its public-interest flank.

It was in the aftermath of the fight over the Communications Act that CBS hired Murrow—and the company thought it was getting an educator, not a journalist. Murrow came from a non-profit organization called the Institute of International Education, which set up lectures and student seminars all over the world (including, as Murrow later had occasion to regret, in the Soviet Union) and helped scholars to leave Nazi Germany. Like all great stars, Murrow was complicated; he was both a rawboned son of the West—he'd grown up in Washington state, and worked in logging camps—and a rising young man of the Eastern establishment. He was elected a member of the Council on Foreign Relations while still in his mid-twenties. Murrow's title, when he joined CBS in 1935, was Director of Talks.


Edward R. Murrow at CBS Studios in 1951. Photograph by Arnold Newman.

GETTY IMAGES

CBS sent Murrow to London with the title of European Director. When Murrow hired Shirer, a wire-service reporter who'd lost his job, as CBS's man on the Continent, Shirer was under the impression that he was leaving journalism. "Murrow will be a grand guy to work with," he writes in his diary, less than six months before the Anschluss broadcast. "One disappointing thing about the job, though: Murrow and I are not supposed to do any talking on the radio ourselves." By then, Murrow was breaking that rule, but still, until the war began, he and Shirer were bookers, producers, good-will ambassadors, and technology logisticians more than they were reporters. They were making sure that nobody could fairly accuse CBS of ignoring world affairs.

Seasons of retrospective Murrow-worship have come regularly since his death, in 1965, of lung cancer, at the age of fifty-seven. Usually, they coincide with a bad moment for television journalism: a reporting scandal, newsroom budget cuts, censorship, attacks from outsiders, the cancellation of a respected program, the death of a prominent broadcaster. We are in such a season now. Its most obvious manifestation is George Clooney's black-and-white movie about Murrow's confrontation with Senator Joseph McCarthy in 1954, "Good Night, and Good Luck." A few months earlier, a gift box of Murrowiana called "The Edward R. Murrow Collection," which CBS had originally produced on videocassette in 1991, was released on DVD. In 2004, Bob Edwards, the former National Public Radio host, published a short book called "Edward R. Murrow and the Birth of Broadcast Journalism." (Anchors tend to invoke Murrow on ascending to, and on leaving, their jobs.)

Both Edwards's book, explicitly, and "Good Night, and Good Luck," obliquely, make it clear why this is a Murrow season. It looks as if, once again, right-wing politicians are trampling on civil liberties in the name of protecting the country from a terrifying global threat. Commercialism and superficiality seem regnant in broadcast news. Owners avoid controversy, cut budgets, and focus on producing the profits that Wall Street demands—we're back in the fifties. Murrow represents a kind of implacable, heroic journalistic courage that could sweep away all the obstacles in its path.

Bob Edwards's book is slight—a useful summary of Murrow's life story, but not a real addition to our understanding of him. "Good Night, and Good Luck" is not history, exactly, but it is ambitious and stylishly done. As claustrophobic as the nineteen-fifties were in liberal memory (most of the action takes place in a few drab, crowded, smoky rooms, and most of the characters are men with white shirts and slicked-down hair), the film makes you feel trapped inside a culture intolerant of dissent and worshipful of normalcy and prosperity, being subjected to a relentless onslaught by McCarthy and his allies that nobody had the courage to resist. Clooney and his star, David Strathairn, elected to portray Murrow as a grim, tight-lipped cipher who never ingratiates himself or even smiles, and laughs only mirthlessly, as a way of indicating how bad things are. He's a martyr who seems to be in constant torment. The movie briefly shows Murrow hosting his celebrity-interview show, "Person to Person," but presents him as suffering through it.

Clooney's film takes great pains to be accurate about all the specifics. It isn't just the way people dressed and carried themselves; every word Strathairn says on the air, Murrow said on the air. Those Murrow shortcomings (by today's lights) that pertain to the McCarthy story, such as his having voluntarily signed the CBS loyalty oath, are duly inserted somewhere or other in the screenplay. Still, without ever misstating anything, "Good Night, and Good Luck" leaves you with the impression that Murrow was an early, and the dispositive, attacker of McCarthy, and that isn't exactly the case. Murrow was genuinely courageous, and not just in this instance, but the real story is more complicated.

The part of Murrow's journalistic career that was most glorious and least difficult was his radio reporting during the Second World War—especially during the Battle of Britain. One can imagine Murrow's sudden appearance generating some harrumphing today, since he'd never worked as a reporter before, but he was immediately terrific at it. He had a great story to cover, but it's a journalistic skill to maneuver oneself into that situation; he could easily have remained in New York in the late thirties. Murrow's reporting conveyed the feeling of a correspondent who's all over his story, who goes everywhere and knows everybody. He seemed to experience life with a special intensity and empathy, and he could capture those qualities in his reports.

In broadcasting from a London rooftop while German bombers were overhead, Murrow was among the first to use ambient sound in radio journalism, and he also called more vivid attention to the plight of Londoners, as well as to himself. He spoke to the listener as a friend. Bob Edwards quotes in entirety a couple of Murrow's most famous radio broadcasts: one from a bombing run from England to Berlin and back (Murrow made twenty-five of these trips, which were so dangerous that some of the people around him thought he had a death wish), the other from the liberation of Buchenwald. Here is a passage from the first:

> The clouds were gone and the sticks of incendiaries from the preceding waves made the place look like a badly laid out city with the streetlights on. The small incendiaries were going down like a fistful of white rice thrown on a piece of black velvet. As Jock hauled the Dog up again, I was thrown to the other side of the cockpit, and there below were more incendiaries, glowing white and then turning red. The cookies—the four-thousand-pound high explosives—were bursting below like great sunflowers gone mad. And then, as we started down again, still held in the lights, I remembered the Dog still had one of those cookies and a whole basket of incendiaries in its belly, and the lights still held us. And I was very frightened.

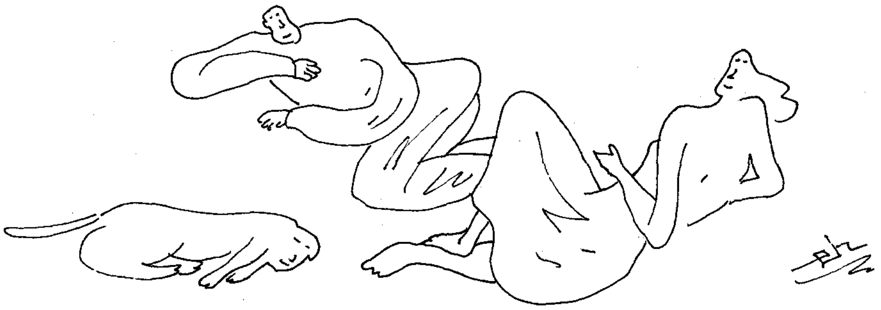
And here is one from the second:

> In another part of the camp they showed me the children, hundreds of them. Some were only six. One rolled up his sleeve, showed me his number. It was tattooed on his arm. D-6030, it was. The others showed me their numbers; they will carry them until they die.

During the war, Murrow never had to play the role of the dispassionate reporter. He was an important player in the Allied war effort, and, under the circumstances, that did not conflict with his journalistic role. Murrow's special significance was in making Americans see, through his broadcasts about the Blitz, that the European war was not something faraway and irrelevant. When Harry Hopkins, F.D.R.'s right-hand man, came to London for a visit, eleven months before Pearl Harbor, he met with three people on his first day in town: Anthony Eden, Winston Churchill, and Murrow. Churchill was a personal friend as well as a journalistic subject, and Murrow had a wartime affair with Churchill's daughter-in-law, Pamela Digby Churchill, who later married Averell Harriman. On Pearl Harbor day, Murrow was in the White House for a long-planned private dinner with the Roosevelts, who, despite the distraction, didn't cancel the appointment. (F.D.R. understood the power of radio as well as any politician.) In 1956, Murrow briefly and quietly advised Adlai Stevenson on how to use television in his Presidential campaign. In 1958, thinking seriously about running for the Senate from New York as a Democrat, he consulted privately with both Paley and Harry Truman.

After the war, Murrow never found a role at CBS that was as perfect a fit as his post in London had been. He first took up an executive position, called Director of Public Affairs. It may not comport with the Murrow we think we know—the man who always called himself "this reporter" in public and who made no secret of his disdain for network suits—but he was in fact a gifted spotter and manager of journalistic talent. In any case, Murrow didn't last long in that job. The advent of television found him as, once again, America's best-known broadcast journalist, and, though he grumbled about the new medium, he soon became America's top television newsman. By dint of trial and error, and of inspired hiring, Murrow wound up as a pioneer of virtually every variety of television journalism except evening-news anchoring: the documentary, the celebrity interview, the prosecutorial investigative piece, the on-the-scene sociological report, the expert-rich treatment of an "issue," the gee-whiz account of one of the world's wonders, the scary, exciting bout with danger.

But what looks now like a string of triumphs was accompanied by tension and agony on all sides. A. M. Sperber's extensively researched 1986 biography of Murrow presents him as one of the great troubled souls. He regularly worked himself into a state of exhausted collapse. He was moody to the point of clinical depression. He was literally smoking himself to death, even as he gave on-air reports on the dangers of cigarettes. At fifty, he had the look and the elegiac attitudes of an old man, and his important work was behind him. He fought constantly with his superiors—though not in the straightforward manner of the pain-in-the-ass reporter in a newsroom. He served on CBS's corporate board of directors and, despite everything, maintained a workable personal friendship with Paley. As is true of his successors at the pinnacle of television news today, he was one of the highest-paid people in the country. He lived in a Park Avenue apartment during the week and a Dutchess County estate on weekends. Somehow, it never impaired his connection with middle-class Americans that he was always impeccably turned out in elegant suits, suspenders, shirts with cufflinks, and (his ever-present and most vivid physical prop) a perfectly cupped cigarette.



Eventually, they found something that came close to happiness, with none of the dopey facial expressions associated with real happiness.

Almost as soon as the Cold War began, with President Truman's intervention on behalf of the anti-Communist regime in Greece, in 1947, CBS and, in particular, Murrow were struggling with the question of how to respond to the excesses of American anti-Communists. Murrow's personal position was always clear—anti-Communist but, domestically, opposed to the anti-Communists of the Republican right—yet he was a public figure who was called upon to take stands, and in that regard he vacillated between boldness and caution. He had a falling out with William Shirer in 1947, after the shaving-cream company that sponsored Shirer's regular radio broadcast pulled out and CBS killed the program. Shirer said that the sponsor had dropped him because he was too liberal, especially in questioning Truman's support for the regime in Greece; he left CBS and for years didn't speak to Murrow, whom he blamed for not protecting him. But after CBS's correspondent in Greece, George Polk, was assassinated, in 1948, Murrow went on the air and criticized America's ally in the dawning global struggle, by saying, "Greece is in the grip of politicians who are amazingly unwilling to serve anybody except themselves." And when Senator McCarthy made his first sensational accusations, in early 1950, Murrow said on the air, "If the weight of the public testimony has tended to show that so far, Senator McCarthy's charges are unproven, that is not my responsibility."

Then Murrow seemed to pull back. In late 1950, he signed the CBS loyalty oath without evident protest, and he elected not to crusade against McCarthy, despite occasional entreaties from friends, during the next three years. It isn't clear why Murrow held fire for as long as he did. He'd lost a sponsor, Campbell's Soup, and that may have made him circumspect. Sperber's view is that he was just weary and not in the mood for a fight. He had a master politician's sense of timing, and he may have sensed that, with the war being fought in Korea, the moment wasn't right for an attack on anti-Communism. Also, the political pressure on the broadcast networks, which during the New Deal came from the left, had moved to the right. Senator John Bricker, of Ohio, an ally of McCarthy's, had proposed federal legislation to regulate the networks (then as now, individual stations were federally regulated, but not the networks themselves). Sponsors didn't like political controversy, either; CBS had a business interest in trying to ride out the McCarthy period.

During the nineteen-forties, the networks, under an agreement they'd made with the F.C.C. called the Mayflower Doctrine, were prohibited from editorializing on the air. Murrow was always an opponent of that policy. During his time as an executive, he drafted and presented to Paley an alternative, in which broadcasters could express opinions and those who disagreed would be given the opportunity to respond on the air. In 1949, the F.C.C. rescinded the Mayflower Doctrine and replaced it with the Fairness Doctrine, which was similar to Murrow's suggestion. It made more explicit the requirement that broadcasters air public-affairs programming, and lifted the ban on editorializing in exchange for a requirement to provide equal time to opposing views. (Just a few years earlier, the federal government had forced the breakup of NBC—that's where ABC came from—so broadcasters had reason to take Washington's wishes very seriously.) When, eventually, Murrow did take on McCarthy, it was the Fairness Doctrine that made it possible, and that mandated McCarthy's disastrous reply.

The run-up to Murrow's McCarthy broadcast began with a program in the fall of 1953 on Milo Radulovich, an Air Force Reserve lieutenant from Michigan who had been dismissed from the service because his father and sister had unspecified Communist affiliations. McCarthy himself was not involved, but Murrow saw something in the case, which involved a blue-collar Midwestern immigrant's son, rather than a tweedy-diplomat type like Alger Hiss. The broadcast led to the Air Force's reversing its decision. In November of 1953, McCarthy's menacing chief investigator, Donald Surine, buttonholed one of Murrow's reporters, Joseph Wershba, in a Washington corridor, complained about the Radulovich program, and showed Wershba some news clips from the thirties about the Moscow Summer School, which Murrow had helped run when he was with the Institute of International Education. This added a new note—a direct personal threat to Murrow that he'd better shut up, or McCarthy would take him down—and, along with the success of the Radulovich program, overcame any remaining hesitancy that Murrow may have had about attacking McCarthy.

By the time the first "See It Now" program on McCarthy aired, on March 9, 1954, McCarthy was past the height of his powers. Just a few weeks earlier, he had picked a fight with the Army, an overreach that led to his Waterloo, the Army-McCarthy hearings. At that point, the most powerful press baron in the country was Henry Luce, and his magazines had been intermittently critical of McCarthy for years. Of the major news organizations, only Hearst was ardently pro-McCarthy. (In the original McCarthy show, Murrow gestures to a large stack of leading newspapers—the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and many more—that opposed McCarthy.) President Eisenhower, who had disappointed Murrow and other liberals by campaigning with McCarthy in 1952, made an unspecific speech about the importance of civil liberties in the fall of 1953. Murrow picked an opportune moment to strike; if he'd waited even two more months, it would have been difficult to present him now as the man who discredited McCarthy.

The broadcast itself, which was the first of four—two "See It Now"s on McCarthy, McCarthy's reply, and Murrow's reply-to-the-reply—uses the national disenchantment with McCarthy to full advantage. Murrow took pains to put onscreen McCarthy's most plainspoken, all-American opponents, like Senator John McClellan, of Arkansas. Murrow's other main weapon was McCarthy himself. The Senator was awful on-camera, and the program catches him scratching, pulling at his ear, gesticulating purposelessly, giggling, and fiddling with his hair. To see him in action is to understand instantly what was most chilling about him: he would accuse just about anybody (including, in his rebuttal, Murrow) of being a Communist, without offering any solid evidence. Murrow, on the other hand, spends the first program in a magnificent controlled fury, handsome and composed—an attitude all the more effective because the public knew that he could be genial and easygoing on-camera.

It is impossible to imagine the McCarthy broadcasts happening today. Although there is some dispute over whether Paley asked Murrow not to do the first show, everybody agrees that Murrow and his exuberant producer, Fred Friendly, decided to go ahead on their own, without asking anyone's permission, and informed only Paley himself in advance, the day before it aired. But no problem: they got half an hour of prime time on a Tuesday night. The program ended with Murrow looking straight into the camera and saying, "The actions of the Junior Senator from Wisconsin have caused alarm and dismay amongst our allies abroad and given considerable comfort to our enemies." He responded to McCarthy by saying that the American public would have to decide "who has served his country better, Senator McCarthy, or I." (*Newsweek* ran a cover story not on McCarthy but on whether journalists should editorialize.) It was great television, because it was a showdown between a journalist and a politician, but the days when a major figure on network television can pick that kind of fight, and openly state political opinions on prime time, are long gone. Today, famous broadcast journalists are far more likely to battle each other than Washington officials. Murrow's McCarthy shows make an absurdity of the modern-day conservative accusation that, say, Dan Rather represents the introduction of a heretofore unknown ideological strain into broadcast journalism. The Murrow broadcasts were far more nakedly political than anything on network television today, and came from a source with a much bigger share of—and more adoration from—the audience than anybody has now.

Although the forms of broadcast journalism on the McCarthy broadcasts are recognizable, the style, including Murrow's intensity and earnestness, seems antiquated. Murrow and Friendly used long, long takes—four, five, six minutes of footage at a time, on a half-hour program—that feel as stately as a daguerreotype. Onscreen, Murrow was perfectly capable of being reverential, or amused, with powerful and celebrated people, as well as tough; what's striking now is how unhip and unironic he was. For arts coverage, the DVD boxed set gives us Murrow interviewing Grandma Moses and Louis Armstrong—when the real story was Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk and the Abstract Expressionists. "Harvest of Shame," the great "CBS Reports" documentary on migrant farmworkers, which represented Murrow's last major appearance on television, is also impossible to imagine on network television today—one hour, the day after Thanksgiving, 1960, of horrifyingly unpleasant images of poverty and hunger—and its aesthetic is straight out of the socialist-realist Depression-era work of Dorothea Lange and Pare Lorentz and Russell Lee. It's worth remembering that the first news star to outshine Murrow was not one of his CBS colleagues, the more neutral and calming Walter Cronkite, but the very young David Brinkley, of NBC, who created a sensation during the 1956 political Conventions with a dry-Martini on-air style meant to communicate that he found politicians and public affairs amusing. That was a note that Murrow could not strike. He wasn't anti-authority, he *was* authority.

"Good Night, and Good Luck" begins and ends with another famous Murrow moment, a speech to the broadcasters' trade-association convention in 1958 in which he blasted television for being frivolous and too timid. It was probably a conscious parting shot: the president of CBS, Frank Stanton, fired back (by telling the *Times*' television critic that the questions on "Person to Person" were shown to guests in advance), and Murrow took a year's leave of absence, returning to CBS only briefly before accepting a job from President Kennedy as director of the United States Information Agency—as, in effect, the chief propagandist for an American government he admired. We're meant to think that Murrow's dire predictions of television's descent into profitable meaninglessness have come true.

But the outlines of his critique have been around since the dawn of American broadcasting. The best journalists, like Murrow, are often sentimentalists who subscribe to the great-man theory of history and see public affairs as a titanic struggle between heroes and villains. It shouldn't be surprising that, half a century later, the standard answer among journalists to the problems Murrow saw in broadcasting is, in effect, "Bring back Murrow!" Nostalgia has even set in about the old press barons, whom journalists took pleasure in detesting back in Murrow's day—better to have a Paley or a Luce, or even a William Randolph Hearst or a Roy Howard, calling the shots than hedge-fund managers. The formula is a kind of romantic dream: larger-than-life news heroes, backed by public-spirited owners whose primary consideration is not profit.

The better way to insure good results, in any realm of society, is to set up a structure that encourages them; we can't rely on heroes coming along to rescue journalism. The structure that encouraged Murrow, uncomfortable as it may be to admit, was federal regulation of broadcasting. CBS, in Murrow's heyday, felt that its prosperity, even its survival, depended on demonstrating to

Washington its deep commitment to public affairs. The price of not doing so could be regulation, breakup, the loss of a part of the spectrum, or license revocation. Those dire possibilities would cause a corporation to err on the side of too much "See It Now" and "CBS Reports." In parts of the speech which aren't in the movie, Murrow made it clear that the main pressure on broadcasting to do what he considered the right thing came from the F.C.C. The idea that, in taking on McCarthy, Murrow was "standing up to government" greatly oversimplifies the issue. He was able to stand up to a Senate committee chairman because a federal regulatory agency had pushed CBS and other broadcasters to organize themselves so that Murrow's doing so was possible.

It isn't possible anymore—not because timid people have risen to power in journalism but because the government, in steady increments over the past generation, has deregulated broadcasting. The Fairness Doctrine no longer exists. Regulation, license revocation, or reallocation of the spectrum are no longer meaningful possibilities. The advent of cable television brought a new round of debates over government-mandated public-affairs programming, with the result that private companies were granted valuable monopoly franchises in local markets; in return, they were required only to provide channels for public affairs, not to create programming. That's why cable is home to super-low-cost varieties of broadcast news, such as C-SPAN, local public-access channels, and national cable-news shout-fests, rather than to reincarnations of the elaborately reported Murrow shows from the fifties. The rise of public broadcasting has freed the networks to be even more commercial.

On network television, no news star would openly disavow Murrow's legacy. The standard today is to have smart, competent, physically magnetic people who do straight news gravely and celebrity interviews empathetically, and who occasionally, strategically, display moral passion and then retreat, as Anderson Cooper, of CNN, did during Hurricane Katrina. Everyone suspects them of being lightweights when they first ascend, and then, when they retire, wonders if we'll ever see their like again. If being in the Murrow mold entails occasionally editorializing on the air, and letting it be known that you aren't getting along very well with your superiors, there are only a very few Murrow legatees—Ted Koppel and Bill Moyers come to mind, and they've left network television.

News that makes money is alive and well; the incentive to present news that doesn't, like all of Murrow's great work, is gone. It is difficult for journalists to grapple with the idea that outside pressure—from government officials!—could have been responsible for the creation of the superior and memorable journalism whose passing we all mourn. But look what has happened since it went away. ♦

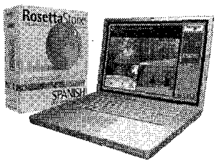
The fastest way to learn a language. Guaranteed.™
Award-winning software successfully used by U.S. State Department diplomats, Fortune 500® executives and millions of people worldwide.

Finally, a different approach that has millions of people talking. Using the award-winning Dynamic Immersion™ method, our interactive software teaches without translation, memorization or grammar drills. Combining thousands of real-life images and the voices of native speakers in a step-by-step immersion process, our programs successfully replicate the experience of learning your first language. Guaranteed to teach faster and easier than any other language product or your money back. No questions asked.

Rosetta Stone is available for learning:
Arabic • Chinese • Danish • Dutch • English • Farsi • French • German • Greek • Hebrew • Hindi • Indonesian Italian • Japanese • Korean • Latin • Pashto • Polish • Portuguese • Russian • Spanish • Swahili • Swedish Thai • Turkish • Vietnamese • Welsh

"...your program is the absolute best, bar none. I am shocked at how quickly I learn."
Michael Murphy – Texas, USA

"Stupendous...the juxtaposition of text, sound and picture was masterful. The quality of both sound and graphics was first rate." The Boston Globe



SAVE 10%

	Your Price
Level 1 CD-ROM ..... ~~$195~~	$175.50
Level 2 CD-ROM ..... ~~$225~~	$202.50
BEST VALUE! Level 1 & 2 Set ..... ~~$329~~	$296.10

Personal Edition. Solutions for organizations also available.

Call today or buy online for a 10% discount.
RosettaStone.com/nys016a
1-800-788-5141
Use promotional code nys016a when ordering.

RosettaStone®
Language Learning Success

SHOUTS & MURMURS

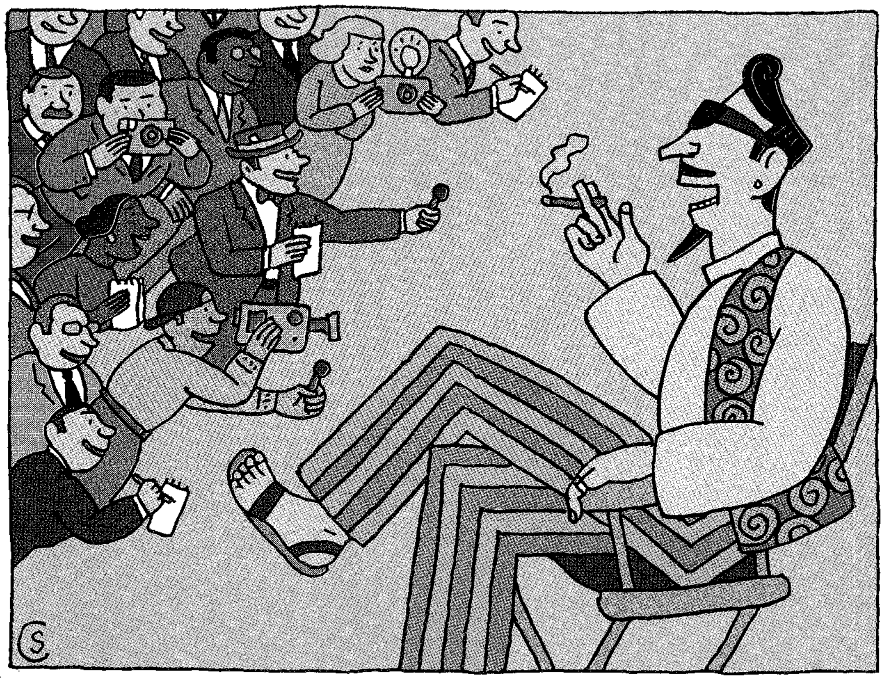
LET'S TALK ABOUT MY NEW MOVIE

BY LARRY DOYLE

It's about more than an alien invasion, or a big dance contest, although if you're a fan of invading aliens or professional choreography you won't be disappointed. It's also a love story, born of deep space and lived on an underwater dance floor; and it's about the characters: the hero, the babe, the bad guy, the black guy, the guy who was funny when he was on "S.N.L.," and others. More than anything, though, it's about freedom—the idea of freedom, as opposed to any specific exercise of it—and liberty, which is a different word than "liberal," and about the special effects, which are more special than ever before, and Crest Whitestrips, which—SPOILER ALERT—save humanity.

I hesitate to call it a remake, for legal reasons but also because what I think we're doing here is not so much remaking or reimagining as reimagineering™, if I may coin and trademark a phrase. This is really a film for people who weren't alive seven years ago to see the original, or who were drunk and barely remember it, or who can't tell one movie from another anymore. It's for all those people, and their dates.

Make no mistake: we're not trying to replace the original, except in the marketplace. The original is still out there somewhere, in whatever form existed back then, as is the television show on which it was based, or its previous incarnation as a comic book inspired by a toy. The toy, of course, is no longer available, but we have a new toy, one that I am confident will prove to be not nearly as deadly, while retaining much of the original's play value.



Some members of the media have pointed out that our story contains eerie parallels to the current situation, and that's their job, I guess—to scare away potential moviegoers, at least when they're not pawing through my garbage, their tiny red eyes caught in the glare of my security lights, their pointy yellow teeth flecked with coffee grounds and dripping rancid goo, possibly separated butter. But I digress.

I honestly can't tell you how much of our movie is based on the current situation. I'm not an expert. But I can assure you that our movie is far more entertaining than the current situation, whatever it may be. And that it was never our intention to take sides in any political debate, military conflict, or national catastrophe but simply to exploit these similarities in a positive way. Nor are we hoping that people will think about the movie once they leave the theatre. The sooner they forget it the better, because the DVD is coming out in two weeks.

I'd like to take a moment here to address the rumors about Kendra and me. Whatever we did or did not do, in whose trailer, together or in tandem, or at what angle, is between the two of us and a very small crew. In any case, my publicist has vehemently denied everything, and that's good enough for me.

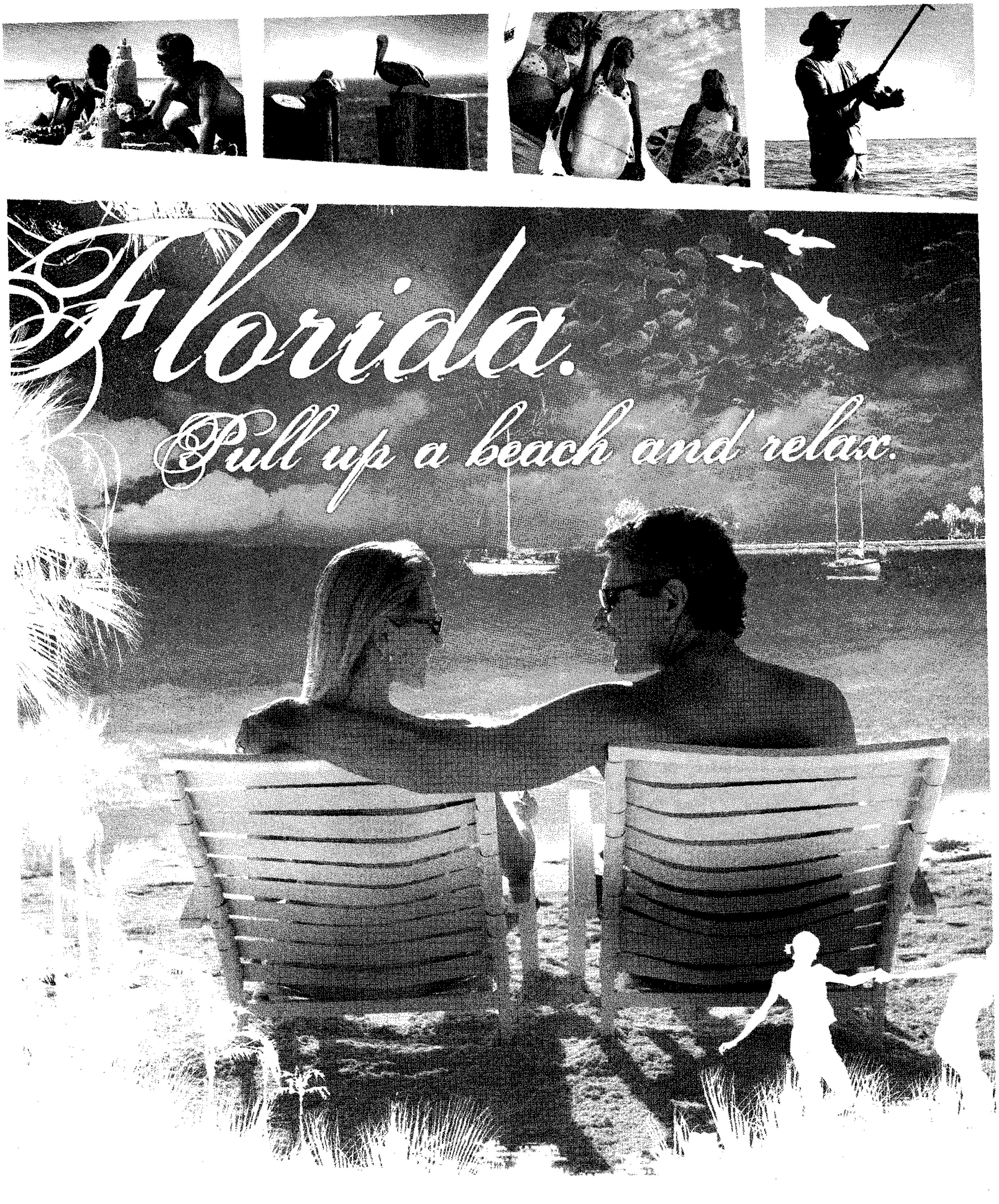
Whether Kendra is pregnant with my child, whether they're twins and only one of them is mine, whether she's actually carrying alien spawn in yet another eerie parallel to the film—that's for her people to deny, vehemently, categorically, or otherwise. That sonogram on the Internet looks nothing like me, more like a peeled shrimp or that one camera guy.

As for the rumors about Jacob, what have you heard?

I won't deny that it was a tough shoot. There were some heated arguments on the set, with subsequent gunplay, but this is typical of any creative endeavor where there are a bunch of guns just left lying around.

In the end, I have to say, it was worth it. It's an excellent entertainment product. Of course, I can't take all of the credit. Much of that must contractually go to the director, as well as the lead actor and actress, their stunt and body doubles, the hair and makeup people, the incredible crew, everyone's agents and managers, and the dozens of immensely talented writers who contributed words to the project. But, when it comes to the triple-shot caramel macchiatos that kept the lead actor awake, the soy lattes that kept the lead actress from starving, and the black-with-three-Equals-and-not-the-same-goddam-thing-in-a-different-packet that kept the director from screaming at everyone, I'd like to think I had some small part in that. ♦

SEYMOUR CHWAST


Florida.
Pull up a beach and relax.

AirTran
AIRWAYS
WWW.AIRTRAN.COM

To plan your next Florida vacation go to:
tny.VISITFLORIDA.com or call 1-800-287-1419.

THE STATE'S OFFICIAL SOURCE FOR TRAVEL PLANNING
VISITFLORIDA™

ANNALS OF IMMIGRATION

THE LOTTERY

Once you have a green card, what next?

BY DAN BAUM

Raúl Jara's grandfather tilled a rich man's land on the outskirts of Lima, Peru, until agrarian reform in the nineteen-sixties made four acres of it his. By the time Raúl was born, in 1971, Lima had grown to surround the Jaras' compound, making their walled garden of bananas and bougainvillea an oasis from the increasingly chaotic and polluted capital city. Raúl, an only child, was the first member of his family to go to college, and six times a week he would travel an hour and forty-five minutes by minibus to an oasis of another kind, the campus of Pontificia Catholic University, where he and his fellow engineering students immersed themselves in the elegant exactitude of mathematics. Peruvians like to say that they have the world's best-educated taxi-drivers, because only a fraction of Peruvian college graduates find professional jobs. Raúl was an exception. After graduation, he worked as a teacher of computerized industrial drawing, then as an engineer at a gold mine, until, finally, he was hired at a copper mine set more than thirteen thousand feet up in the Peruvian Andes.

Peru's per-capita gross domestic product is less than that of Namibia or the Dominican Republic, but the Anglo-Australian Tintaya copper mine is a decidedly First World operation. The man-made canyon of the open pit is bordered by a spotless miniature city—neat workers' houses with flowers out front, garden apartments, a chapel, a hotel, a hospital, a health club, and office buildings. The rules of conduct are enforced with the rigor of a military academy: no walking in the street, no crossing outside the zebra stripes, no smoking, and orange vests and hard hats required everywhere. The mine's obsessive rectitude, amid the nearly uninhabited high grassy plains and snow-capped mountains of southeastern Peru, is as anomalous as a moon colony in a science-fiction story. Engineers at Tintaya work in cubicles, each with a late-model I.B.M. ThinkPad attached to a nineteen-inch L.C.D. monitor, their whiteboards covered with dizzying graphs, parabolas, and complicated equations. When Raúl started at Tintaya, as a geotechnical engineer, he examined soil samples and computed the angle at which to cut the wall of the pit, and then, as an *ingeniero de costos*, he analyzed the budget and developed new projects. He worked twelve-hour shifts ten days in a row, and earned thirteen hundred dollars a month, almost ten times the minimum wage. During his four days off, he would travel twenty-three hours by bus over rough roads back to Lima, where his friends and relatives would welcome him with a *pachamanca*, a feast of meats cooked slowly underground.

Unlike many immigrants, lottery winners often have no family or job in the States.

RICHARD McGUIRE

Though happy in his job, Raúl yearned for a life as orderly as the mine, for a country that funded education and parks, regulated air pollution and noise, and policed its own lawmakers. Once, when Raúl and some other engineers made a road trip to Chile, he noticed that in Peru the driver gleefully exceeded the speed limit, passed on the right, even blew through stop signs, but in Chile he was careful not to speed, and was scrupulous about stop signs and railroad crossings. "They have laws here," the man said. When a colleague went to work in Canada, Raúl asked his boss about the possibility of a transfer, but he was told that he didn't speak English well enough.

On one of Raúl's four-day furloughs in the fall of 2002, he was walking in downtown Lima with his girlfriend, Liliana Campos, a willowy beauty with the graceful half-moon nose of her Inca ancestors. Lily, as she is called, was then twenty-five and living with Raúl's parents while she studied to be a nurse. A red-white-and-blue sign caught their attention: "Sorteo de Visas!" Every autumn, storefront businesses decorated with American flags bloom across Lima like rockrose. Tall cardboard signs are taped onto windows or on sandwich boards placed on the sidewalk, festooned with Old Glory, the Statue of Liberty, and exhortatory phrases: "Lotería de Green Card!" or simply "Puedes Ganar"—"You Can Win." Raúl and Lily had never given the lottery much thought, but this time they paid a couple of dollars to have their pictures taken and to get some help in filling out forms. Then, like most people who enter a lottery, they forgot all about it.

The official name of the program known as the Green Card Lottery in Peru—and in a hundred and seventy-six other countries—is the Diversity Visa Program. Of the more than two hundred visa types provided by the State Department, it is by far the oddest. While the vast majority of immigrant visas still go to people who suffer persecution or possess strictly prescribed qualifications—relatives already in the U.S., strategic skills, or great wealth—the only requirement for winning the Green Card Lottery, other than good fortune, is a high-school education or two years' experience in one of three hundred and fifty-three career categories ranging from anthropologist to housepainter to poet-and-lyricist. Fifty thousand diversity visas are made available each year; almost six million people applied to the program in 2005. Its future, however, is uncertain. Last month, the House of Representatives passed a border enforcement and immigration bill that included an amendment to abolish the Green Card Lottery. The Senate will consider that bill later this year.

The lottery began—in the name of diversity—as a way to bring more white people to America. It was, so to speak, a correction to a correction to a correction. The earliest immigration laws, from the late eighteen-eighties, favored Northern Europeans. In 1965, at the height of the civil-rights movement, Congress changed the laws to favor relatives of American citizens or permanent residents, regardless of origin, and Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans began arriving in record numbers, while European immigration plummeted. The shift alarmed many members of Congress, who argued for legislation that would, in the words of Senator Alfonse D'Amato, relieve the "painful, and even tragic problems for Irish, Germans, Italians, Poles, and others without immediate family members in the United States." The result, in the early nineteen-nineties, was a series of short-lived diversity-visa programs designed to bring more European immigrants, especially English-speakers, to the United States. From 1992 to 1994, forty per cent of diversity visas were set aside for immigrants from one country: Ireland. When the Irish exception expired, in 1995, Congress decided the lottery should cover the whole world—except those countries thought to be overrepresented in the immigrant pool. That list now includes Mexico, Colombia, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Haiti, Jamaica, China (not including Hong Kong), Russia, India, Pakistan, the Philippines, South Korea, Vietnam, the United Kingdom (except Northern Ireland), Poland, and Canada. Winners of the lottery qualify for immediate permanent-resident cards—green cards—which allow them to live and work in the United States as long as they like and to move toward citizenship. Some countries, like Ethiopia and Egypt, had more than six thousand qualified winners last year. Andorra, Liechtenstein, the Pacific island nation of Niue, and the French Southern and Antarctic Territories each had one. The Cocos Islands had two, Suriname had three, and the Seychelles had four.

Whatever the lottery does to diversify the immigrant pool, it is a splendid overseas marketing campaign for the American Dream. That a carpet installer or pipe fitter in Ouagadougou or Yerevan who would otherwise have no hope of emigrating might suddenly be handed a green card is a notion as powerful as that of the orphan who becomes President or the twenty-five-year-old who pulls the right lever in Las Vegas and wins forty million dollars. The odds aren't bad: at a hundred and eighteen to one, they're considerably better than the forty-five-million-to-one odds of winning first prize in the New York Lotto.

But, unlike most immigrants, lottery winners often have neither kin nor a job waiting for them; many show up with no place to live, no English, and no idea of how to find work. "I know people who

MILLER THEATRE
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

HN RITTER

theatre of ideas

MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 8:00PM
African Music Symposium
a discussion of African music and its worldwide influence with Halim El-Dabh, Akin Euba, Lukas Ligeti, Bongani Ndodana, and William Chapman Nyaho

MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 8:00PM
Martin Luther King, Democracy, and Violence
Taylor Branch in conversation with Nicholas Lemann about the final book of his trilogy

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 8:00PM
Margo Jefferson on Michael Jackson
a discourse with Margo Jefferson about the cultural signficance of Michael Jackson

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 8:00PM
Religion as a Natural Phenomenon
a discussion with Daniel C. Dennett on his sure-to-be controversial new book

TICKETS: $15

MILLER THEATRE • 116th & Broadway
www.millertheatre.com • Box Office: 212-854-7799

Extraordinary...

Luxury Barge Cruises

FRENCH COUNTRY WATERWAYS, LTD.
P.O. Box 2195, Duxbury, MA 02331
800-222-1236 781-934-2454

MISSION LIGHTS
Table and Floor Lamps
Indoor & Outdoor Fixtures
◂ *Quoizel's Gotham Table Lamp*
www.thebrightspot.com ▪ 800-736-0126

Canoe Canada's Arctic
Fly-in canoe trips on the remote tundra rivers of North America's last great wilderness. Herds of caribou & muskoxen, white wolves, moose and grizzlies. Warm, arid summers. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.
Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130AK
Fort Smith, NT, X0E 0P0, Canada (867) 872-2308
www.canoearctic.com

"IN A CHEAP HOTEL . . . "

In a cheap hotel
in a cheap city
Love held his prisoners   or my love
brought the pitcher of ice—
dropped the quarter in the spidery old electric fan—
Love the Night Clerk, the Negro bell-boy
I remember the horrible carpet
& its smell, & the dog-eared telephone book

with its ominous look,
full full of the names
          of strangers close to my head,
my head with one name in it
                    or a nameless embarrassment—
the bed, the motor-court below us

Six
Five yrs. ago   still
Almost every night   —frequently
          he drags me
back to that bed.
The ice clinks, the fan whirs.
He chains me & berates me—
He chains me to that bed & he berates me.

—*Elizabeth Bishop*

applied, got picked, came, and then went home, saying, 'It wasn't what I expected,'" Charles Kuck, an immigration lawyer in Atlanta, told me. "It's like, *boom*, your life has changed completely, and you're on your own."

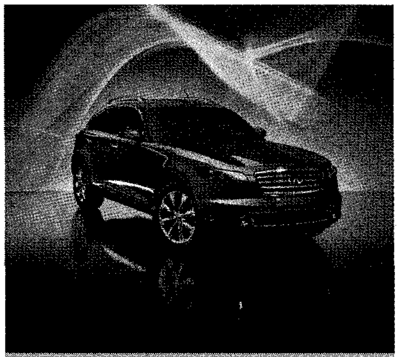
When Raúl and Lily entered the lottery, the application forms were still on paper and the storefront entrepreneurs didn't earn much more than the street-corner scribes who balance manual typewriters on milk crates and write up wills or lawsuits for a few *soles*. In 2003, the State Department began requiring that applications arrive via the Internet, with a digital picture. These photos can be scanned by facial-recognition software to eliminate multiple entries, and American security agencies can, if they wish, screen for terrorists and other villains. Some critics argued that the Internet requirement would unfairly restrict the immigrant pool to the digitally savvy, but, instead, a new industry appeared. In March, I met Oscar Gomez, sitting by himself at a computer on the top floor of a four-story shopping center near the President's Palace, in Lima. "Imagine this filled with people," Gomez said as we walked into the corridor, which is about seventy feet long. "They come to me because they don't know what a JPEG is. They show up at five in the morning." Gomez charges about five dollars to take a digital picture, help with the forms, and provide an electronic address. He showed me, behind a filing cabinet, the Stars-and-Stripes-emblazoned sign he places in the corridor during lottery season: "Live, Study and Work Legally in the United States!" and, at the bottom, "Agencia Autorizada." I asked him what "authorized" meant and he shrugged sheepishly. I asked him whether he'd ever entered the lottery himself. "Every year!" he said.

The seventy-five people who run the lottery work in a converted clothing factory in Williamsburg, Kentucky, using a desktop computer to assign numbers randomly to the electronic applications.

ADVERTISEMENT

on the **town**

BE THE FIRST TO HEAR ABOUT EVENTS, PROMOTIONS, AND SPECIAL OFFERS FROM NEW YORKER ADVERTISERS.



BRAVE. BY DESIGN.

The new 320-horsepower V8 Infiniti FX. Visit Infiniti.com for more information.

With 20-inch wheels pushed to the edges of the vehicle for a more fluid ride. The engine placed nearer to its center of gravity for enhanced balance. And a sport-tuned exhaust system that lets out a distinctive, throaty growl. The Infiniti FX is more than just an S.U.V. It's the S.U.V inspired by sports-car design.

INFINITI and INFINITI model names are Nissan trademarks. ©2006 INFINITI Division of Nissan North America, Inc.

INFINITI.

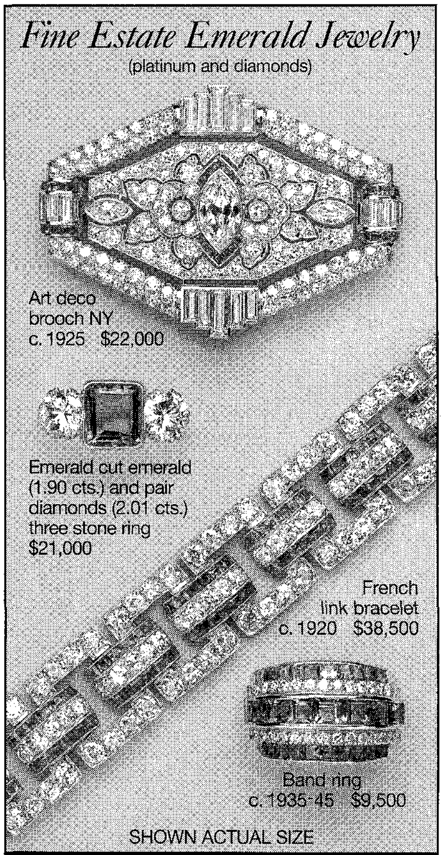
The State Department wouldn’t allow me to visit the building, and no State Department official would speak about the Diversity Visa Program for the record or venture an opinion on how it serves the national interest. “Ask Congress,” one State Department official said. “They created it.”

A decade after its inception, the Diversity Visa Program remains controversial. A 2002 law blocks the State Department from issuing visitor’s visas to citizens of countries deemed to be supporters of terrorism, but says nothing about immigrant visas. In 2003, between two and four per cent of Green Card Lottery winners came from countries on the list of terrorism sponsors, which includes Libya, Cuba, Iran, North Korea, Syria, and Sudan. “If you’re Al Qaeda and want to plant someone in the U.S., this is the way,” Representative Bob Goodlatte, from Roanoke, Virginia, told me. Goodlatte, a former immigration lawyer, has been trying for years to abolish the Diversity Visa Program. As a member of the House Committee on Agriculture, he would prefer guest-worker programs that match migrants to employers. But Goodlatte admits that he hasn’t made much progress. In 2004, the House of Representatives declined to vote on his bill to abolish the lottery. With the bill stalled again last year, Goodlatte tacked it on to the big immigration bill that was passed by the House in December. Given that the Senate Judiciary Committee is preoccupied with the Supreme Court confirmation hearings of Samuel A. Alito, Jr., and with the issue of domestic spying by the National Security Agency, it could be six months or more before the immigration bill takes center stage, and Goodlatte doesn’t discern any more inclination to kill the program now than he did two years ago. “We’re all descended from immigrants,” he said last spring. “There’s a definite feeling that we’re the land of opportunity and blah-de-blah.”

In June of 2003, an envelope from the U.S. State Department arrived at the Jaras’ house. The letter was in English and began, “Congratulations!” The news was as stressful as it was pleasing. Although Raúl and Lily were not yet married, she was three months pregnant, and emigrating promised opportunities for the child. But for Raúl the thought of leaving his parents and job was excruciating, and, since he knew little English, his immediate prospects in the U.S. would be limited. He told his father, half hopefully, that there was no guarantee he’d get the visa. The State Department draws a hundred thousand “winning” entries, figuring that at least half will fail to meet the eligibility requirements. In addition to proving that he had a high-school diploma or two years’ work experience, Raúl would have to pass a medical exam and do well in an interview at the U.S. Embassy in Lima. But his father had no illusions. Whom would the United States take, if not Raúl? He broke the news to his wife, Elvira, who wept for hours. The lottery rules allow winners to bring spouses and unmarried children under twenty-one, so, five weeks after receiving the letter, Raúl and Lily married.

Many of Raúl’s colleagues at the mine were pleased, and a little envious, at his good fortune. “We all think about going,” Willmer Cancho, who worked beside Raúl, said. “No matter how good a position you have, you can’t insure your children’s future. You can send them to the best schools, the best universities, but even that is no guarantee, because so few people who graduate get jobs in their profession. My son is two years old. I don’t want him following in my footsteps.” Jorge Vargas, Raúl’s former boss, agreed. “My daughter is fourteen; she goes to the German school because I want her to be able to go to Germany. I love Peru, but I can’t guarantee her a future here.” The only calculation, for Cancho and Vargas, is the best way to go. But the news that Raúl might suddenly emigrate appalled Orlando Carnero, the soft-spoken, baby-faced operations manager at Tintaya—not only because he would lose a good engineer but for Raúl’s sake. “I told him he’s going to end up sweeping floors,” Carnero said when I visited the mine last spring. “I thought it was a little crazy, to throw away his education like that. So I told him this: ‘Go ahead and see if you like it. I’ll give you license for one year; I’ll hold your job. See if it’s so much better there. See if you like sweeping floors.’ ”

Lily was nine months pregnant when, in December, 2003, she and Raúl ap-



Fine Estate Emerald Jewelry
(platinum and diamonds)

Art deco
brooch NY
c. 1925 $22,000

Emerald cut emerald
(1.90 cts.) and pair
diamonds (2.01 cts.)
three stone ring
$21,000

French
link bracelet
c. 1920 $38,500

Band ring
c. 1935-45 $9,500

SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858

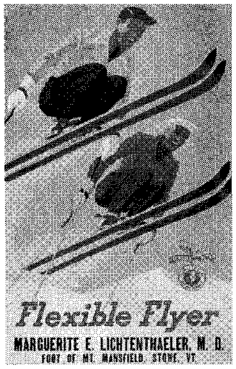
NEW•USED•RARE
BOOKS
Powells.com
THE PLANET’S NEIGHBORHOOD BOOKSTORE ™

10 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
183,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com®

Bob’s Red Mill
To Your Good Health
•Free catalog
•100’s of organic, natural & gluten free whole grain products
www.bobsredmill.com/ny • (800) 349-2173
Whole grain foods for every meal of the day

SWANN

AUTOGRAPHS • BOOKS/MANUSCRIPTS • MAPS/ATLASES
PHOTOGRAPHS • POSTERS • WORKS OF ART ON PAPER


Flexible Flyer
MARGUERITE E. LICHTENTHAELER, M. D.
FOOT OF MT. MANSFIELD, STOWE, VT

Sascha Maurer, Flexible Flyer, color lithograph poster, circa 1935. Estimate $2,000 to $3,000. At auction Feb 9.

AT AUCTION

Feb 2 1:30pm **Printed & Manuscript Americana**
Illustrated Catalogue: $20
Inquiries: Jeremy Markowitz, ext 27
jmarkowitz@swanngalleries.com

Feb 9 10:30am 2:30pm **Vintage Posters**
Illustrated Catalogue: $35
Inquiries: Gael Zafrany, ext 53
gzafrany@swanngalleries.com

Catalogues & preview information online
104 East 25th St • New York, NY 10010
Phone: 212 254 4710 • Fax: 212 979 1017
www.swanngalleries.com

Space, Light & Natural Materials Make Our Award-Winning Timber Frame Homes

TIMBERPEG®
The Artisans of Post & Beam.
www.timberpeg.com 1.800.636.2424

JOHN ⚓ CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN

ORDER BY FEB. 8TH VALENTINE'S DELIVERY!
Anniversary Date
IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
December 11, 1998 = XII XI MCMXCVIII
See Your Date Online! 14K FROM $550
RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
WALES•

- Rental accommodations.
- Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
- Cottages, manor houses, castles.
- London and Dublin flats.
- Weekly or monthly.

As You Like It 415/380-9848 www.asyoulikeitrentals.com

peared at the U.S. Embassy in Lima. As Raúl's wife, she had to be interviewed, too. The processing fees cost them four hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and the medical exams a hundred dollars each, all nonrefundable should they fail the interview. The consular officer who interviewed them was friendly, and appeared to have made up his mind before they sat down. After a five-hour wait, they received their visas. Two days later, their son, Daniel, was born, and in May they left for the United States. Raúl said to his father as he left for the airport, "I don't know why I'm going."

I met Raúl at nine o'clock one morning last March, four hours after his shift began at Turco's Super Ranch market in Yorktown Heights, New York, about ten miles east of Peekskill. Raúl, who is thirty-four, is stocky and tea-colored, with the mashed-down, wet-brushed hair of an altar boy and a placid expression that could be read as either formal or wary. He wore a white cloth apron and the boat-shaped paper hat that is the universal badge of the food-service worker. "My immediate boss knows I'm Peruvian; he's Guatemalan," Raúl told me as he ran loaves of bread through a slicer. "But the manager of the store doesn't know what I am, or that I'm educated. He sees a Hispanic. Dark skin, no English; he sees a Hispanic laborer." His face opened in a bright smile, which was quickly replaced by a vigilant mask. Raúl was earning eight dollars an hour at Turco's bakery, almost the same as his hourly wage in Peru, though his living expenses in America were considerably higher than those he incurred back home. At noon, he would walk across several acres of parking lot to the giant Food Emporium, where he'd put on a parka to spend the next five hours ducking in and out of a walk-in refrigerator, restocking dairy shelves for seven dollars and seventy cents an hour. He and Lily were paying nine hundred dollars a month for the top floor of a listing clapboard house on Main Street in Peekskill: three small rooms painted an alarming shade of pea-soup green. A relative of Raúl's had settled in Peekskill thirty years earlier, but they were still surprised at how many Hispanic immigrants lived there; it's the landscaping-labor hub of the mid-Hudson Valley, where workers are picked up at dawn every day to tend gardens from Ossining to Poughkeepsie.

Raúl hasn't told anyone in Peekskill that he won the lottery. The Ecuadorians, Mexicans, and Venezuelans Raúl meets in La Plazita market most likely think he is, like them, undocumented. He showed me his green card, which he keeps in his wallet, and which is actually a buff yellow with a complicated hologram to prevent forgery. Raúl told me that his life is made more difficult by the many Mexicans in the area—not because they're unfriendly, he is quick to say, but because their expectations are different. Unlike Raúl and Lily, who hope to settle permanently in the U.S., many of the Peekskill Mexicans want to work a few years, save money, and return home. "They're willing to live three families to an apartment and work fourteen-hour days," he told me as we ate mutton stew in an Ecuadorian restaurant down the street from their apartment. "So the rest of us Hispanics are expected to compete with that."

Lily is more enthusiastic about the United States. She enjoys being independent and looks forward to when Daniel begins school, so she can make use of her education as a practical nurse. In the meantime, she strolls with Daniel amid the neatly pruned lawns of Depew Park or reads him fairy tales in the Peekskill public library. On Raúl's day off, they dress up and wander through Wal-Mart or the Jefferson Valley Mall. Lily finds the snow and cold of the Hudson Valley less onerous than the infrequent bus service. They had to buy a car—a 1998 Isuzu—and making car payments contributes to the difficulty of their struggle to get ahead. "I knew people in Peru who had lived in the U.S., but when they'd come home, they'd have pride and full pockets," Lily said. "They'd only want to say how great it is here. They don't tell you how they got started. They don't tell you the realities."

Raúl admitted that he considered giving up on the United States when he got the flu last winter. "In Peru, when you're sick, you go to the pharmacist and he mixes up something right there, injects you right there." He grabbed the flesh of his hip and pantomimed an injection. "Here I got sick and went down to the local hospital. They said, 'All you have is fever. Take Tylenol, take Theraflu, drink a lot of water.' And they sent me home with nothing. I lay here, suffering." But his desire to return to Peru receded with the fever. "It's not the money," he said. "I was living much richer there." The word he uses when discussing why he left Peru is *desorden*—chaos—the terrible combination of the noise and dirt and street crime of Lima, the volatility of the economy, and the corruption of the government. Lima sapped his faith in any institution outside of his family, he told me, and made life feel unpredictable. He emigrated, essentially, to be part of a society in which the public sector is respected.

Trading a job at the pinnacle of his profession for menial tasks at supermarkets has been painful. "At least in the short term, my life in the United States is going to be worse than it was in Peru," he said. "But the future for my son is better." He tries not to worry about his godchildren in Lima, whose father "struggles and struggles and can't leave." But he misses his family there. "If I went back, it wouldn't be for the mine. It would be for my parents."

When I visited Raúl's parents, in Lima, the mere mention of the State Department letter made Elvira cry. She set before me a plate of *cuy*, guinea pig roasted in the traditional Peruvian way, with the buck-toothed head on. "Percy's favorite," she said, using her son's middle name, as she and his father usually do. She sat, dabbing her eyes. "What are we to do here, just the two of us, in this big house?" Raúl, Sr., wrenched the cork out of a bottle of sweet Peruvian wine. "I support Percy a hundred per cent," he said gruffly. "What is there here for the little one?"

In April, Raúl and Lily told me that they were going to let pass Orlando Carnero's May deadline to reclaim Raúl's job at the mine. When I called them in late October, they said they'd found a slightly cheaper apartment in Peekskill, and were starting to save money. Raúl is still working in supermarkets, but he and Lily have been studying English, taking turns watching Daniel so they can attend classes two nights a week at Westchester Community College. "I know I'm not going to advance myself if I can't speak English," Raúl said. He has no illusions about getting a mining engineer's job in the United States, but he hopes to find a quality-control job in a factory. In the meantime, they want to stop paying rent and start building equity. A friend in San Antonio, Texas, told them there is plenty of work there, and houses can be bought for as little as eighty thousand dollars—about a third of what a similar house would cost in Peekskill. "There, everybody will really think I'm a Mexican," Raúl said with a laugh. First, though, he will return briefly to Lima. "It's going to be strange to go home, and I'm sure it will be hard to come back," he said. "But I know this is where I have to be." ♦

Now With Enhanced Audio Performance And Styling.

Think of them as a reprieve from the world around you. Whether it's the roar inside an airplane, city bustle or office distractions, Bose QuietComfort® 2 headphones help them fade softly into the background with the flick of a switch. You can savor musical nuances without disturbing others. And when you're not listening to music, you can slip into a tranquil haven – where you can relax and enjoy peace and solitude.

Reduce noise with Bose technology. Our headphones were designed primarily for airplane travelers. But owners soon started telling us how much they enjoy using them in other places to reduce distractions around them. Bose QC™ 2 headphones incorporate patented technology that electronically identifies and dramatically reduces noise, while faithfully preserving the music, movie dialogue or tranquility you desire. *Technologyreview.com* reports, "It's as if someone behind your back reached out, found the volume control of the world, and turned it way, way, down."

Enhanced audio from our best sounding headphones ever. When QC2 headphones were first introduced, *CNET* said, "All sorts of music – classical, rock, and jazz – sounded refined and natural." With their enhanced audio performance, today's QC2 headphones are even better, delivering audio that's so clear you may find yourself discovering new subtleties in your music. Columnist Rich Warren adds that they're so comfortable, "It's easy to forget they're on your head." To enjoy peace and tranquility, simply turn them on. To add Bose quality sound, attach the included audio cord and connect them to a home stereo, laptop computer, portable CD/DVD/MP3 player or in-flight audio system. They also offer improved styling and a fold-flat design for easy storage in the slim carrying case.

Use them as a concert hall – or a sanctuary.

Presenting The Bose® QuietComfort® 2 Acoustic Noise Cancelling® Headphones.

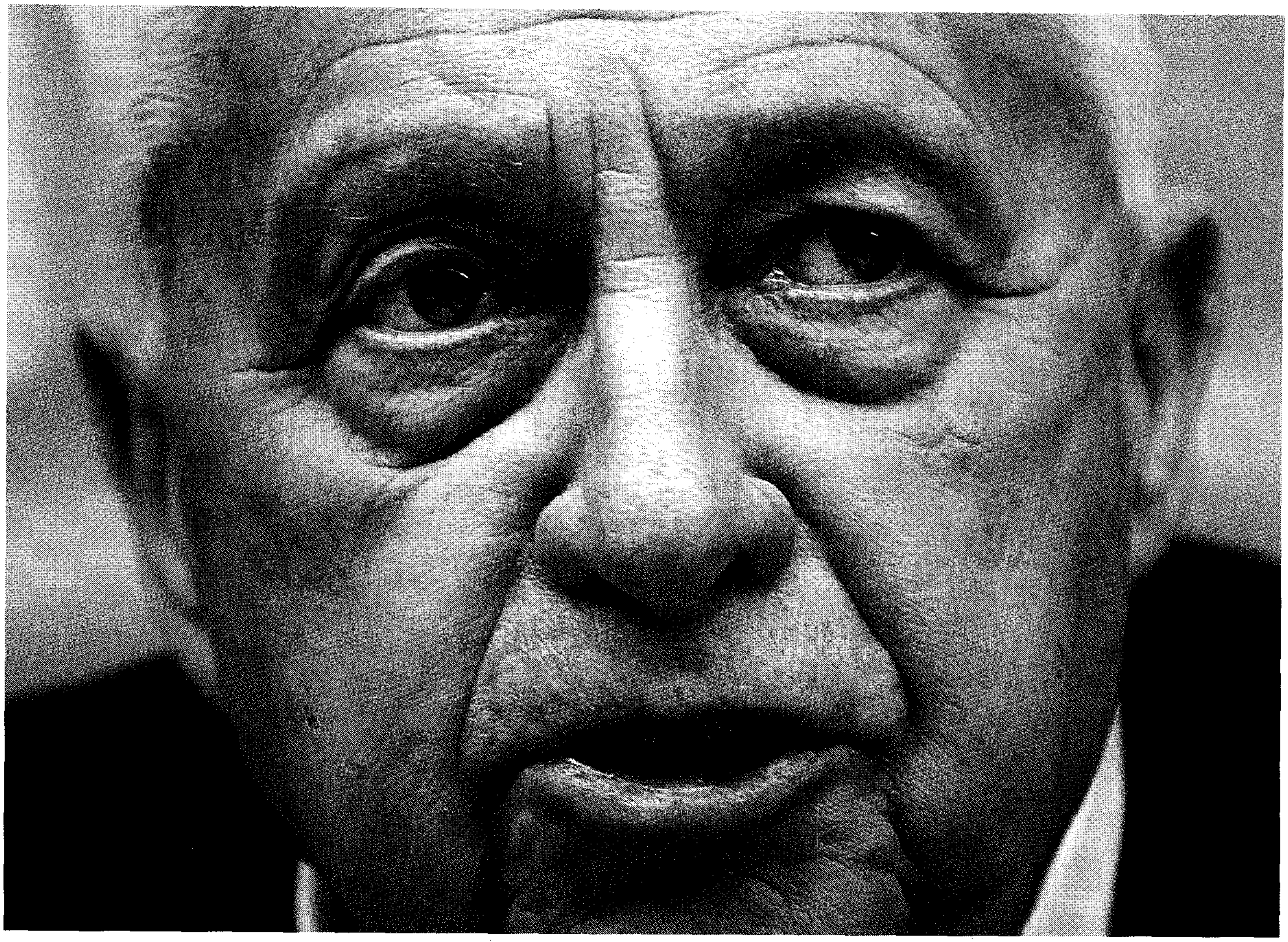
Call 1-800-417-2073, ext. Q4614 today. Try the QC2 headphones for yourself risk free. Our 30-day, in-home trial guarantees your satisfaction. Order now and you'll receive a free portable Bose CD Player with skip protection – a $50 value. Plus, **shipping is free.** So call and discover a very different kind of headphone – Bose QuietComfort® 2 Acoustic Noise Cancelling headphones.

FREE Bose CD Player when you order by Jan. 31, 2006.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

To order or for a free information kit, call:
1-800-417-2073, ext. Q4614
Discover all our innovative products at
www.bose.com/q4614

©2005 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. Free CD Player and free shipping offers not to be combined with any other offer or applied to previous purchases, and subject to change without notice. If QuietComfort® 2 headphones are returned, CD Player must be returned for a full refund. Risk free refers to 30-day trial only and does not include return shipping. Delivery is subject to product availability. Quotes are reprinted with permission: Simson Garfinkel, *Technologyreview.com*, 7/9/03; David Carnoy, *CNET*, 5/29/03; Rich Warren, *News-Gazette*, 5/19/03.



PROFILES

THE GENERAL

An Israeli journalist's six years of conversation with Ariel Sharon.

BY ARI SHAVIT

As far back as I can remember, I remember Arik Sharon. First, he was Arik of the Paratroopers, whose brutal acts of retaliation in the nineteen-fifties, after the War of Independence, exemplified the young Israeli state's reply to attacks by Palestinian infiltrators. Then he was Arik of Sinai, whose military wits in the battle of Abu Ageila, a strategic crossroads in the eastern Sinai, played an important part in the intoxicating Israeli victory of 1967. Then, in 1971, Sharon was Arik the Terrible, who temporarily eliminated Palestinian terror in the Gaza Strip by using collective punishment, threatening civilians, and applying a shoot-to-kill policy against suspected terrorists. In 1973, he was Arik, King of Israel, who confounded the Egyptians by crossing the Suez Canal, cutting off the Third Army, and turning what could easily have been a terrible defeat into victory. In the late nineteen-seventies and early eighties, as a civilian minister, he was Arik the Settler, who established more than a hundred Israeli outposts in the West Bank and Gaza, in a hubristic attempt to seize permanent control of large swaths of Palestinian-held territory. "Grab as many hilltops as you can," he later told the settlers. Finally, he was for us, the young liberals of Israel, Arik the Leper, who, in 1982, led the country into a catastrophic war in Lebanon and bore a great measure of responsibility for the massacres at the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps.

As far back as almost every living Israeli can remember, Sharon was in battle, pushing onward, annexing more and more territories to the Jewish state, and depriving it of its last remnants of moral innocence. More than any other single figure in Israel, Sharon led the transformation of a relatively modest and ascetic state into an occupying bully.

When Sharon swept the country into the Lebanon war, he appeared in my nightmares. When some eight hundred Palestinians were slaughtered at Sabra and Shatila, he made me ashamed of being an Israeli. And when he established the Jewish settlements in the West Bank and Gaza he caused many Israelis to fear that these settlements, and the occupation of Palestinian terri-

KEVIN FRAYER/AP; OPPOSITE: GALI TIBBON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

tories, would ultimately lead to the downfall of the Zionist enterprise.

As a citizen, and as a writer for the liberal daily *Ha'aretz,* I was someone whose political life became, in a sense, a life in opposition to Ariel Sharon, to all that he had done and had come to stand for. Indisputably, Sharon had rare military talent, and, unlike other right-wing politicians who specialized in rhetoric and incitement, he had the capacity to shape the reality in which we lived. He played a considerable role in saving the state of Israel in the nineteen-fifties and in 1973. But Sharon also seemed a perversion of the Zionist dream of the strong and fearless Jew.

Then I came to know him. Our first meeting, in the late summer of 1999, began at the Likud Party headquarters in Tel Aviv and continued in a daylong conversation at his home, Sycamore Ranch, a thousand-acre farm in the western Negev. By this time, Sharon was no longer a demon in Israeli political life. He was seventy-one, an affable, nearly irrelevant old general who was serving as the temporary head of a shattered opposition party. He did not talk politics, preferring to tell me at great length about his family's origins, in Russia. He explained that his inner strength had its source in the fact that, unlike many Israelis, he came from a family that had worked the land for generations. "I never had a political power base," he said. "The power to do things comes to me from the family and the soil, to which I have a unique attachment."

Surprisingly, this secular, Israel-born soldier defined himself not as an Israeli but as a Jew. Israel's raison d'être, he said, is to be the place where the Jews will finally be cured of their mortal illness, their "eternal wandering." But he had doubts about whether they would, in fact, be cured. He felt a profound uncertainty about the Jews' ability to maintain sovereignty, and to hold on to the land and to preserve it. He spoke about the Arabs with great envy—they, he said, knew much better how to keep their honor and their land. "If there is something that I respect about the Arabs, it's the fact that they never change their position," he said. "The Palestinian leadership did not give up any of its demands, not one inch."

Sharon took me on a tour of his ranch in a four-by-four, pointing out his orchard, his sheep, his bulls. He said that his primary concern was with the Jewish future: "What will become of the Jews in thirty years' time, and what will become of them in three hundred years' time?" He complained that young Israelis didn't know their Bible. They weren't familiar with their history. They didn't feel a right to this land the way he did. "One generation after another is drifting away from anything Jewish," he said.

Sharon portrayed himself as someone who lived inside Biblical history in a very intimate and palpable way. Whenever he was in Hebron, he said,

Sharon's policies shifted with time, but his prejudices didn't. He regarded Arabs with distrust, and Jews with exasperation.

AT THE CORNER OF IRATE AND INSANE
Mad because she isn't Bob Dylan.
Furious because it isn't the eighteenth century.
Angry because "The Wizard of Oz" was fiction.
Enraged by inability to fly.

the thought that for seven years David ruled the city aroused tremendous excitement in him. When he travelled in the Judaean desert, he narrowed his eyes, so as to see not the electricity lines and the modern highways but, instead, Abigail, the wife of Nabal the Carmelite, decked in her necklaces and bracelets, and riding on her donkey—a scene from the First Book of Samuel. And on the road that descends from Beit Aryeh and crosses Shiloh Creek, not far from Beit El, he always stopped to recall another episode from Samuel, in which a runner is sent from the battle of Aphek to Shiloh, forty kilometres away, bearing the bitter news of the capture of the Ark of the Covenant. He always experienced these ancient scenes anew.

At the time of our interview, Prime Minister Ehud Barak had revived peace talks, and there was a general notion that the conflict with the Palestinians might soon end. So, with considerable effort, I tried to bring Sharon back to the political present. I asked him whether the establishment of settlements in Gaza and the West Bank had been a mistake. No, he said. There wasn't a single shipping container or generator that had been positioned in the territories without a reason. Every settlement was placed in such a way as to consolidate Israeli control of essential regions like the Jordan Valley and the hills overlooking the coastal plain.

Sharon's charm took me by surprise. Unlike most of Israel's leaders, who tend to be arrogant and remote, he had empathy and a sense of humor that could even be self-deprecating. He had none of Barak's haughtiness or Benjamin Netanyahu's emotional unease. But I was equally surprised by his pessimism. Despite Israel's military might, he saw the country as a small and fragile state surrounded by hostile countries that would go on wanting to destroy it. As a result, he believed not in peace agreements based on mutual trust but only in non-belligerence agreements based on deterrence. In this Realpolitik, he saw himself as a follower of Henry Kissinger. But, unlike Kissinger, who argued for substantial territorial compromise, Sharon thought that Israel could not risk the little strategic depth it had. Without buffer zones, he argued, Israel would not be able to stand up to new threats when Arab missiles endangered its air superiority.

Sharon was perceptive but not conceptually brilliant; he had charm, but he did not radiate greatness. Sitting in a deep armchair in the living room, as his wife, Lily, offered him muffins on a silver tray, he resembled neither Samson nor Nero. There was something of the overgrown child about him. Grinning, he admitted that he had never had the patience for books on military strategy. What interested him much more was the person, the individual fighter, and what made him attack or lose his balance.

His thinking was not analytical but intuitive, leading him from story to story, from recollection to recollection. He was neither quick nor articulate. His formulations were heavy, like clods of winter earth. Occasionally, Sharon read literature and history, but in a deep sense he was anti-intellectual. Some people who have known Sharon well say that he is a limited, even primitive person. Ideas made him suspicious. What he admired was deeds, facts. Although he was the head of the Likud Party, he saw himself as an heir to the Labor Party. For him, Vladimir Jabotinsky and Menachem Begin, the great Likud forebears, were men of words, of hollow talk. David Ben-Gurion and Yigal Allon, who were leaders of the Labor movement, were men of action, and it was perfectly clear that he felt closer to them. Allon, he said, was the most brilliant commander in the 1948 war: "His concept of national security is the one we should follow."

Throughout our meeting, Sharon, whose appetite is legendary, plied me with food and drink, and by the time I headed home I was undoubtedly several kilos heavier. As I thought about our conversation, I came to the conclusion that one explanation for Sharon's power is that he is organic. Without romanticizing him, I found his insistence on land neither rhetorical nor superficial. He had a kind of instinctive intelligence, like a Bedouin tracker or a Cherokee scout. In this, he was an un-Jewish Jew: lacking self-awareness and intellectualism, devoid of complexes, yet the embodiment of the radical Zionist potential. Neither a statesman nor a theoretician, he knew how to strike people at their weak spots and how to win battles by reading a map. He called his autobiography "Warrior." I thought of him as the samurai of Zionism.

In April, 2001, I returned to Sycamore Ranch. Everything looked different: Sharon had been elected Prime Minister, and not far from the sheepfold was a flock of bulletproof limousines. Security guards were scattered about the property. Sharon's wife had died, of cancer, and his sons had replaced her as his most constant companions. The collapse of the peace process at Camp David in the summer of 2000 and the eruption of the Al Aqsa intifada in September, after Sharon paid his provocative visit to the Temple Mount, had transformed the irrelevant old general into a beloved grandfather to whom a terrified nation had entrusted its fate. He had been elected by a huge majority to the position he had dreamed of all his life.

Over the next several years, until his recent stroke, I met with him for a series of long interviews, first for *Ha'aretz* and then for this magazine. I was the first journalist to whom Sharon granted a comprehensive interview after he became Prime Minister, and the most urgent question was whether there was a new Sharon, whether he had become a man of peace, a potential "Israeli de Gaulle." When I asked whether he would relent on the Palestinian territories, as de Gaulle had on Algeria, his reply was unequivocal: There was no new Sharon. He had no interest in being an Israeli de Gaulle.

And yet everything he was saying now became, in a few years' time, reconsidered, repudiated, undone.

I asked whether he would advance a separation plan.

"I see no possibility of separation," he said. "I don't believe in 'We're here and they're there.' In my opinion, practically speaking, the possibility doesn't exist."

Would he agree to recognize a Palestinian state, even one that would be confined to between forty and fifty per cent of the occupied territories?

"I've never said fifty per cent of the territory. I've said forty-two per cent. It could be that a bit more is possible. But this would be only in the framework of a non-belligerence agreement for a long and undefined period of time."

Sharon insisted that even the relatively small Jewish enclaves in Gaza had strategic meaning for Israel. "First of all, they have Zionist importance," he said. "People say to me, 'Why don't you evacuate Kfar Darom' "—a settlement of several hundred Israelis in the midst of Palestinian Gaza. "But Kfar Darom is a settlement that was established back in 1946, and it stood firm and it delayed the Egyptian Army for several critical days in 1948. . . . So why should it be evacuated? I see no reason to evacuate it."

As for whether he would be prepared to evacuate settlements in the framework of a non-belligerence agreement, he snapped, "No. Absolutely not."

Not even the most isolated settlements in Gaza, like Netzarim?

"No. Not at any price," Sharon said. "Why is it necessary to evacuate Netzarim? What for? . . . Netzarim has strategic importance. It was built as part of a concept that a barrier has to be created between Khan Yunis and Gaza City, and that we should have access to the coast. Therefore Netzarim is of enormous importance to security. It is essential."

Sharon said these things for our interview. Informally, he was even tougher. He made it clear that he did not believe in peace agreements. He said that the 1948 War of Independence had not ended, and that we must be prepared for a struggle that would last for generations. He argued that the unilateral withdrawal from Southern Lebanon carried out by Ehud Barak in May, 2000, had led Yasir Arafat to believe that Israel had softened and that he could acquire more at no cost. Only two years before Sharon erected the separation wall, he scorned the idea. "How are you going to separate?" he had said. "Are you going to put up a wall in Jerusalem? Can you maintain a barrier at all inside a city? And you have to have security zones. You can't make a separation along the Green Line"—that is, the pre-1967 borders. "So what are you going to do? Separate the Arabs from their lands?"

Sharon wore jeans, a light-blue shirt, and Birkenstock sandals for the meeting, and, affable as always, he insisted that I eat a large breakfast with him: salad and cheese, sardines and olives. During the meal, he said he would prefer that we not talk about politics. "I know more about wheat and olive trees than I do about politics," he said, laughing. And, indeed, he gave me a long lecture about the olive tree: its longevity, the depth of its roots. He told me that in Israel there are olive trees that are two thousand years old and were harvested by the Jews during the Second Temple period, from 538 B.C. to 70 A.D. He described their precise location.

When we went back to the cozy living room and he sank into his favorite armchair, he showed me the book he was reading: it was about the Arab Revolt of 1936-39. He said that what interested him was the way the rebellion had ultimately collapsed, causing a disintegration of Palestinian society. He clearly saw a certain similarity between the revolt of the nineteen-thirties and the intifada that began in 2000. In time, it became evident that the stra-

God Bless
Our
Asking
Price
SIPRESS

tegic plan that Sharon was considering involved bringing the Palestinians to a point of political chaos and then luring them into a partial agreement on Israel's terms—one that would not require evacuation of major settlements in the West Bank and a return to the pre-1967 borders.

"It is impossible at this time to bring about the end of the conflict," he said. "Therefore we must be cautious. Very cautious. Give the Palestinians only the minimum necessary."

We met again two years later, in April, 2003, soon after elections; Sharon had easily defeated Amram Mitzna, of Labor. He controlled a majority in parliament and generally dominated the political scene. The Bush Administration had put forward a multistage "road map" for a two-state solution in the Middle East but was preoccupied with its war in Iraq. We met at the Prime Minister's modest office in Tel Aviv, which had been used by David Ben-Gurion. Sharon wore a blue suit tailored to his increasingly mammoth proportions. He chose his words far more carefully than he had before.

"Well, I have made up my mind to make a real effort to arrive at a real agreement," he said. "I'm seventy-five. I have no political ambitions beyond the position I now hold. And I see it as an aim and a goal to bring this people security and peace. Therefore I shall make very great efforts. I think that this is something that I need to leave behind me: to try to reach an agreement."

This time, when I asked about the idea of dividing the land between Israelis and Palestinians, he replied, "I believe this is what will happen. It is necessary to see things in a very realistic way: in the end, there will be a Palestinian state. . . . I don't think that we need to rule over another people and run its life. I don't think that we have the strength for that."

Sharon was obviously preparing for a dramatic shift in policy, and the question was what had led him to it. Certainly the strategic context of the world had changed radically. The September 11th terror attacks in New York and Washington, the ceaseless suicide bombings in Israeli cities, the Israeli "re-occupation" of cities in the West Bank, Yasir Arafat's encirclement and decline—they were all factors in Sharon's thinking. There was also the moderating influence of his sons; of Reuven Adler, an advertising executive who was his best friend and political strategist; and of his adviser Dov Weissglas. Although it was hard to figure out which of these events or influences had been most important, it was clear that Sharon had decided to divert history from its course.

I asked if he was prepared to consider the evacuation of isolated settlements. "If we reach a situation of real peace, true peace, a peace for generations," he replied, "we will have to make painful concessions." This, Israelis soon discovered, was to become a resonant phrase in Israeli political life, but I asked if it wasn't actually an empty one.

"Definitely not," Sharon said. "If it turns out that there is someone to talk to, we will have to take steps that are painful to every Jew and painful to me personally. Look, this is the cradle of the birth of the Jewish people. All of our history is connected to those places: Bethlehem, Shiloh, Beit El. And I know that we will have to separate from some of those places. As a Jew, I am tormented by this. But I have decided to make every effort to reach an agreement. The rational need to reach an agreement has overcome my emotions."

When I left Sharon's office that day, I found it hard to believe what I'd just heard. Gone were the customary refusals to evacuate settlements, and in their place was an acknowledgment of the fact that the occupation was futile and that Israel would soon have to leave Bethlehem, Shiloh, and Beit El and resign itself to the division of land.

In February, 2004, Sharon acted on his commitment to make "painful concessions," and described his disengagement plan. In June, he pushed through the cabinet a plan that called for a complete withdrawal from the Gaza Strip and from isolated settlements in the West Bank. In October, he outmaneuvered his rivals in Likud and made the withdrawal into a Knesset resolution. Two months later, he brought the Labor Party into his government to insure a stable political base.

When, in February, 2005, I visited his Jerusalem residence for yet another lavish breakfast meeting, Sharon was not as tense or as circumspect as he had been two years earlier. The majority of Israelis supported him on disengagement from Gaza. By the end of the summer, there was no Netzarim, no Kfar Darom. Thirty-eight years of Israeli occupation of Gaza came to an end with televised scenes of Israeli soldiers dragging Israeli settlers from their homes and synagogues, and of bulldozers levelling Israeli buildings. And it was Sharon—the man who himself was known as "the bulldozer" for both his desire to build new outposts and his brutal means—who had done it. For me, for most of my colleagues, and for most of the Israeli left, even at the beginning of 2005 there was no longer any doubt: the man who sat across from me at the table—Arik of the Paratroopers, Arik the Terrible—had, at seventy-seven, become precisely who he said he would never become, the Israeli de Gaulle.

Nevertheless, he insisted on denying it. "I can't be de Gaulle," Sharon said as he ate an omelette. "I can't be de Gaulle because Algeria is here. It's not hundreds of kilometres away. This is the difference. The French could take a million people and bring them to France, but in this country there's nowhere to go. There's nowhere to go."

Then he laughed and once more played the role of the solicitous host, saying, "Eat, eat. It looks like you've lost a little weight." Sharon, who is five feet seven and was approaching three hundred pounds, clearly had no patience for modern slimming rituals. He said that the cheeses here weren't quite as good as the cheeses at the ranch, but the housekeeper was doing her best. He himself ate everything and recommended the Portuguese sardines and the schmaltz herring. He was certainly at his most ingratiating. "I heard that you had a son," he said. "What's the

“ONE AFTERNOON MY AUNT AND I . . . ”

One afternoon my aunt and I
went picking blueberries. The sky

the line of marsh
like scribblings with green chalk
the berries were chalk-like, too,
someone, perhaps Pythagoras,
had idly dotted over the pasture
with thick blue chalk, billions of dots

The men’s rough voices
refined by the clear distance
the horses’ velvet wickering
came to us clearly

She was
“a dirty picker” but very fast
The lard pail filled with berries
but also their thin blood-red stems
and thick little leaves, green or red
I was “clean” but slow
From the tin mug to the lard pail
and from the lard pail to a basket

She wore a pair of overalls,
her husband’s, and an old straw hat,
called a “Cow’s Breakfast.”
Note
a wicked family anecdote.

—*Elizabeth Bishop*

boy’s name? Michael? Michael is a nice name. Is it because of Michael that you are not eating?”

When the talk of food and children faded, I asked Sharon whether the conflict would have an end.

“The conflict isn’t between us and the Palestinians,” he said. “The conflict is between us and the Arab world. And the problem at the heart of the conflict is that the Arab world does not recognize the Jews’ inherent right to have a Jewish state in the land where the Jewish people began. This is the main problem. This also applies to Egypt, with which we have a cold peace. It also applies to Jordan, with which we have a very close strategic relationship, but this is a relationship between governments, not between peoples. The problem is not 1967. The problem is the profound nonrecognition by the Arab world of Israel’s birthright. This problem will not be solved by an agreement. It will not be solved by a speech. Anyone who promises that it’s possible to end the conflict within a year or two years or three is mistaken. Anyone who promises peace now is blind to the way things are. Even after the disengagement, we will not be able to rest on our laurels. We will not be able to sit under our fig tree and our vine.

“It may be that we will never have peace,” he went on. “And it may be that it will take a great many years to have peace. This doesn’t mean that we shouldn’t talk. It’s better to talk than not to talk. It’s important to conduct negotiations. Maybe it’s possible to solve one thing or another. But it has to be understood that the conflict may never be resolved. If it is ever resolved, it will be in a very long process.”

Sharon said that he was certain Israel would live in a state of danger for a long time, and that all he recommended was that Israel not “make any moves in which it takes risks that are too great.”

He continued, “What bothers me about the peaceniks is their hatred of the settlers and their excessive faith in the Arabs. They apparently never got the phone calls I got from my mother when I was conducting talks in Egypt in 1980. My mother, who was eighty at the time, would call me in Cairo and tell me what she had harvested in the field that day and what she was going to harvest the next day. And she would always end with the same sentence: ‘Arik, don’t believe them.’ She had been in this country for many years, but she had a heavy Russian accent. And I remember her very clearly, saying to me, in her heavy Russian accent, ‘Arik, don’t believe them.’ ”

And so, I asked, to this day you don’t believe them?

“No, I don’t believe them,” he said. “And there is a reason for this. The Arabs don’t recognize the Jewish people’s birthright to an independent Jewish state.”

He tried to explain what he derived from this pessimistic assumption. He said that time was the essential factor, which was why he was trying to establish the principle that the Palestinians would have to reform before Israel made further concessions. “The greatest danger is in signing some document and believing that as a result we will have peace. This is not going to happen.... Instead, we have to build a process that will enable us to ascertain that indeed a change is taking place in the Arab world. It is necessary to teach all the teachers that Israel is a legitimate entity. And it is necessary to replace all the Palestinian textbooks. And this is beyond the elementary demand for the cessation of terror and the cessation of incitement and the implementation of reforms in the security organizations and the implementation of governmental reforms. It is necessary not to omit a single one of these steps. Under no circumstance should there be concessions. A situation must not develop in which Israel retreats and is chased by terror. Once you accept that, it will never end. Terror will keep chasing us.”

Sharon, it seemed, did not believe in the possibility of a final agreement, or what the negotiators call a “permanent-status agreement.” “What is a permanent-status agreement?” he asked testily. “It is completely unrealistic.”

Throughout Israel, commentators speculated about whether the Gaza withdrawal was merely Sharon’s way of buying time while the Palestinians struggled to bring some order to the miserable enclave that Israel had left behind, and tried to solve their internal political battles. Or was Sharon preparing for another, even more dramatic unilateral move: perhaps an Israeli withdrawal to the separation fence throughout the West Bank?

“There isn’t any possibility of doing this,” he said. “This would be a mistake.... There is only one unilateral move. There will not be another unilateral move.”

I asked if he would agree to evacuate twenty or thirty settlements in the West Bank in the near future.

“That isn’t going to happen,” he said. “That isn’t on the agenda. We will discuss that after there are changes among the Palestinians.” He was referring to the requirements imposed on the Palestinians by the U.S.-proposed road map, including an end to terrorism. In any case, Sharon made it clear that the Etzion Bloc, Ma’ale Adumim, Ariel, and other large, well-established settlements in the West Bank would never be handed over to the Palestinians. Nor could the Jordan Valley be totally evacuated. “There will be security zones,” he said. “In essential territories that are east of the separation fence, there will be security zones.”

In 2000, at Camp David, Barak and Arafat debated, unsuccessfully, a compromise on control of the Temple Mount, the site of the Western Wall and the Al Aqsa mosque. Sharon was not prepared for such negotiations. “This is the place that is most sacred to the Jewish people,” he said. “It is untenable that it not be under Israeli responsibility.”

I asked him about Hebron, where there is a tiny but fervent Jewish settlement in what is essentially an Arab city.

“Can you conceive that one day Jews will not live in Hebron?” Sharon retorted. “Ben-Gurion called Hebron Jerusalem’s elder sister. If we were a normal nation, when a visitor arrived here we would take him not to Yad Vashem but, rather, to Hebron. We’d take him to the place where our roots are. No other people has a monument like the Tomb of the Patriarchs, where Abraham and Sarah are buried. And Isaac and Rebecca. And Jacob and Leah. There isn’t anything like it. No other people has anything like it. Therefore, under any agreement Jews will live in Hebron.

“We put too much stress on the security issue,” he went on. “That was a mistake. My mistake, too. The element of the cradle of the Jewish people is critical for us to be able to live here. Indeed, there is a constant questioning of our right. Therefore we have to stress the matter of our right. We have to talk about the continuum of Jewish life that has been here. Even in order to live in Tel Aviv, we need a root in Hebron.”

Sharon had not lost the capacity to astound. When I went to interview the “new Sharon” in 2001, I found an old Sharon: stubborn, opportunistic, blunt. When I went to interview the old Sharon in 2003, I found a new Sharon, ready to make radical, painful concessions. And now, in 2005, when the

Sharon with his staff at his command post, Sinai, October 9, 1973; victims of the massacre at the Sabra refugee cam

LEFT TO RIGHT: SHLOMO ARAD/IPPA; SILVERMAN-POOL/SIPA PRESS

new Sharon was actually leading the withdrawal from Gaza, I was faced with a Sharon more old than new. Even when he was altering the course of history, he did not cease to be enigmatic, unpredictable.

The old liberal opinion of Sharon was that he was a liar, and, certainly, his relationship with truth was complex. He was very cautious about revealing his views, but he did not lie gratuitously. Therefore, when he told me in 2001 that he would not evacuate the Gaza settlement of Netzarim, that was what he really believed. But when circumstances changed so did he. He was prepared to destroy with his own hands much of what he himself had built.

ptember 21, 1982; *Sharon meeting with contractors about housing for settlers to be evacuated from the Gaza Strip, July 5, 2005.*

The new opinion of Sharon was that he was a tactical genius and a strategic ignoramus. Some on the right said that he was a champion windsurfer: he knew how to surf the waves of history while having no idea where he was going. The answer to the enigma of Sharon, they said, is that he actually has no world view—no principles, no ideals, no integrity. Without the slightest difficulty, he could establish settlements in one decade and demolish them in another.

But what stood out most in the twenty hours of taped conversation that I had conducted with Sharon over six years was his emotional consistency, his fixed beliefs. Even when he was absorbed in the work of uprooting settlements, he spoke emotionally about their value. His policy changed dramatically, but his inner self did not change at all.

I asked him whether he felt any guilt toward the settlers he had sent to Gaza and was now displacing from their homes. Instead of replying, he asked one of his aides for a quotation from Vladimir Jabotinsky, the right-wing, Revisionist leader, and then he read it aloud:

> We have never seen a settlement as an end in and of itself. We have seen it as one of the most powerful means of state-oriented Zionism for achieving our sovereignty over the land of Israel. To us, a settlement has been precious as one of our finest cards in the statesmanship game of the future. But should this settlement suddenly become an impediment in the crucial statesmanship game—to this we shall not agree. A settlement is a means and no more than that. The fact that we love its green orchards, its golden fields and its proud laborers is irrelevant. For us, they are the political avant-garde. It happens that for the sake of a common interest the avant-garde suffers severe losses. We send them our blessings and continue on our way.

Sharon removed his glasses and waited for a response.

"That's you," I said.

"True," he said, "except for the last line, which I don't like."

I said that someone who knew him well had told me that at the personal level he had more human sensitivity than any other Israeli leader. But, when crucial moments came, he looked through the strategist's binoculars and became cold and cruel.

"I don't think that I'm cruel," Sharon said, bristling, "but it is true that in situations like that I pick up the binoculars. If I think about every mother there and every greenhouse there, I won't be able to do a thing."

When the Prime Minister's aides began to pressure us to end the conversation, I asked Sharon whether he was closer to the settlers he was about to displace or to his new supporters, who come from the trendy Mediterranean streets of Tel Aviv.

"They are real people," Sharon said of the settlers. "Extraordinary people. Phenomenal people."

He asked an aide to bring him his briefcase, and he pulled out a letter from a woman from Netzarim, in Gaza. He read it to me, slowly and clearly, pronouncing with strange empathy every one of the words of rebuke that were directed at him. "I want to ask you whether you are able to look me straight in the eye and tell me to leave my home, the same home where my son grew up until the age of eighteen, and give it as a gift to the murderers of my son?" the writer demanded. "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?"

"She is right in her arguments," Sharon said, "but she doesn't bear the responsibility for the Jewish people on her shoulders. This responsibility is incumbent on me.

"This letter is heartbreaking," he continued. "The fact is that this whole week I've been carrying it around in my briefcase. I'm not happy about destroying the settlements. I'm feeling very bad. These people have led this nation for the past generation. They have done a tremendous deed while taking huge risks. And there was heroism there, especially among the women. And when I think about those women who sent their children to school every day on the bloody roads, I can't help thinking that they resemble my mother. And this weighs heavily on me."

I asked Sharon if his mother would have disapproved of what he was about to do.

"This act is not something she would have been very enthusiastic about," he said. "If she were here, I would explain to her that it is good for the Jews, and she would tell me again not to trust the Arabs. Her generation was a generation of strong people—stronger than us. I don't consider myself weak, but my parents were stronger."

Several months later, in July, I met with Sharon again, this time at his Jerusalem office. I gave him a copy of a book that I had published in the meantime, about the partition of the land, and drew his attention to the fact that his copy was inscribed to the partitioner himself. Sharon flipped through the book, pausing at the inscription, and said that he didn't like what I'd written. That is not how he sees himself. A few weeks before sending the bulldozers to eradicate Netzarim and Kfar Darom, he was still not able to admit that partition would be his legacy.

There was no point in talking about future borders quite yet. Sharon was in the process of withdrawal, and he promised that if violence against Israel came from the Palestinians in Gaza there would be "a very harsh response."

I asked whether he was preparing a deterrence policy for the post-disengagement era, when Israel and the Palestinians would share borders.

"There would be no alternative," he replied. "As Moshe Dayan said, we are unable to defend every family and every person in the country. We can promise only that their blood will exact a price. Deterrence is what enables us to live here. This is how it was in the past, this is the way it is in the present, and this is also the way it will be in the future."

I wondered how Sharon felt about the changed opinion of him in much of the world. The Arab world, and many on the left elsewhere, would never forgive him his early career, especially Sabra and Shatila. But now he was widely respected, even revered, by people who had written him off as the cruel, militaristic ogre of the Zionist occupation.

"This doesn't intoxicate me," he said. "I've seen them regard me one way and I've seen them regard me another way. And I know that it can be the one way again and it can be the other way again. It's like a huge wheel. Do I feel elation when they admire me in the world? No. Above all, I'm a Jew. And I realize how they came to like me. If the Jews were to disappear, they'd also be happy.

"Today, the Jews are in less danger because Israel is strong," he went on. "But would I rely on the world with respect to the Jews? No. I don't rely on anyone in this matter."

Six years after our first conversation about the Jews, Sharon had returned to his favorite issue.

"The Jews are a wonderful people," he said. "A people blessed with talents. And a courageous people. But the Jews don't have enough of a connection to the soil, to the homeland. This is a wandering people. A people without a border.

"When I ask myself where my strength to keep fighting on all fronts comes from, I say that above all it comes from my home, from my family. And this comes to me from the times of my childhood, from irrigating the orchard, from plowing the vineyard, from guarding the watermelon field. These were the things that shaped my character and my ability to cope all my life."

I asked if that gave him a special role in the life of this people.

"I think that I know what needs to be done," Sharon replied. "I know what to do because I understand the reality of our life here. For a hundred years now, we have been holding the sword in one hand. I have had the opportunity of seeing this. And what is with me all the time is the necessity to be alert, to be cautious.

"I don't miss military service," Sharon added. "I'm not a general who seeks wars. But I am a warrior to this day.

"Years ago, the Egyptian general Kamal Hassan Ali visited me at my home. He looked at me and he looked at the house and he said, 'This house is like you—big, strong, and isolated.' In my autobiography, there's a picture of me in the Yom Kippur War. Here, have a look. Sprawled on the dune alone. And under the photo it says, 'A lone commander.' That's true. There's nothing to be done about it. In fact, I'm a person who consults. I always consult. But, in the end, you have to take a decision. Now, too. And all the responsibility is on you. You are the one who takes the decision, and in the decision you are always alone."

On the evening of Wednesday, January 4th, I received a call from the Prime Minister's office informing me that my next meeting with Sharon had been scheduled for the sixteenth. An hour later, Sharon felt ill and was taken by ambulance from his ranch to Hadassah Hospital, in Jerusalem, with his son Gilad sitting beside him. He could no longer speak, and when Gilad asked whether something hurt he pointed to his temples. In the emergency room, he lost consciousness. As he was being taken to an operating room, Sharon was divested of his authority as Prime Minister. His deputy, Ehud Olmert, the former mayor of Jerusalem, was now in power.

That night, I went out into the empty streets of Jerusalem. The young people I encountered in the few bars that remained open were shocked, and they spoke in nearly apocalyptic terms. They felt that Israel had lost its father. Nearing home, I passed Olmert's house. Normally, it is a quiet and unexceptional neighborhood, but now my neighbor's house was surrounded by security teams and their forbidding equipment. The Sharon era had ended.

When I got home, I took out the tapes, transcripts, and notebooks from my meetings with Sharon. All night, I sat in my study, listening to his voice and thinking about what he had left as a political legacy and as a direction for the future. On that long day at the ranch six years earlier, he had spoken emotionally about his great mentor and predecessor, David Ben-Gurion. His eyes gleaming, he told me that, in the fifties, "the Old Man" would invite him home, and would take his Czech rifle out of the cupboard and tell him about his days in the 39th Royal Fusiliers, a Jewish battalion of the British Army in Palestine. Sitting in his tiny bedroom, Ben-Gurion would look at the young officer and tell him how moved and excited he was by the sight of a Jewish fighter born in the Land of Israel.

From the moment the Israeli press understood the seriousness, and, perhaps, the finality, of Sharon's illness, analysts began trying to understand his historical significance. Some compared him to Ben-Gurion. In fact, Sharon was not a Ben-Gurion, yet his abilities and limitations were equally abundant. Three times, he served Israel aggressively but loyally: in the early nineteen-fifties, when he endowed the Israel Defense Forces with tenacity and spirit; in 1973, when he crossed the Suez Canal and saved Israel from a disastrous defeat; and in 2001-02, when he stood up against a barrage of Palestinian terror, repulsed it, and succeeded in restabilizing the free Israeli society. In all three cases, he was reactive, keeping his wits about him as he organized his forces and fought back. However, when Sharon tried to initiate new geopolitical and diplomatic moves, as Ben-Gurion had in his time, the outcomes were grim. The invasion of Lebanon and the construction of settlements both led to disaster. The outcome of the disengagement in Gaza is as yet unknown. It could easily lead to further chaos and violence among the Palestinians (to some extent, it already has); it could also be the first major step on the road toward a lasting, if uneasy, peace.

Despite his sins and his limitations, Sharon was the leader Israelis wanted at the turn of the century. They voted for Sharon in 2001 and in 2003 and were about to vote for him in 2006, because they felt that he knew that their world, like the world of the Balkans, was about a tribal war. In the midst of this conflict, Sharon, unlike his younger self, tried to calm tempers and reassure his people. And the great majority of Israelis endorsed this. They wanted the inevitable withdrawal from the territories to be carried out with caution, moderation, and a sense of strength—without euphoria or illusions.

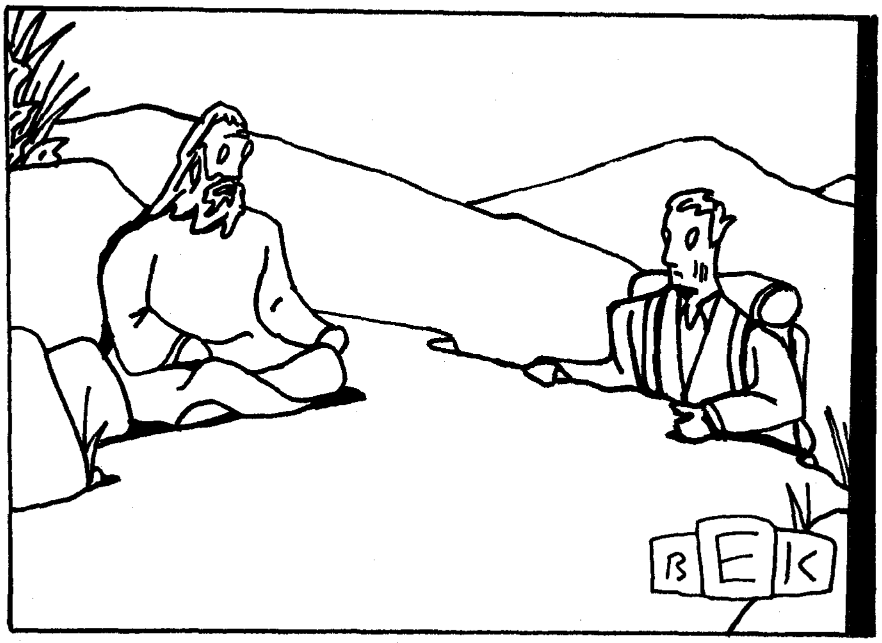
Sharon was the least messianic of all of Israel's Prime Ministers, much less so than Shimon Peres, for example, who spoke of a post-conflict "new Middle East," of warm comity and interdependent economies. It was Ehud Barak who, at Camp David, undermined the messianism of the left with his failure to entice Yasir Arafat and that of the right by ending the taboo on negotiating the fate of Jerusalem and the rise of a Palestinian state. But it was Sharon who brought to fruition a post-messianic politics. Under his governance, Israel was weaned of the hope for an ideal end. It even came to realize that there would be no absolute peace or victory. Fundamentally, Sharon was a man of process. If he has left a legacy, it is the need for time—lots of time—because there is no way to reach peace with one abrupt act.

In his cumbersome way, he said to the Israelis: I will withdraw. But he also said, I will withdraw very slowly. *Shweiyeh shweiyeh*, without haste, as an Arabic phrase used in Hebrew slang has it. And I'll rip them to shreds if they understand my withdrawal incorrectly and abuse it. Because I am not a liberal romantic. I am from here, and I will not be Mahmoud Abbas's sucker or Kofi Annan's sucker. I will do only what is good for us. And, just as in the nineteen-forties, fifties, and sixties I conquered land for us, now I will withdraw for us. And, just as in the nineteen-seventies, eighties, and nineties I settled the territories on our behalf, now I will evacuate for us.

Sharon's three major achievements during the five years of his tenure—his battle against terror; disengagement; and redrawing the political map—were all completed without a clear strategic vision or a concrete philosophy. And they were carried out in a frequently chaotic decision-making atmosphere, with an entire country—and two peoples—dependent on what was going on inside the mind of Ariel Sharon.

In five years, Sharon moved the country from economic and political instability to an unaccustomed level of calm, from a dangerous recession to a resurgent economy, and from interna-

"Another Martoonie?"



"I keep the good truth in the back."

tional isolation to increased acceptance. Most of all, Sharon enabled Israel to return to being an orderly society, in which the Palestinian issue remained important, even pressing, but not disruptive or worse. In so doing, he gave the first political expression to the new, pragmatic Israeli majority.

All Sharon's achievements, however, were short term, even perilously so. They were dependent on his presence and on his talent for political maneuvering. Unlike Ben-Gurion, Sharon did not succeed in creating an ethos or an organization that would continue his path; his new party, Kadima, is less than two months old, and its founder will almost undoubtedly not be on its first electoral slate.

Although Sharon came to embody the contemporary mainstream of Israeli politics, he was always a man apart, viewing Israel from a distance, from the niche he had built for himself in the western Negev. It was his sons, Omri and Gilad, who brought him into the center of things, after their mother's death. Until then, Sharon had been a terrible politician. He always quarrelled with the world, wrapping himself in the isolation of his own absolute rightness. Omri, who was his enforcer in the Knesset, and Gilad, who ran the farm, suggested to their father that the way to victory is not always through confrontation. Together with Sharon's good friend Reuven Adler and the head of his kitchen cabinet, Uri Shani, the sons built a small and effective political machine for their father that protected him from himself. This machine set clear rules: Sharon does not take decisions on his own that are liable to get him in trouble; there is always someone at his side protecting him from his most belligerent impulses.

Between my interview with Sharon in 2001 and the interview in 2003, this small team helped change him deeply. One day in mid-2002, Adler suggested evacuating Netzarim, arguably the most isolated of the Gaza settlements. Sharon adamantly refused, and he took Adler to Netzarim, explaining that the enclave was important in order to keep an eye on the port of Gaza.

But, gradually, the pressure on Sharon worked. And, above all, there was reality—not least, the demographic reality of a Jewish state overseeing an ever-growing population of Palestinians in Israel and the occupied territories. Sharon saw belatedly that the occupation endangered Israel as a Jewish, democratic state. The status quo was untenable. Both Omri, the more liberal of the two sons, and Gilad pushed their father, and, finally, Sharon realized that he had to act and to create support for essential change. Thus, one of the more striking political miracles in Israeli history took place. Within a few years, the leader of the Israeli attack was transformed into the administrator of the Israeli withdrawal. And an elderly pariah general became the widely beloved leader of the nation, its last patriarchal figure.

While Sharon lies in the neurosurgery unit of Hadassah Hospital, Israel is changing from a society that subordinates its opinion to the judgment of a single individual to one that is critical, searching, almost leaderless. If it is true that Sharon will never return to office—and every medical expert in Israel says that this is almost certainly the case—the likeliest figure to follow him is Ehud Olmert, who is now carrying out the duties of Prime Minister, and who will surely run for the office in March, as Kadima's candidate. Although Olmert began his career even farther to the right than Sharon, he is more dovish. But, while he is a highly skilled politician, his achievements have been modest. He does not radiate anything like Sharon's strength, authenticity, or historical presence. The common opinion in Israel is that he will be more susceptible to American pressure and less able to impose his own will on his country. At the moment, the polls indicate that Olmert will defeat his rivals from Likud and Labor, but that is hardly a guarantee that he will be able to move forward on the Palestinian issue with the same assurance and support as Sharon.

Did Sharon know where he was heading? Members of his inner circle have told me the details of the planning process. In the National Security Council, aides were working on four alternatives: evacuating isolated settlements in the West Bank; evacuating an entire settlement region, perhaps one near Nablus, where some of the most extreme zealots live; withdrawing from eighty-eight per cent of the West Bank; and, finally, withdrawing from ninety-two per cent of the West Bank. While this staff worked in secret, some in Sharon's circle were considering the possibility of withdrawing to the border described by the security wall in return for American recognition of this line as Israel's permanent border. Others told me they also believed that by the end of the decade Israel would withdraw nearly to the fence line, making the Jordan Valley a security zone but not necessarily under Israeli sovereignty.

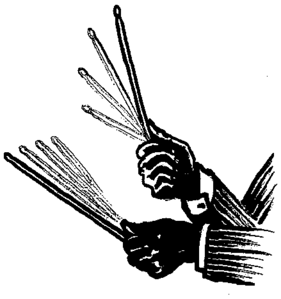
It is uncertain whether Sharon finally adopted this idea. Even in internal discussions, knowledgeable sources told me recently, he refused to say where the border would be. He had reconciled himself to the establishment of a Palestinian state, but he demanded that it be disarmed and that it not control Israel's water sources. He insisted, too, on a continued connection to Hebron and on control of the city of Jerusalem. Sharon believed, they said, that he could exploit the momentum of the disengagement process in order to compel the Palestinians to engage in a gradual diplomatic process that did not end with a "final" agreement. According to one of Sharon's closest associates, the discussion of a withdrawal to the security wall displeased him. He truly opposed it. His operative plan was quite different: to negotiate an interim agreement with the Palestinians which called on the Israelis to evacuate approximately twenty isolated settlements.

Although Sharon's politics shifted with time, his prejudices did not. "An Arab is always an Arab," he would remind his associates, even in recent years. Nor was Sharon terribly impressed by Jews. Again and again, he would say that as individuals the Jews were among the world's best musicians, scientists, and artists, but as a nation they were problematic. They lacked the fundamental psychology of a healthy, normal nation. For Sharon, Israel was a little farmhouse in the woods, designed not only to protect its inhabitants from attackers who besiege it but also to transform them into arms-bearing farmers, defending their land to the death.

This explains why Sharon was emotional, almost mystical, about the settlements and the settlers. More than once, he told me the story of how, during the 1948 war, there were moments when he felt that the village he was born in might be overwhelmed by the attacking Arabs. At those times, he would say to himself that the disaster would stop at the village cow barns, that the invaders would never cross that line. When, in 1967, on the eve of war, he halted with his armored division at the Egyptian border, he again pondered the possibility of the worst. But then he looked back and saw the lights over the kibbutzim in the Negev. Disaster will stop there, he thought, at the line of the kibbutzim.

Unlike most Israeli commanders, Sharon experienced defeat. In 1948, he was seriously wounded at the disastrous battle for Latrun, a key strategic fortress near the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road that was in Jordanian hands. As a result, he always acknowledged that defeat, and even elimination, was possible. Because he was suspicious of Arabs, mistrusted Jews, and scorned written agreements, he believed only in "facts on the ground." He wanted a cow-barn line in the hills of the West Bank; he wanted to see the lights over Jewish settlements throughout the occupied territories.

When, in October of 1977, Sharon launched his ambitious settlement project, there were fewer than five thousand Jews living in the territories. Today, there are around a quarter of a million in the West Bank alone. But his endeavor was absurd from the start. Fifteen years after the decolonization of Algeria, he attempted a colonial project that had an idiosyncratic rationale behind it: to create a situation that would force the Jews to defend certain parts of the land whether they liked it or not. If we put only military units at strategic locations in the West Bank, Sharon believed, sooner or later a future Israeli government will order them to withdraw. If, however, a civilian fabric of life develops in the territories, there will be no alternative but to remain. The project had no vision, no political context, and no international legitimacy.

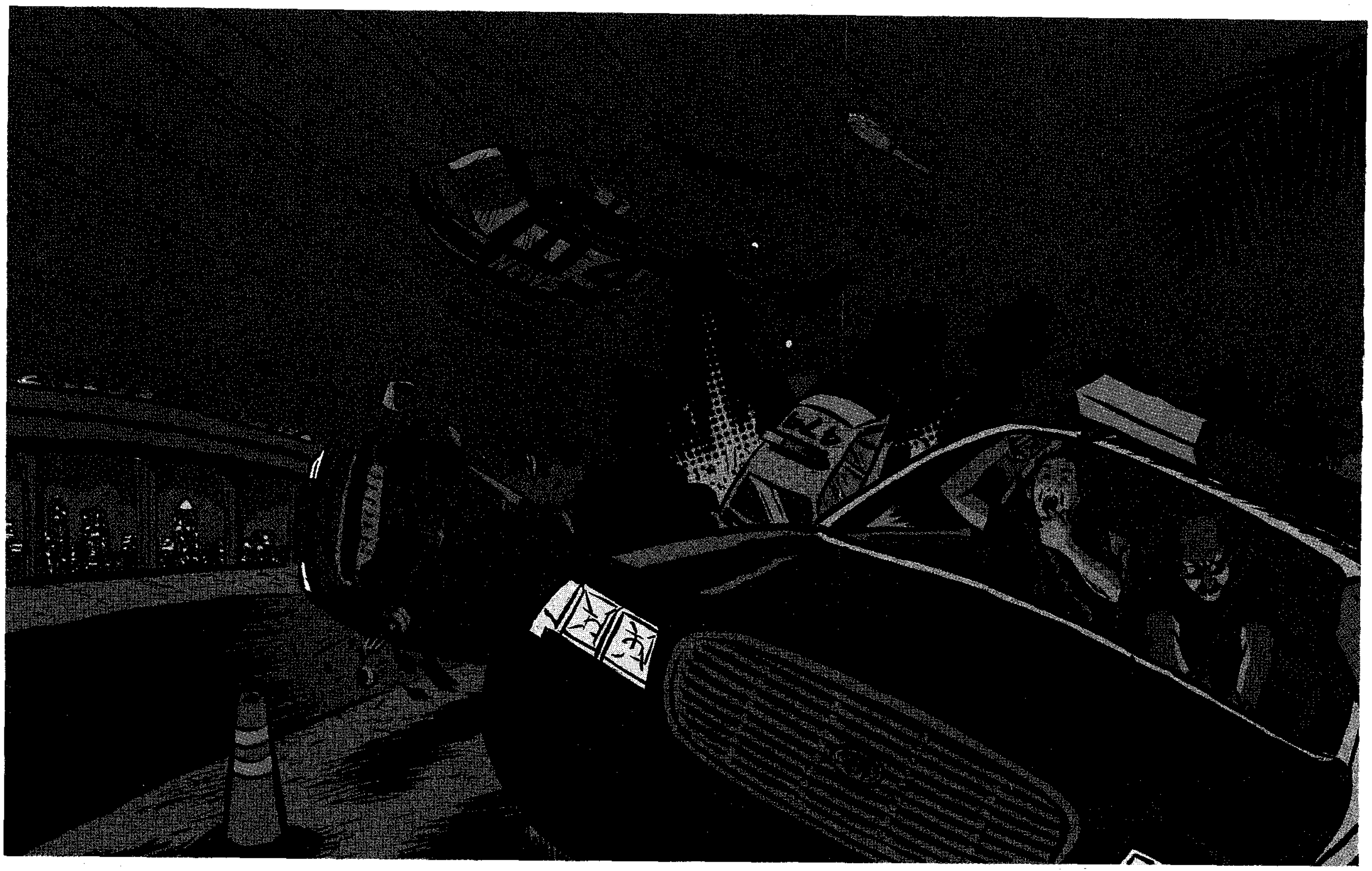


Above all, it was profoundly immoral. Israel was somehow fortunate to have the person who made the mess try to clean it up. But, when it came to dismantling the settlements, Sharon once again had no clear vision, no political context, and only a limited degree of international legitimacy.

Sharon never wrote a book of ideas. He never gave a policy speech that clarified his world view. His basic belief was that it is necessary to climb toward the peace summit even without the intention of reaching it. For him, such a summit was a perilous place, from which one might tumble into the abyss of war.

The day before Sharon's catastrophic stroke, I happened to be at Sycamore Ranch to meet with Omri. I did not see the Prime Minister, but I did see, once again, everything in which he took pride: his sheepfold, his orchard, his two sons. It had been a difficult day. That morning, Omri had resigned from the Knesset because of a campaign-financing scandal, which could land him in prison, and on the evening news there were renewed allegations that the Sharons had received millions of dollars illegally. A little later, two Qassam rockets, fired from Gaza, landed nearby.

Sharon's ranch is situated on the site of Huj, a Palestinian village that was demolished, like so many others, in 1948. Sharon once took me to see some of the remains of Huj on his land. He did not feel comfortable talking about the former inhabitants, who fled as refugees. So, after the Qassams fell and the Israeli artillery began pounding back, I thought of that tour, of Sharon's frontier farmhouse and the village it stood upon. I thought of the role that Sharon had played in our lives for more than fifty years. I thought of him as the visceral warrior that Zionism had sent to deal with the Palestinians on its behalf and of how emotional he was when he told me that, as a boy of nine, he would sit on a stool in his mother's kitchen reading to her the news of Jews killed by Palestinians in 1937 during the Arab Revolt. I thought of him now, old and weak, hearing the Qassam rockets landing near his ranch. The next evening, he collapsed. ♦



LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

L.A. loves its televised car chases.

BY TAD FRIEND

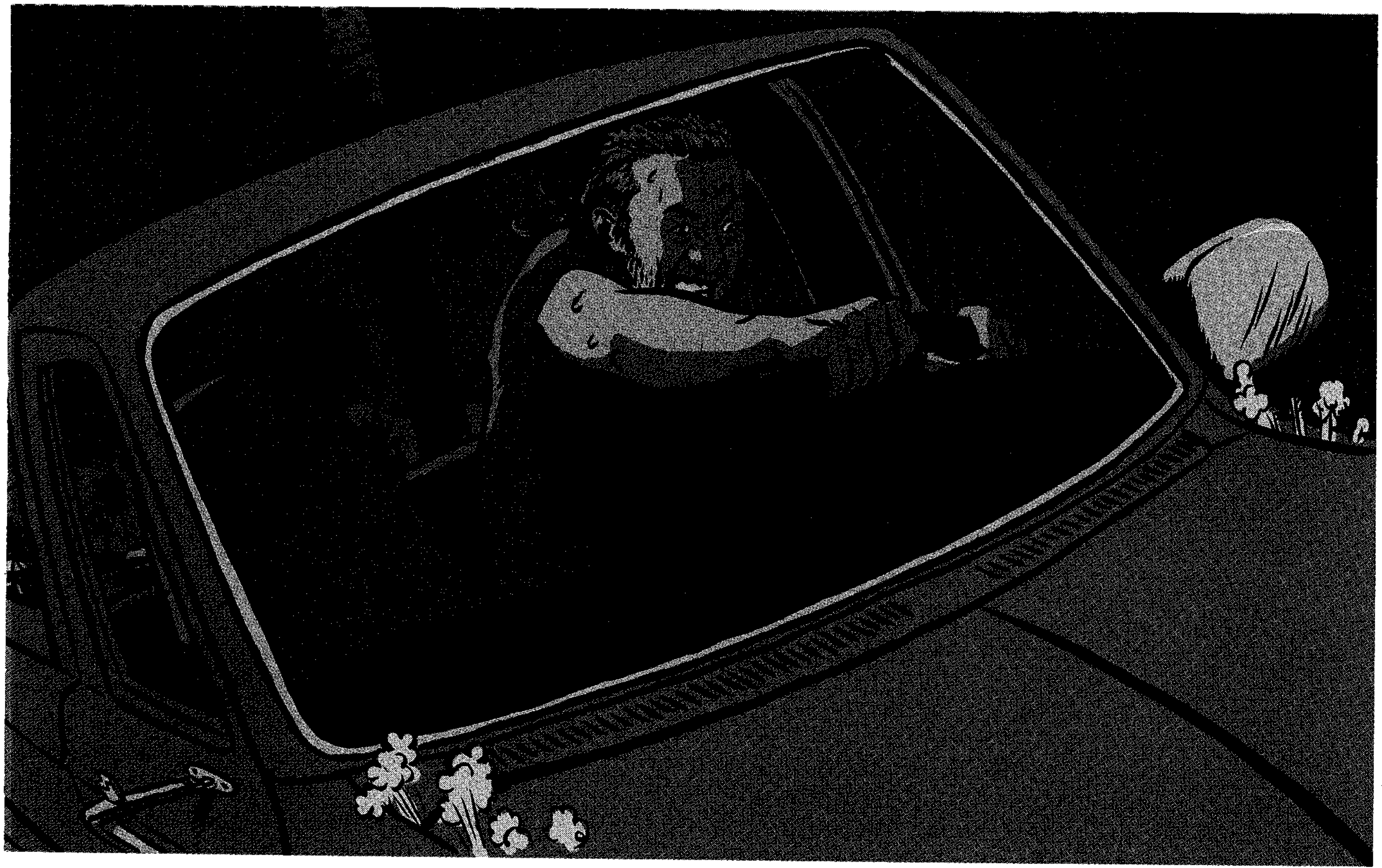
There was a brief historical period when the rest of America understood life in Los Angeles. It began at 5:56 P.M. Pacific time on June 17, 1994, and ended two hours and fifty-one minutes later. Maybe you missed it. That was the night that O. J. Simpson toured greater Los Angeles in a white Ford Bronco while holding a gun to his head. North on the 5 Freeway he went, then west on the 91, south on the 110, and north on the 405, as dozens of patrol cars blocked off traffic and twenty police cruisers trailed the Bronco and seven news helicopters darted overhead and thousands of people gathered on overpasses to cheer him on. Ninety-five million Americans watched the pursuit on television, and Domino's Pizza set a delivery record. "This has been the most incredible series of events that we have ever witnessed," Michael Tuck, a KCBS-TV anchor, said.

Strictly speaking, however, not much actually happened onscreen. From the cameras on the ground, you saw empty, twilit freeways that seemed to embody Los Angeles's promise: the endless opportunity to leave mistakes in the rear-view mirror, to lose yourself amid nine hundred miles of sinuous highway and twenty-one thousand miles of tangled surface streets. But from the cameras above, the customary vantage for tracking the city's televised pursuits, you could see that this most sprawling and motorized of our great metropolitan areas is a huge web that is easily apprehended from the air—some forty police and TV helicopters keep busy doing just that—and that it is not the roadways but their surveillance that never ends.

"The O.J. pursuit fixed once and for all in people's minds how Looney Tunes Los Angeles is about vehicle pursuits," William Bratton, the chief of the Los Angeles Police Department, said. After running police departments in Boston and New York with a swaggering style that put him on the cover of *Time*, Bratton came to the L.A.P.D., in 2002, prepared to repeat his crime-busting formula. He issued appeals and directives to curtail the city's pursuits—only to find himself buffaloed by the local vehicular folkways.

Most pursuits here are much faster and more violent than the Simpson outing: a quarter of them end in a crash, and about fifteen each year end in death. Yet Bratton has learned that trying to stop them is tantamount to tampering with life, liberty, and—obviously—the pursuit of happiness. Ken Kuwahara, a local policeman, has gone so far as to found PursuitAlert.net, a service that notifies its subscribers when a chase is on—in Los Angeles, pursuits air as often as weather

KIKUO JOHNSON



reports. "I tried it in every American market with a news helicopter, and it only works in L.A," Kuwahara told me. "Here, everyone from old ladies to Catholic priests is waiting for the blood and guts, waiting to be appalled and mesmerized."

In 2004, California led the nation (as it always does) with 7,321 pursuits, and the majority of them—5,596—took place in Los Angeles County. Sheriff Leroy Baca, who heads the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department, explains the prevalence of what he calls "these mechanized bullfights." "First, we don't have enough cops, which creates an atmosphere like an open shooting gallery," he said. (New York City has nearly twice as many police officers as Los Angeles County, though it has two million fewer people and is one-thirteenth as large.) "Second, we have more idiots here than anywhere else. Third, our idiots are highly mobile. A criminal without a car in Southern California is going to be a lonely man."

The freeways of Los Angeles are its public stage, its Colosseum. They are concrete expressions of its historical imperative to expand in search of further land and water. In Reyner Banham's influential 1971 book "Los Angeles: The Architecture of Four Ecologies," the British architectural historian hailed the freeways as one of those vital ecologies, and called the city an "Autopia." Fourteen years later, in the first sentence of Bret Easton Ellis's novel "Less Than Zero," the author observed, "People are afraid to merge on freeways in Los Angeles." In retrospect, it has become clear that Banham had an unrepresentative experience here, failing to have his car stolen (as happens every seven minutes) or carjacked (as happens twice a day in the city), or to get shot at on a freeway (as happens about three times a month in the city). Nor did he seem to participate much in that most democratic of local activities: seething in traffic. (The average county resident spends ninety-three hours a year in tie-ups.)

Because the county has so many centers—eighty-seven cities in addition to Los Angeles—its ten million occupants are all ceaselessly trying to go very different places by very elaborate routes that gum up everyone else's very elaborate routes. So the two people who stole a big rig filled with mixed melons last July and then led police on a four-hour meander around the 5, the 605, the 215, and the 15 freeways were, by local standards, behaving logically. And as for the trucker a few years back who fled deputies after a traffic collision, drove his eighteen-wheeler through the fence surrounding Long Beach Airport, overturned it on the main runway, set the cab on fire, and then ran away without any clothes on—well, fair enough, really.

Pursuits are L.A.'s ultimate reality show, and, like most reality shows, they sometimes have an uncomfortable class valence. Aerial inquests, they afford residents in the Hollywood Hills and Benedict Canyon another way to look down on the poorer, flatter regions, where pursuits tend to originate. "I always imagine the driver as some kind of white trash in an El Camino," Peter Mehlman, who devoted an entire episode of his NBC sitcom "It's Like, You Know . . ." to a pursuit, says. "O.J. was probably the closest they've come to a person like me." There is something about watching suspects blow by the inmates in orange hard hats who pick up freeway litter—work gangs they may soon join—which encourages conversation in gyms and bars. People critique the suspect's route—*He should never have taken the 22 now, when the Angels game is letting out*—and revel in the mayhem. "Chases in Los Angeles tap something very primal and lizard-brain,"

ICE FLY-FISHING WITH DOUG

• •

David Ayer, the screenwriter of such cops-in-fast-cars films as "Training Day," says. "One sheep snaps and gets taken out by the wolves. It's satisfying to see the culling."

The room in which most of the city's televised pursuits begin is small, gray, and grimy. The Back Office lounge at Van Nuys Airport, in the San Fernando Valley, is littered with McDonald's wrappers and copies of the Los Angeles *Times.* Five local stations park their leased helicopters at Van Nuys. (Three other stations fly out of nearby Whiteman Airport.) During eight-to-ten-hour shifts, pilots and cameramen sit here playing Halo on the room's twin TVs; dropping crickets into an old Sparkletts jug where their pet black-widow spider patrols a giant web; and half-listening to their police scanners. They cover traffic, wildfires, barricaded suspects, and the occasional riot, but pursuits are their staple. As soon as they hear "All units...pursuit in progress . . .," everyone hurriedly phones his assignment desk and then sprints across the parking lot, through the hangar, and out to the helicopters. Often, they don't even make it to the hangar before skidding to a disgusted stop, having heard a terminating "Code 4": most pursuits last less than two minutes.

One Tuesday afternoon in October, Brian Dunn, a cheerful skeptic who was working that shift as the cameraman on the helicopter leased by KTLA, a Tribune Company station, got a call from his assignment desk: Lindsay Lohan, the star of "Herbie: Fully Loaded," had apparently just got into another crash with the paparazzi. (In May, a celebrity photographer rammed Lohan's car near the Beverly Center.) Dunn was already moving as he told his pilot, Johnny McCool, "Let's go!" McCool, in motion himself now, invited me to come along.

Four minutes later, at 5:30 P.M., KTLA's "Skycam" helicopter was soaring south over the 405 and the 101, which were totally clogged; from the air, Los Angeles often resembles a worst-case angiogram. We buzzed across the Santa Monica Mountains and within five minutes were circling Lohan's black Mercedes, which had plowed into a Chevy Astrovan that was making a U-turn on Robertson. (Despite what Lohan's publicist would claim, this crash didn't involve the paparazzi.) We did orbits at six hundred feet, McCool, a calm thirty-six-year-old who favors French cuffs, nudging his hand controls to keep us above helicopters from KNBC and KCAL.

Dunn, in the back seat, used a joystick, a control knob, and a toggle switch to zoom in with the chopper's Cineflex Hi-Def camera, a four-hundred-thousand-dollar marvel mounted on the chopper's nose. The camera can read license plates from five thousand feet, and it is gyro-stabilized, so that even if the helicopter is pitching the picture remains perfectly steady. It was easier to grasp what was going on below by eying the dashboard camera feed than by looking with the naked eye.

"Nice car," Dunn said, framing the crumpled Mercedes.

"Was," McCool said.

Over the headphones, Beth Shilliday, KTLA's evening assignment editor, said, "I know it's a long shot, but check the street for a skinny, movie-star-looking woman. Channel 2 says she and her assistant ran into an antiques store across the way."

Dunn panned down Robertson toward the Ivy, a celebrity hangout. "Problem is, every girl on the street kind of fits the profile. How's this?" He zoomed in on a Lohanish figure in dark glasses.

"She's wearing Uggs," Shilliday pointed out. "Those are so last year, couldn't be her."

That night, the Lohan crash led the local news. In the Back Office, Dunn watched KCAL's broadcast—which began with eight minutes on Lohan—in tolerant silence, until the anchor promised, "We will have more on this breaking news story!"

"Breaking news story!" Dunn exclaimed. "It was a traffic accident!"

The classic pursuits are diverse in their astonishments. There was the Samoan who led the California Highway Patrol on a two-hour chase in a blue pickup, weaving through traffic the wrong way with two tires blown and the rims shooting a comet trail of sparks. There was the guy who stole a 7 UP truck and started running red lights in the Valley, smashing into cars and rounding corners with cases of soda flying out and geysering across the road; he eventually drove into a cinder-block wall, ran, and climbed a tree, then fell out of it. And there was the motorcyclist on Ventura Boulevard who was suddenly swarmed by six pedestrians with their arms extended, "Night of the Living Dead" style; he eluded them by doing a figure eight, then raced free through traffic—and T-boned a Mercedes at the next intersection.

To achieve classic status, however, you must adhere to certain rules. You must have long, stringy hair. You must keep going even when any scrap of hope for escape is gone. (This is a surprisingly low barrier: one national study found that fifty-three per cent of suspects in pursuits were willing to run at all costs, and sixty-four per cent believed that they wouldn't be caught—even though they were responding to the survey from a jail cell.) And if you have eluded your pursuers with masterly driving for a goodly period you must then pull into a fast-food joint to be overpowered. Last April, for instance, a man in a glittery purple cape provoked the police into chasing him by slaloming down the 405 at more than a hundred miles an hour, sometimes steering with his feet. After nimbly avoiding spike strips set out to deflate his tires, he suddenly pulled into a Donut World in Dana Point. Given home-field advantage, the cops got him there with bean bags and pepper spray.

Yet the great majority of pursuits are not classics: the straight-aheads, the low-speeders, the run-out-of-gas-in-the-deserts. "If no one keeps getting injured, you turn away," Thomas Lennon, a creator of "Reno 911!," Comedy Central's fake cop-reality show, says. "Everyone is hoping to see a hail of bullets, or this angry meth-head hitting a fire hydrant so it explodes. But it usually ends with a lame foot chase with someone's pants falling down a little, and him tripping, and then eight giant former marines piled on top of him."

If pursuits are doubtful entertainment, they are even shakier as news. Of the Five W's that journalists customarily provide, viewers learn only two: when and where the pursuit is taking place. Who is driving, what they did, and why are often matters about which correspondents—who are relying on the scanner—can only speculate. So they do. Recently, during the pursuit of a green sedan, the correspondent explained that the driver "could be intoxicated, or something else may be going on," noting helpfully, "The car is green in color, as you can probably see. It looks somewhat late-model."

Hal Fishman, KTLA's longtime anchor, hates pursuits. Nonetheless, he covers them with stentorian aplomb. "I'm very familiar with the freeway system," he explained. "And with my forty-five years in the business, my political-science background, I have an expertise that others do not. I can say, 'What kind of car is he driving? What kind of mileage can he get? If he takes that turnoff, where would he be going? Could he be wanted for murder, or under the influence of alcohol, or could this be his third strike and that's why he's not stopping?'"

More common than Fishman's Socratic line of inquiry, however, is a kind of home-game sports announcing: after the runaway green sedan got crunched between two responsible-citizen truckers, the anchor cried, "Good for those big-rig drivers!" And a recent chase on KCAL was analyzed as follows: "Spike strip, got it! . . . Here it comes, here it comes, once again, spinning the car around! Oooh! Lookathat!"

Classic pursuits command attention, in the end, because they give form to the city's yearning for mastery. They embody freedom. "How can anyone spend four hours on the freeways of Los Angeles and not get boxed in by traffic?" Chief Bratton wonders, adding, "What highway do these guys take?" The writer D. J. Waldie says, "Chases are what the freeway is supposed to be like—speed, motion, access, escape."

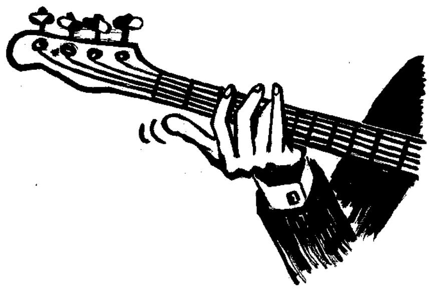
One morning, I was up in a Sheriff's Department helicopter over Lynwood when the scanner came alive: pursuit in progress in Whittier (population 84,000). "We're five minutes out," Deputy Tim Alsky, the pilot's "observer," radioed the Whittier dispatcher. The pilot, Deputy Mike Granek, dove left and blazed southeast, eating up the flatness at a hundred and forty m.p.h. "Pursuing motorcycle westbound on Leffingwell at seventy, now seventy-five miles an hour," we heard an officer declare on the scanner, his voice nearly drowned out by sirens.

"Gosh, this guy is moving," Alsky said, bending over his G.P.S.-based moving map, which displays the street grid directly below. Their chopper also has an infrared sensing system for finding runners at night, and a thirty-million-candlepower Nightsun for spotlighting them. The scanner crackled: "Westbound on Falconhill . . . going into a cul de sac . . ." Alsky scrambled to find Falconhill both on his map and out the window—all the tan-roofed developments below looked identical. "Where? Where?" Granek said. "C'mon!"

"He abandoned the bike and jumped down an eight-foot embankment," the pursuing officer announced, sounding discouraged. "On foot, black T-shirt, black pants, silver helmet."

The officer, Ray Palmer, later told me that he had tried to pull the suspect over, because his Honda lacked a license plate and he was going fifteen m.p.h. over the limit. "He gave me one look and he was gone," Palmer said. "Motorcycles don't like to be stopped."

"O.K., got it," Alsky said now, with a finger stab. "There." Granek swooped toward a white panel truck parked on Sharonhill Drive; its driver was alongside and pointing to a house opposite—evidently, the suspect had run into the back yard. Alsky got on the radio to orchestrate the placement of the four cruisers below, establishing a perimeter.



The time to escape in a pursuit—and twenty per cent of the suspects who run in Los Angeles County do get away—is before the helicopters arrive. After that, your best hope is to drive into a big parking structure and walk out, or to get to an airport, whose airspace the helicopters often can't cross (a trick that fugitives employ in the film "Gone in Sixty Seconds"). "There are crooks that run and crooks that hide," Granek told me now. "The professionals will keep running, but this guy is just a knucklehead who's amped and tired, drugs on him, probably, and he's looking for a place to hole up, probably in that patio down there." He indicated a small brown structure.

Beneath us now we saw four cops converge on the brown patio—which turned out to be a doghouse—and then bring out a slight man in handcuffs. ("We found him trying to hide under the dog bed," Office Palmer later told me.)

"That's exactly where I thought he was," Granek said. "Knucklehead."

The suspect, Joshua Johnson, allegedly had three Baggies filled with marijuana in his knapsack. Believing that Johnson was a dealer, the police offered to release him if he'd serve as an informant. Johnson agreed. Then he vanished, having learned his lesson: run when no one's watching.

For the first half of the twentieth century, Los Angeles had an extensive public-transit system: the 1,164-mile Pacific Electric trolley lines. Henry Edwards Huntington, the system's impresario, proclaimed that his red trolleys would "join the region into one big family." But for reasons that have been debated by L.A. historians for decades—among them, pressure from developers and the growing popularity of the automobile—the city leaders began building freeways. The six-mile-long Arroyo Seco, which connected downtown Los Angeles to Pasadena, was completed in 1939, and before long, asphalt tendrils shadowed Pacific Electric's routes. By 1961, they had strangled the trolley system entirely. (The seventy-three-mile Metro subway network, established in the past fifteen years, is basically an irrelevance—Sepulveda Boulevard alone meanders for seventy-six miles.) With the rise of the roads came not only smog and traffic but also a freewheeling, scofflaw culture.

The L.A.P.D. launched its first helicopter in 1956, and KTLA launched the first "telecopter" two years later, hoping to chase bank robbers. For decades, though, they mostly chased traffic; the first live pursuit didn't air until December 19, 1990, on KCOP. It was a rousing curtain-raiser: cops rammed a suspect's car into a parked car in Hollywood, then rammed him again. But the pursuit truly came of age on January 3, 1992, when five stations interrupted afternoon programming to televise Darren Stroh's arrival in town. Stroh, an electrician's assistant, had been heading south to Los Angeles on the 5 when his Toyota broke down. After a Good Samaritan stopped to give him a jump start, he shot the man dead and raced off in his Nissan. He then bumped a red VW Cabriolet and, when the driver got out to inspect the damage, hijacked that car—although without shooting its driver—and went tearing off again, blowing out his rear window to fire at the pursuing patrol cars. When KCOP left the chase to return to "Matlock," viewers called in to protest, so the station switched back. Four hours and fifteen minutes after the rampage began, Stroh ran out of fuel on the Golden West Street off-ramp of the 405, where C.H.P. officers shot him to death. The license plate on his final choice of ride read "KRUL FA8."

The chief dramaturges of this new aerial art form were Bob and Marika Tur, a couple who flew their own A-Star helicopter. The Turs were the first to locate O. J. Simpson's white Bronco, and they shot the famous footage of Reginald Denny being beaten senseless during the 1992 riots. Marika would hang out the door on a tether with the camera on her shoulder, while Bob piloted and narrated in a jaunty style, referring to police dogs as Rin Tin Tin, and crying, "Cul de sac! Cul de sac!" when suspects boxed themselves in. Between 1990 and 1998, when they quit flying, the couple filmed more than two hundred pursuits. Today, they don't even watch them. "It's totally our fault that these things, where you root for a spectacular crash, are on live," Marika said. Bob adds, "From the air you have this omnipotent viewpoint, but you see death time and time again, and you gradually realize, 'Hey, this is madness.' " When William Bratton took over the L.A.P.D., he came to the same conclusion. Early in 2003, he held a news conference to ask the stations to stop airing chases, arguing that doing so encouraged copycats. But Bratton hadn't reckoned with the third leg of the pursuits triangle: the viewers.

Jeff Wald, the general manager of KTLA, was the first programmer to put the Turs on retainer, and he calls himself "the poster boy" for televised pursuits. But even Wald, a genial, sandy-haired man in his fifties, is amazed by their popularity. He told me, "The night of that long eighteen-wheeler pursuit in July"—the stolen big rig full of mixed melons—"KCAL went live with it at about 10:30 P.M. and their numbers almost tripled": viewership jumped from a hundred and thirty-two thousand to three hundred and fifty-eight thousand. "KCOP was the only station still covering it at eleven-thirty, and their numbers kept soaring to unheard-of levels, five times what they usually draw"—five hundred and eighteen thousand people at midnight. The only station that didn't go live with the big rig—or almost any other pursuit in the past two years—is KNBC. "Yes, you will get hammered in the ratings for not adhering to the doxology," Robert Long, KNBC's news director, said. "But that audience is the sharks, the cannibalistic mutants who float in space waiting for something to eat. This is probably the first case of television making a sport out of something that it can't make money on." Though televising pursuits only costs about seven hundred and fifty dollars an hour for the helicopter, the station can't air commercials while the chase is on—lest viewers switch away—so it's losing advertising revenue.

Wald acknowledges Long's points, but says, "The sad part is, the numbers outweigh everything else. You are sometimes a slave to your audience." So Bratton's plea had no effect. "That was Bratton's 'Welcome to L.A.' moment," Eric Garcetti, the city council president, says. "We love our chases."

One Friday evening last October, Brian Dunn, the KTLA cameraman, sat in the Back Office staring forlornly at his scanner; he hadn't been on a pursuit all week. "Friday's the best night for a pursuit," he said hopefully. "The liquor and the drugs get going."

Obediently, "Pursuit in progress" sounded over the scanner. "Baldwin, going east—we'd never get there before ten-thirty," Johnny McCool said, shaking his head. KTLA's 10 P.M. newscast would run only half an hour that evening, followed by a special report entitled "The Latino Experience."

Dunn quickly found the pursuit on KTTV, the Fox station: an assault-with-a-deadly-weapon suspect driving a white pickup eastbound on the 60 at ninety m.p.h., with the C.H.P. on his tail. The station brought in "police expert" Jim Holcomb by telephone, who explained, "If he does have a weapon there's always a possibility he could get off the freeway and perhaps jack another car, or perhaps get into a location where he could possibly take hostages." McCool, flipping around on the other TV, caught the pursuit on KCAL. The two men listened to the polyphonic speculation about the driver's deflated left rear tire. "Getting kinda boring, though," Dunn added, after a while.

"It'd be better if he went surface streets," McCool agreed.

The frame of the pursuit—a cropped shot of an anonymous vehicle moving at ominous speed through a featureless landscape—has not been updated since the genre began. "News directors are afraid of criticism if they really package pursuits, but as a producer I'd want to re-broadcast the chatter from the cop cars," Michael Linder, the creator of "America's Most Wanted," told me. "It's not allowed by the F.C.C., but you could push it as an 'emergency situation.' " After the famous tank chase in San Diego, in 1995—an unhappy plumber named Shawn Nelson stole an M60 tank from a National Guard armory and began flattening fire hydrants, light poles, cars, and R.V.s—the squad-car byplay became available, and added piquancy to the footage of serial squashings: "He's rolling over just about anything he wants to"; "This is the worst thing I've ever seen"; "Somebody needs to shoot this guy." In the end, Nelson was shot and killed. Linder continued, "I'd also want to see the dashboard video from the police car as a picture-in-picture insert, with an Internet component, so viewers could text-message and advise the cops." This is as much city planning as it is producing—a vision of a metropolis knit together by speed and spectacle.

In the Back Office, Dunn and McCool leaned forward as the pickup truck exited the 60, turned right, fishtailed, and then skidded left into a Denny's. The suspect got out of the still-rolling truck and loped through the parking lot. "It's a girl!" Dunn cried. "No, a guy with long hair. He's so slow!" An officer with a crewcut bore down on the suspect and tackled him into the rear bumper of a parked car. "Oh, bumper pool!" Dunn said. "Right into the turnbuckle!" They scrutinized Fox's instant replay of the climax. "He wasn't going to go long on that rim—the fishtail shows the braking problem," Dunn said. "They got the money shot," McCool said, of the tackle. He and Dunn leaned back, satisfied, as both stations returned to their studios. We would never learn more.

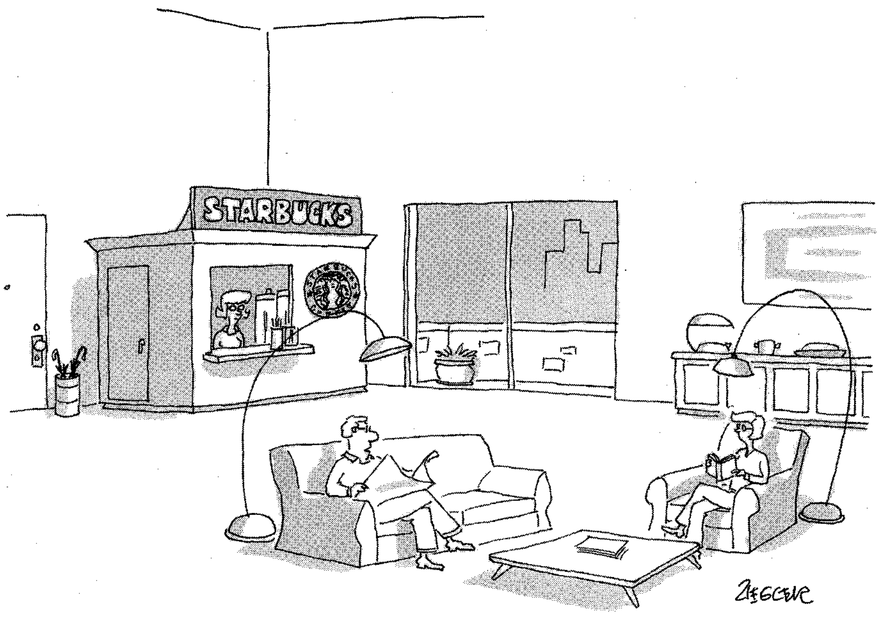
From the air, pursuits are elegant pas de deux; on the ground, they're chaotic and deadly. A few months after failing to interest television stations in scotching the aerial view, William Bratton forbade his officers on the ground from pursuing for misdemeanors or traffic violations, putting Los Angeles in line with most large American cities. Since then, the number of L.A.P.D. pursuits has fallen by about twenty per cent. And the Sheriff's Department, which under Leroy Baca has gradually adopted an even more restrictive policy, has cut its pursuits by more than fifty per cent in the past decade; deputies joke that a pursuit now lasts only as long as it takes the watch commander to jog to the radio room.

What no one can quite explain is why 2004 was a record year for pursuits in Los Angeles County. To be sure, the C.H.P., which has jurisdiction over local freeways and which trains its officers at speeds greater than a hundred m.p.h., maintains a liberal policy of engagement. Deputy Chief Gary Dominguez, who heads the C.H.P. here, told me, "If someone takes off on us, our intent is to stop him and find out why." But his division handled only two hundred and seventy-two pursuits in 2004. In fact, it's the county's smaller law-enforcement agencies that are stepping up. It would almost seem as if suspects had decided that if the police won't chase them in certain areas of the county, they'll just go where the police will.

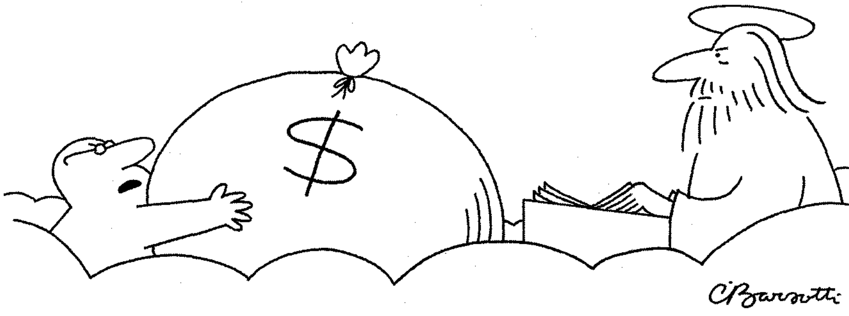
Seeking to understand the appeal of engaging in a pursuit, I trained in high-speed driving one morning with the Sheriff's Department. The first thing Deputy Edmundo Hummel explained was how the rules of engagement get bent. "We now only pursue reckless drunks—a guy weaving a little wouldn't qualify. So after the policy changed, what do you think happened to the number of 502s, or reckless drunks, that we came into contact with? Skyrocketed! 'I'm in pursuit of a *reckless* drunk—yeah!' Particularly the younger guys, they like pursuits and resent contempt-of-cop."

The department's training course, in Pomona, is a network of painted yellow lines in the huge parking lot of the Los Angeles County Fair. Deputy Hummel put me behind the wheel of his squad car and had me gun around the winding "highway" and boxy street grid a few times. "Gas, gas, gas—straight out!" he shouted, as we hit ninety-five m.p.h. "We never coast!" The tires screamed through a curve and the g-forces flung me toward Malibu. "The Crown Vic is very stable—you won't flip!"

Then he had another deputy take his cruiser out in front of us—the suspect. I adjusted the rearview mirror and prepared to follow. "Is he behind you?" Hummel asked incredulously, batting the mirror upward so that I couldn't see it. "Let's go—gas! Turn on the siren! Get on the radio and announce your location, vehicle and suspect description, license plate—turn! Go! Brake! Brake hard!" He banged the roof. "Go, man, go!" I realized that I couldn't distinguish my own siren from that of the two (or was it three?) cruisers behind me just as I tried to pass a "civilian" car on the right—a potentially fatal mistake, since drivers pull to the shoulder when they hear a siren. I also sensed that I was clipping a few imaginary curbs and was too focussed on the getaway car to take in much else or have any idea how fast I was going. Tunnel vision is just one consequence of the sensory overload known as "siren syndrome," which leads



"Do me a favor, honey, and go get me a latte?"



"I got it this far—don't stop me now."

• •

cops to blow by elementary schools without seeing the crosswalks. In May, after a low-speed chase in Compton, the suspect's Chevy Tahoe began backing toward a group of deputies. In a frenzy of contagious fire, the deputies unloaded a hundred and twenty shots at the vehicle. They managed to slightly wound the driver—who was unarmed—as well as one of their own men.

Despite my failings, I thought I was doing a decent job of keeping up with the suspect's car. And the pandemonium was exhilarating. After about three minutes, the deputy I was chasing stopped—and got out and ran toward me, aiming his finger like a gun as I sat frozen. When I lurched out of the cruiser, six deputies gathered around, grinning. "How's your adrenaline?" Hummel asked.

"Fine."

"Hold your hand like this," he said, spreading his fingers horizontally. I did, and everyone laughed—my fingers were jumping like bait fish.

"On the street, it would be a thousand times worse," Hummel said.

On my third visit to Jeff Wald's office at KTLA, he showed me the Daniel Jones tape. He keeps it hidden in one of his filing cabinets, so that it never airs again.

One afternoon in May, 1998, Jones, a forty-year-old maintenance worker who was H.I.V.-positive and upset about his health care, parked his pickup on an overpass connecting the Harbor and Century Freeways. The most dangerous moment in a pursuit often occurs when an armed suspect comes to a halt; this pursuit began and ended at a halt. While firing off random rounds with a rifle, Jones called 911 to announce, "I'm the idiot sitting in the middle of the freeway overpass with a big bomb." After the police blocked off both freeways, he unfurled a banner that said, "HMOs are in it for the money! Live free, love safe, or die." Then he returned to the cab of his truck, which held a five-gallon container of gasoline, and began petting his dog, Gladdis.

Watching the tape with me, Wald said, at this point, "We're over him like everyone else"—there were seven news helicopters on the scene. "We figured he'd shown his banner, gotten his fifteen seconds of fame, that's it." The station was ready to return to "Pinky and the Brain." "And then . . ." Onscreen, the cab burst into flames and its windows blew out. "I was totally shocked—did he spontaneously combust?" Wald said. "Man's best friend! What kind of guy burns his dog alive?" Jones jumped out and rolled on the pavement, tearing off his flaming clothes until he was naked from the waist down. "We're shouting to the cameraman, 'Pull out, pull out!' " Onscreen, we heard KTLA's pilot say in confusion, "This is just . . . ," as the cameraman pulled back, then slowly pushed back in. Jones stood on the overpass railing and appeared to contemplate jumping, then jogged back to his burning truck and grabbed a twelve-gauge shotgun from its bed. "I had thought he might be waving for help, there, and we hadn't even seen that gun," Wald said. "But now there was only four seconds until . . ." Jones stooped and braced the shotgun under his chin. Then his head exploded.

"Every station in town went live with him blowing his head off, and we had the best pictures," Wald said. "I'm sorry for what you just saw—I apologize." There was an outcry; the Los Angeles *Times*' television critic, who clocked the final chapter at eleven seconds, not four, wrote that local stations "finally got what they wanted . . . the big public splatter, the full shotgun-to-the-head kablooie." Demonstrating that its own priorities were in order, the paper published a chronology of the day's events which concluded, "6:05: Both sides of Century Freeway open. 6:35: Southbound lanes of Harbor Freeway reopen. 7:11: Northbound lanes reopen."

Since then, when KTLA interrupts children's shows for a pursuit, it posts a warning: "We are no longer programming for children." Yet the station's Hal Fishman told me, "All the news directors were saying, 'Oh, we're so sorry, blah blah blah.' My view is, we were doing our job, and if parents are using TV as a babysitter, that's their responsibility. They know we have the ability to go live at any minute."

In a small room at the Back Office, Mike Sandoval, KABC's cameraman, showed me footage he shot last May that got him into trouble at the station. We watched a pursuit suspect conclude a lot of desperate maneuvers in afternoon traffic by pulling into an El Pollo Loco in Long Beach. "The station is shouting, 'Pull out, pull out!' " Sandoval said. "But I can't hear them." He gave me a wink. We watched the suspect run, holding a gun, and then go down in a hail of bullets. After a second fusillade, he jerked and lay still. On the tape, there was a pause, and then ABC's pilot-correspondent, Scott Reiff, said, heartily, "We're not certain exactly what took place there, folks. . . . If you have young children watching, it would be good at this point for them probably not to see what is happening."

We went out to the lounge, where the guys were watching a ballgame and eating Hooter's Hot Wings. Martin Clancey, a bearded and sardonic figure who is Johnny McCool's cameraman when Brian Dunn isn't filling in—and who filmed Daniel Jones's graphic suicide—observed that the Long Beach pursuit I'd just seen "was one of the best. You see so much of the mayhem bad people cause that watching street justice like that makes everyone feel better."

"As a viewer, I want to see the tightest shot available," another pilot agreed.

"If there's a pursuit tonight and a two-year-old girl walks across the street," Johnny McCool said, "I do not want

Martin up close if the guy mows her down. But if a bad guy does a Thelma-and-Louise off a cliff, I want Martin to catch his facial expression all the way down."

Having failed to greatly reduce the number of pursuits—televised or not—Chief Bratton turned to the issue of their length. "One of my frustrations when I got here was why we didn't pull in front of these nitwits and end things," he said. "I wasn't familiar then with the gangbangers who would have no compunction about shooting you. So we needed another idea." Local agencies had tested such technologies as the Finnish Carpoon, a harpoon on wheels that lances runaway cars, but the solutions were often more dangerous than the problem. "We looked at hitting cars with a laser to kill the engine," Deputy Chief Gary Dominguez, of the C.H.P., told me. "But the military were the only ones who had the technology, and it was a little more lethal than we needed."

Last April, Bratton adopted two of the C.H.P.'s lower-tech tools: the spike strip and the Pursuit Intervention Technique, or PIT. To PIT a car, you creep up beside it, then give your steering wheel a half-turn and nudge its rear end so that it revolves a hundred and eighty degrees and stalls out. An L.A.P.D. sergeant trained me in the PIT at the department's course in Granada Hills, and I found it very satisfying—and surprisingly easy—to spin cars into a tire-shrieking reverse. "Nowadays, with O.J.," Bratton said, "you'd spike him and bump him after five minutes. End of story."

He continued, "I see a point in time where you develop a bulletproof tank with wings to take care of these total nuts on the freeways. You get in front, open these flippers, then slow down and box him in." Within fifteen years or so, when all new cars will be equipped with OnStar-type security systems, the L.A.P.D. hopes to be able to override disobedient drivers using the quintessential weapon of the video age: a remote control.

KTLA's helicopter was over a run-of-the-mill shooting in downtown Los Angeles one night when Mike Sackman, piloting the nearby KTTV helicopter, alerted Johnny McCool and Martin Clancey to a pursuit in the Valley, a suspected D.U.I. McCool, whose pursuit-free slump had extended to ten days, veered off and followed Sackman toward Cahuenga Pass.

At 10:50 P.M., we—and KTTV and KCAL and the L.A.P.D.—were all circling a black S.U.V. that was creeping east on Ventura Boulevard, stopping at every light, trailed by three L.A.P.D. cruisers. From the air, the caravan resembled a funeral procession. Back at KTLA, Hal Fishman threw up his hands at the news that Skycam was over a pursuit—"Oh, God, another one?"—but he decided to go live with it. "It looked kind of minor," he told me afterward. "But it was late enough in the news hour that we had done all our commercials, so we wouldn't be losing anything."

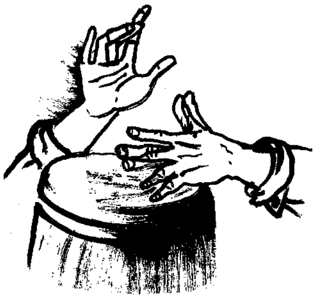
On KTTV, which also went live, the cameraman passed along a report from the scanner that there were three people in the car. "You can imagine the animated discussion that may be going on in this S.U.V. about the fine mess they've gotten themselves into," the Fox anchor said. "The driver may be arguing that his predicament is a little more serious than the other two, at least right now." Officer John Seffel, who was trailing the S.U.V., later told me that he'd seen the driver reach around under the seat. "So I definitely wondered if he was getting a gun," he said.

On KTLA, Fishman was calling for a rapid PIT, "because if he is drunk or under the influence of drugs, he really is a menace." After a few more uneventful moments, however, he asked, "What kind of car is he driving?"

"It looks like a black Range Rover," McCool said.

"A Range Rover?" Fishman said, gloomily. "That's got a pretty big fuel tank."

Just then both Fishman and McCool noticed that the lead cruiser was behind the S.U.V. "They're getting in position here," McCool said, as Fishman said, "Very *close* . . ." From above, I could see, with my newfound expertise, that the cruiser was too far back as it began its drift sideways. "Hit him, that's it!" Fishman urged. The patrol car nipped the suspect's bumper and slid off. "No!" he cried. "He missed it! That's O.K., they'll get him again." The second PIT worked (albeit clumsily), and Officer Seffel was now staring the driver right in the eyes. As it turned out, the only person in the S.U.V. had been the driver, one Ryan Castro, a rangy twenty-four-year-old wearing a white T-shirt and baggy gray pants—just the sort of pants that would fall down if he tried to run. With four pistols pointed at him, Castro stepped away from his car—which was actually a Jeep Cherokee—and lay prone. When the police searched the Jeep, they discovered that his maneuver under the seat had been an attempt to hide an empty bottle of vodka. "It ended just before the hour, almost as if it had been scripted," Hal Fishman told me. "Perfect."



The L.A.P.D.'s adoption of the PIT—this was only its fourth use in the field—is felicitous, because it jointly serves the police, the media, and the viewers, all of whom want snappy pursuits with exciting endings. Pull back a little further, though, and you can see widespread deployment of the PIT as another silken thread floated over the region, yet another strand thickening the web. Soon enough, the city of infinite escape will be smarter, safer, slower, and altogether less astounding—all traffic and no jam.

Back at Van Nuys Airport, Martin Clancey lit a cigarette as we walked through the deserted hangar, satisfied with the evening's hit of street justice. "Now the guy's got an evading charge—and his truck's messed up. Dumb shit." For his part, Ryan Castro, who was released on probation in December after spending two months in jail, said that he hadn't learned any particular tactical lesson. "If it happened again, I'd probably just wait and see what the situation calls for," he said. "I might go faster. My friends saw me on TV and they were trying to figure out why I was going so slow." ♦

FICTION

SUNDOWNERS

BY MONICA ALI

The Potts girl walked into the café preceded by her reputation so that everyone was obliged to stare. Even Stanton, who had been in Mamarrosa for less than a month, looked her over once more than was strictly necessary. Vasco, stuffed behind the grand Formica counter, served her with pineapple Sumol and unsmiling vigilance. The girl sat on the edge of the pool table, swinging her legs and examining her navel stud. Her hair fell forward, revealing an ugly brown hearing aid, and Stanton averted his eyes.

Conversation spluttered and died, then was just as suddenly resurrected. The old men stood at the bar caressing their Macieiras and coughing up memories. In their black felt fedoras and black waistcoats, red handkerchiefs tied at the neck, they looked to Stanton like postcards from the past, as picturesque as the crooked Portuguese streets, the whitewashed houses, the doors and windows framed gaily in blue and yellow.

A young mother scolded and slapped and kissed her child, the love exhaled as palpable as the smoke from her cigarette.

"Always they are hitting," Dieter said.

Stanton looked away out the open door, at the sun riding high over the far ridged hills. It couldn't be long until noon. Even eleven-thirty was respectable for beer. He waited for Vasco to look his way, but Vasco was keeping watch over the Potts girl. Stanton went up to the counter and nodded to the old men. "*O Escritor*," they said, as if for the first time. It was a fine joke.

"Yes, sir?" Vasco wiped the counter with commendable vigor, particularly for a man of his girth. Vasco was always wiping. It was a skill he had acquired during his legendary stint as a barman in Provincetown, Cape Cod, the United States of America. He had added his own innovation, though, by using the same unwashed rag for all purposes, shifting ash and dirt from surface to surface.

Stanton ordered two Sagres and was grateful to the Potts girl and her soft white belly for Vasco's preoccupation.

"I was thinking," Dieter said, stroking an eyebrow. "If you make the final payment in cash you can forget about the E.V.A., the tax. Save a lot of money." He shrugged. "If you like, I will come with you now to the bank."

EMILY NATHAN, "KAREN" (2005)

"But the *fossa*," Stanton said. "It leaks. The work's not finished."

The builder worried tobacco into a paper skin. His fingers were callused and nicotine-stained. "This is a—what do you say?—bad understanding." He had a tall man's slouch even when seated, and his chest, though broad, appeared concave. His hair, dark full curls, was cut into layers, falling almost to his shoulders and brushed to a sickening sheen. Without glancing over, Stanton thought of the Potts girl's mousy strings. "The septic tank is an open system," Dieter went on. "That is what we call this. Solid waste is kept inside. The water passes outside through a filter. No, it is a bad understanding."

"Misunderstanding," Stanton said. "But it isn't. I chose not to have that system, because it was more expensive. I didn't have enough money for that."

Dieter produced a smile. "Lucky man," he said. "You pay for closed but you get open. For you, this is very lucky."

"The damn thing leaks," Stanton said. He knocked a fly away. "And there are no tiles on the bathroom floor."

Dieter shook his head. "The work is good. You don't want to pay, but the work is good." He lit his cigarette and sucked hard. He shook his head and sulked. Then he touched Stanton's arm, changing tactics. "Look," he said, indicating the men at the counter. "Brandy before noon. Impossible in this country to get anything done. In Germany, the workers—they work. Here . . ." He flicked his hair back with an oddly feminine gesture, using the back of his hand. "You see the problems. You suffer, my friend, and I suffer, also."

"So you'll fix it?" Stanton said. "And the tiles. You know none of the internal doors are on?"

"Bastards," Dieter said. "Another drink?"

"Why not?" The day was ruined, anyway. He would go back, tussle briefly with the computer, develop a fever, prescribe an afternoon of research, spend a couple of listless hours with his books, go for a walk to clear his head, and return in time for sundowners. Each stage would develop inevitably into the next, all with equal futility.

There was a sudden commotion at the back of the room. Stanton turned and saw the Potts girl move across the café, something insolent in her walk. Behind the counter Vasco waved his short arms.

"*Ladra!*" Vasco screamed. "Thief!" He lifted a hatch and squeezed out, the operation hampered by his size.

The girl turned at the door, donned the monstrous pair of sunglasses she was holding, flicked a V sign, and disappeared. Vasco stood panting. His customers—those who had risen—sat down again, clicking their tongues. Vasco trembled his way to the revolving rack by the cigarette machine. He passed a hand over the postcards, comic books, chewing gum, toy guns, and sunglasses, perhaps to divine what else might be missing, perhaps to comfort his remaining stock. It was some time before he grew calm enough to serve beer again.

"But he does not go to the police," Dieter moaned. "In Germany, it would be . . . *Ja, ja*." He broke off, as if even he had heard it too many times. "Do you know about that family? The Potts? They live one, two kilometres from your house. English neighbors."

Stanton had heard some things. "Not really."

Dieter rolled another cigarette, spilling tobacco over his jeans. "The father is, you know." He tapped the side of his head. "*Louco*. When they came here, he had money. Maybe drug money, who knows? He asks me to build a swimming pool. They are living in a trailer but he wants a pool. So I bring the diggers and before the pool is finished he says now we build the house. I stop the pool and I start the house, but before the roof is done money has gone. The wife is like . . ." Dieter thought for a while. "What do you call this piece of material for cleaning the plates? A dishcloth, yes, dishcloth. There is a boy, about eleven, twelve," he said quickly, eager to pass on to the main topic, "and, of course, this girl, Ruby. She has left the school, she has nothing to do but make trouble. There was a fight between her and the whores up at the brothel. Know where it is? By the G.N.R. The police look out for the girls. This fight—I heard it was really something—the whores said she ruined their business, giving it away for free." He shifted his knees and bumped the table, then steadied it. "That is the story. Probably it isn't true. But it is the story."

Stanton pictured the girl, her T-shirt cut off below the breasts, her fuck-you walk, the ludicrous stolen sunglasses encrusted with butterflies. Fifteen, maybe sixteen. Anemic skin and dimpled knees. Unattractive, uneducated, disabled. That hearing aid was prehistoric. "Poor bitch," he said, and got up.

He went outside to the pickup and pressed his hand against the door panel, where the sun glazed the red metal white. He drove out of the village, past the lines of orange trees that bordered the narrow pavements, past the water pump, where a bent old woman was filling plastic containers, past the small square with garish flower beds and a dark-green frog-plagued pond, and turned right after the traffic light, which was there not to control traffic (of which there was a dearth) but to raise a flag to the future.

At home, he went straight to the computer, in the bedroom. All his furniture had ended up in that room, except for a couple of chairs and a stool, which were on the terrace. In his mind a correlation had grown between the emptiness of the house and the quality of his work, the sparseness of one guaranteeing the fullness of the other. He read over the last few pages on the screen, making deletions and additions and willing himself into the story. He stood up and sat back down. He set his jaw and willed himself submerged. It was hopeless. It was like deciding to commit suicide, then trying to drown with your face in the washbasin.

He closed the computer and resolved to suffer no more interruptions to his mornings. Taking a book, he went to the terrace and looked out over the garden to the cork oaks beyond, the rich earth-red trunks where the bark had been harvested. He sat down and opened the book and was immediately distracted by a lizard flickering in and out of an empty flowerpot. He returned to the book, trudged through half a chapter, then hurled it down into the garden. It was possibly the worst book he had ever tried to read.

Without locking the door to the house, a habit he had forced himself to break, he went down the steps from the terrace and turned out of the garden and continued along past the tender-leafed eucalyptus that said *shush-shush* and were still and stirred and quieted again. He walked his usual track into the cork-oak woods, which began where the eucalyptus left off, with no sense of excitement, except for the gin that he would pour when he got home. There were pines dotted among the oaks, and he picked up a cone, carried it for a while, then let it drop. The trees spread out, giving way now and then to grass and sheep. The shepherd wore a sheepskin over his shirt, a hole cut for his head and a string tied around the waist to hold it in place. Stanton waved. All day—the man spent all day watching sheep. The thinness of his own endeavor was shaming.

In a clearing where some old trees had been felled and the spring flowers were intense, Stanton paused. There were anemones here, cistus and soapwort and wild geranium. The gorse spurted yellow over the tree stumps.

"You're English," the boy said. Stanton had not noticed him there.

"Hello, compatriot," he said.

The boy grew unsure. He beheaded flowers with his stick.

"We're *both* English," Stanton clarified.

"Watch this," the boy said, and threw the stick. It arced high and landed a distance off in the scrub.

"Good throw."

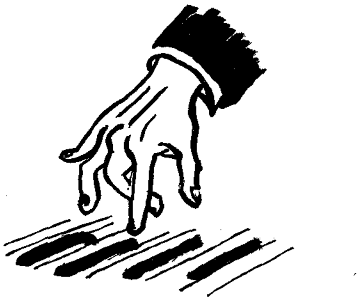
"Yeah," the boy said. "Thanks." He smiled and rubbed a hand over his head, which was almost shaved, the scalp showing pinkly through. Lice, Stanton thought. A sneeze of freckles covered the bridge of the boy's nose and strayed to his cheeks. It was a nice face, open and willing.

"You write books," the boy said. "I like your truck."

"I'm heading back," Stanton said.

"Me, too."

They walked together in the rutted track. The boy stamped his feet in the grass to make the crickets jump. His shoes looked as if they might not last the journey home.



"What's your name?" Stanton asked.

"Jay," the boy said. "Jay Potts. We used to have a truck like yours."

"What happened?"

The boy raised his thin arms. "Crashed it."

"Dad or Mum?"

"Me." He left a long pause, and when Stanton did not fill it he went on. "I don't drive on the main roads. Only, you know, on tracks like this, round our house or in the field. Don't know what happened, really. All I know is it ended up smashed on a fig tree, and I had to have one of those neck things for weeks."

Stanton laughed. "What you driving these days, then?"

"Well, me dad had a tractor and he used to let me drive that sometimes, but now he's turned it over in the ditch and we can't get it out. And we've got the Renault 4, but I don't drive that. Don't ask me why."

"Why?" Stanton said.

"I don't know," Jay said. "Don't ask me."

An owl flew across the trees, dipping down and skimming the path. "He's up early," Stanton said. He thought about having orange juice with his evening gin, getting some Vitamin C. They came up to the shepherd, and Stanton wished him a *boa noite* and the boy spoke Portuguese, his accent so thick that Stanton couldn't understand him. Then they went up the hill toward the house, the eucalyptus coming into view, watery now in the lowering light. The evening lay in prospect, and Stanton began to sag.

"We don't have to keep talking," the boy said. "I'll just walk with you."

A pair of rangy cypress trees marked the entrance to the property. "Funeral trees," Dieter had called them, when he came to give his estimate. They flanked every cemetery, growing tall and fat on the underground deposits. At the garden wall, Jay stood with his hands on his hips. He stared at the ground and kicked his heels in the dust. "Well," Stanton said. Jay looked away as if a difficult issue had been raised. "I might have some Coke in the fridge."

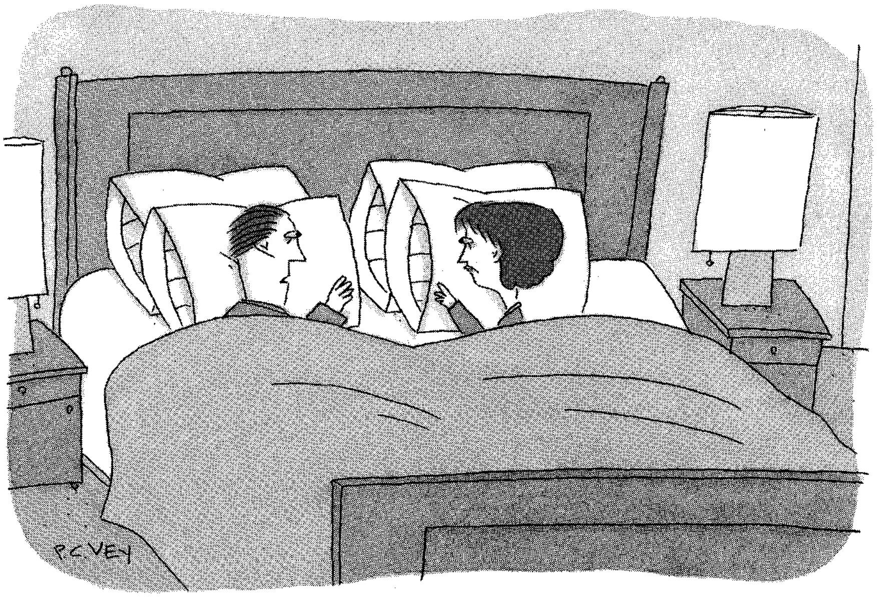
They drank on the terrace and watched the sun slide down the sky. Stanton was surprised to find himself glad of the boy's presence, as if there were something unpleasant he was meant to be doing that he could now put off for a while longer. Jay sipped his drink, making it last. His bare arms were thin but sinewy, blueprinted for muscle. He didn't speak, barely moved, hoping perhaps to be forgotten.

Nothing changed, but everything began to look different. A feeling unfolded in Stanton: the boy was in the way.

Stanton was just about to say something when Jay jumped up. "Best be off," he said. On the steps he turned. "I like your truck."

"You can ride in it one day," Stanton said. "But I'm driving."

He opened a bottle of *vinho verde* and went to the bedroom. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he drank and watched the shadows on the wall. He had been twenty-eight when his first novel was published. If a man is to have success, he thought, it is better for it to come later in life. Not so late that he has too little time to appreciate it. But not so soon that he has too little experience to appreciate it. It was not the first time he had thought this, but it was the first time that day, and that, he considered, was a sort of progress.



"I just don't feel right unless I get my normal eight hours of semiconscious drifting in and out of sleep."

Stanton worked. Because he had no curtains, he woke with the sun and, instead of pulling the sheets up over his head, he rose and went to the computer. The days lengthened. Soon, it seemed that he had hardly got to bed before the sun came calling. Still, he rose and would not be beaten. In the afternoons, he reviewed what he had written and held despair at bay with savage cuts and a bottle of the local brandy. Dieter learned to stay away until after five. Sometimes they drank on the terrace; more often they went to the village. Dieter found a woman. Dutch, big-boned, with a disappointed face. "It is ridiculous," she would say, "these Portuguese," tapping two fingers on the table, Dieter nodding along.

The Potts girl haunted the village. She was always on her own. Even when she was with people, she was by herself. Stanton saw her in the bar next to the Casa do Povo, sitting on a table, feet on a chair, pretending not to notice the local lads looking up her skirt. She wore tie-dyed skirts with tasselled fringes wrapped low on her darkening belly, a charm bracelet on each wrist, and always the sunglasses. She never looked too clean. Stanton saw her in the pharmacy, buying Band-Aids, and when he heard her speak it took him a few seconds to understand that it was not just her accent that thickened the words. She turned around and stepped right up to him. She smelled of earth. The sunglasses hid her eyes. There was a little mole right beneath her nose. She spoke to him in English. "You seen enough now?" Congested vowels and macerated diction.

She must lip-read, Stanton thought. "Yes," he said, without making a sound.

For a while, Jay seemed to live in the woods. Stanton had to walk the other way if he wanted to be alone. Then school finished for the summer, and the boy started dropping in at the house. "I'm working," Stanton said.

"I know," Jay said. "I'll just be in the garden."

Stanton did not want him in the garden.

"I'll do some work for you," Jay said. "Clear some weeds or something."

They looked down into the garden, the small orchard of lemons, oranges, and peaches choked with brambles, the oleander collapsing under its own weight, the rest of the ground rubbed red and brown in the heat.

Sometimes Jay hung around climbing the fruit trees or bouncing a ball on the terrace. Other days, Stanton sat with him and talked about football or Spider-Man.

"When I grow up," Jay said with doomed earnestness, "I want to work with animals."

"Vet?" Stanton said, being unkind.

"No," said Jay. "I don't think I'll get all them exams."

Stanton was sorry. "Ah, well. There's lots of ways of working with animals. I bet you're good with animals."

"I've got a puppy. Do you want to come and see it? I take the goats out sometimes, you know, graze them, and I feed the pigs. Me mum feeds the chickens. Don't ask me why."

"Why?" said Stanton.

"I don't know," Jay said, creasing his freckled face. "Don't ask me."

He always left before Stanton told him it was time to go, as if he could sense the clouds gathering. And he said little about his family. It must have been pleasant, Stanton guessed, to take a break from being the Potts boy.

The mother came looking for him one day. Stanton watched the Renault 4 splutter over the gravel and knew it would be her. "I'm Chrissie," she said. "Jay's mum."

"Yes. Harry Stanton."

They stood there. Chrissie held her

head to one side as if listening for an announcement. She was so thin she seemed to sway slightly on her feet.

"He's not here, is he?" she said at length.

"No," Stanton said.

Chrissie perched on the stool on the terrace. There was a light sheen of sweat on her upper lip and in the cleft between her breasts, her shirt unbuttoned almost below the bra. "He's been bothering you. I've spoken to him about it." She was, Stanton realized, taking pains with her speech. Talking posh to the writer.

"Not at all. Drink?"

When he came back with the beers, Chrissie was scratching her forearms. They were pitted with scars and traversed with red and purple weals. She tugged her sleeves down. "He's not such a bad kid. But he's got no discipline. I try to tell him. But does he listen?" She sniffed to indicate that he did not. "Did he tell you he's being kept back a year at school?"

"Oh . . . well," Stanton said. "He loves the outdoors. And animals." It occurred to him that if you fed her up and put her in decent clothes she would not be bad-looking. Her mouth was fashionably wide and her cheekbones high. She was perhaps ten years younger than he, mid-thirties. In another setting, with another attitude, she could have been attractive: fey and otherworldly, rather than blown about. What was it that Dieter had called her? A dishcloth. Not the right word, but not a bad try.

"You don't want to end up like your sister, I tell him, but what good does it do?"

"Ruby, isn't it?"

Those arms, though. What would you do with them?

"Ruby," Chrissie said. "You know."

"She'll grow out of it," he said. How banal he'd become.

Chrissie looked at him sharply, then lapsed into self-pity. "I've had a hell of a time with her."

"It's difficult." Stanton was wondering now how to get rid of the woman. "These days, it's difficult."

"You got kids, Harry?"

"No. No kids."

"Just as well," she said. "You being a writer," she added. "Need your peace and quiet, I expect."

"Actually—"

"I thought it would be better down here. It *has* been better," she improvised, "in some ways. Have you met my husband?"

"Ah, not yet," Stanton said. There was a fly crawling down her neckline and onto the curve of her breast. Four months since he'd had sex. There was nothing you could do with those arms.

"He don't . . . he doesn't go out much. You'll have to pay a visit. You know where we are."

He could have walked her to her car then. Instead, he went to get another beer and let her talk. It could have been the sweat gathering in the hollow of her neck. But it was not that. He wanted something from her and it was not sex but something baser. Some day, he knew, he would write about this place.

The next time she appeared at his door, it was morning and she was not interesting. "I'm interrupting," she said, miserable, when he poked his head out.

"He's not here," he told her. She swayed and rubbed her arms and gave off such a general air of hopelessness that Stanton wanted to kick her. "If you see him," she said, and ran down the stairs to her car.

In the evenings, Vasco produced white paper tablecloths and three dishes of the day, which were always piri-piri chicken, pork with clams, and a grilled fish with boiled potatoes. "Mr. Stanton," he said, "what do you think of this war in Iraq? Everyone here is against it,

THE MOON BURGLED THE HOUSE . . .

The end of the world
proved to be nothing drastic

when everything was made of plastic

we slept more and more even after
the pills gave out

and vast drops of the rivers ran
into the drying canyons of the sea

the sun grew pale as the moon and then
  a bit paler
although we still could see—

It was pleasant; it was lovely and
    languid
no one felt the urge to do anything,
even the children
we dreamed and dreamed all the cars
  were parked, no one went anywhere
they just stayed home and held hands,
at first, then stopped holding hands—

peace peace just what we've wanted all
        along—

the whole world turned like a
fading violet, turned in its death
gently, curled up didn't stink at
all but gave off a long sigh—sweet
        sigh—

—Elizabeth Bishop

apart from the government, of course." He handed out the menus.

"Terrible business," Stanton said, pretending to study the items.

"Exactly!" Vasco cried. "Exactly. Terrible business, but has to be done. Everyone is saying to me, 'Oh, they make the empire, these Americans.' And I tell them, 'Shut up, what do you know?' Of course they make the empire. United States of America will not be threatened. We had a big empire, too." Vasco turned purple and began to wheeze. It dawned on Stanton that he was laughing. "Five hundred years ago."

Dieter and his Dutch woman had chicken and Stanton had a fish that watched him as he ate it. "I heard," Dieter said, "that Ruby is pregnant."

The Dutch woman said, "Who is the father? She probably doesn't know." She snorted and tapped the table.

An image entered Stanton's mind unbidden: the Dutch woman astride Dieter, tensing her buttocks, shaking her breasts, snorting. The couple spoke briefly together in German. He touched her knee and she stroked his hair, which Stanton found repulsive.

"I think," Stanton said, "that Ruby has an addict for a mother."

"Chrissie? You mean her arms, *ja*?" Dieter unfolded his legs and stretched out. His crotch bulged.

"Needle marks."

Dieter shrugged. "Maybe. I don't think so."

"What, then?"

"Fleas." He smiled. "Go to the house. Then you see what I mean."

"But the boy doesn't have them," Stanton said. "Or the girl."

"I'll ask you—do you get mosquito bites?"

Stanton said that he didn't, not many.

"Me, they leave alone also. But some people," Dieter raised his beer, "they fall in love with. What I mean is, some people just have bad luck."

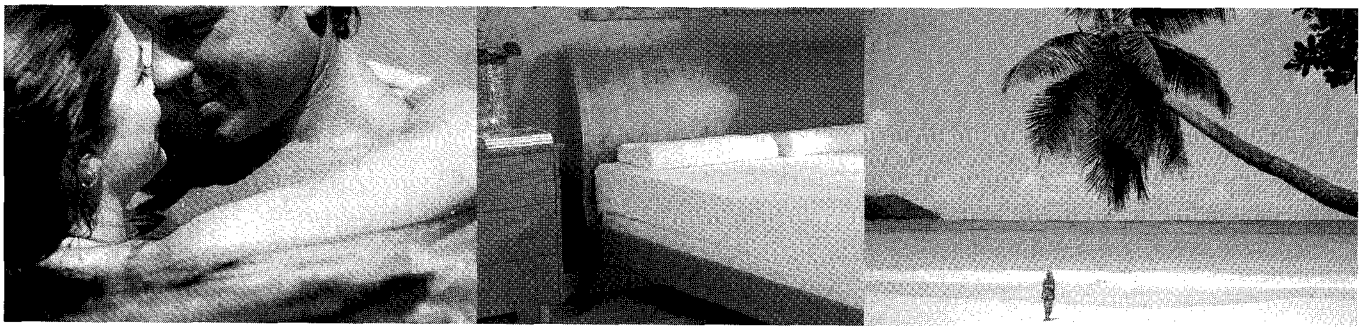
The Dutch woman pursed her lips. "There is a reason for everything," she said with false humility. "Even if we do not know it. You say bad luck. Better perhaps to say bad Karma."

On Sunday, he rose early, as usual, but decided to rest. He lay all morning on the kitchen floor, where it was coolest, reading and dozing. In his dream, a dog with orange eyes crept into his bed and closed its jaws around the back of his neck.

He woke with pain shooting from his shoulder down his right arm and was filled with remorse for the wasted day. Rubbing his arm, he went to the sink and accused his reflection of many things. He brushed his teeth, drank a beer, and brushed his teeth again. Then he drove to the village, parked outside Vasco's place, and walked up the narrow streets toward the church. Two cars passed him, Stanton flattening himself against the walls to let them through. When he got to the marketplace, a patch of rough ground bisected by the steeple's shadow, people were still set-

Bring the luxury and comfort of the world's finest resorts

to your bedroom.



The same revolutionary beds used at fine hotels and resorts can now be purchased at a surprisingly affordable price and delivered directly to your home. Discover the Tempur-Pedic Swedish Mattress℠—the ultimate in comfort and body support.

Instant support for your back, hips, shoulders and neck.

As you lie down on your Tempur-Pedic mattress, billions of viscoelastic cells gently settle where your body exerts the most heat and pressure. This results in instant support for your back, hips, shoulders and neck.

Getting a good night's sleep has never been easier.

For your FREE informational kit call

1-888-359-8418

TEMPUR-PEDIC®
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS

Changing the way the world sleeps!™

Chef'sChoice®
Cordless Electric Teakettle

Model 685

Revolutionary Cordless Design! Heating element is never in contact with water, so there's no build-up of objectionable mineral deposits on it.

Elegant Design for Kitchen and Serving Area: Teakettle lifts from corded base for easy filling and pouring.

For the retailer nearest you, call:
EdgeCraft
(800) 342-3255
(610) 268-0500

© EdgeCraft 1999, Avondale, PA 19311 www.edgecraft.com

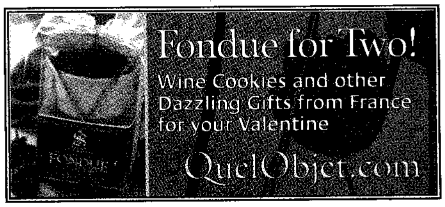
617.855.3570 pavilion@mclean.org www.mclean.harvard.edu

THE PAVILION
at McLean Hospital

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation and treatment.
Unsurpassed discretion and service.

Consistently ranked the nation's top psychiatric hospital, McLean is an affiliate of Harvard Medical School and Massachusetts General Hospital, and a member of Partners HealthCare.

jefferson press
Announces New Fiction Contest
Grand Prize: $5,000 cash & publishing contract
Four Finalists each receive $500 cash
For details & submission guidelines:
www.jeffersonpressprize.com


Fondue for Two!
Wine Cookies and other Dazzling Gifts from France for your Valentine
QuelObjet.com

ting up. It was billed as a *festa*, a fête, but in England it would have been called a car-boot sale.

Some people had tables; others put their wares on a blanket or directly on the ground. An old man sold wood carvings. Another sold herbs grown in sawed-off plastic bottles. The local crafts coöperative displayed rugs and hand-painted tiles. There were piles of secondhand books and comics, glowing jars of honey, and glinting bottles of olive oil. A woman with a gold brooch and silver sandals sat behind her scales weighing out bread and cakes. There were families who had cleared out all their junk and spilled it in front of their cars: a vase, a radiator, old shoes, wooden bowls, lidless teapots, broken furniture, mysterious plastic objects of indeterminate use. These families wandered the market acquiring other, equally useless possessions with which to replace those that they sold. Stanton stopped to watch oranges being squeezed on an old sewing machine that had been converted into a bizarre juicing contraption.

"Now, why is that so fucking beautiful?" The man who had spoken sniffed loudly. Out of the corner of his eye, Stanton saw that the sniff had come too late. A long string of snot fell from the man's nose to the ground. The man turned and offered his hand. "Michael Potts. Everyone calls me China. Call me whatever you like. Who said that thing about a name being like a torch?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," Stanton said, shaking hands. The man, Potts, wore the filthiest pair of jeans he had ever seen.

"Might have been me. Got a spot over there, mate. Come and see us."

Stanton wanted to get back to Vasco's, but Jay got to him first. "Bought anything?" Stanton shook his head.

"I got this." Jay held up a little glass ball filled with colored water. "You hang it on a string and it keeps the flies away."

"Oh," Stanton said. "How does it work?"

"Dunno. Probably doesn't. Look who I found."

Chrissie sat on the open boot of the Renault 4. On a blanket at her feet she had arranged a few pans with broken handles and some rusting agricultural equipment. Her skirt looked like one of Ruby's, swirling patterns in purple and pink. She had better legs than Ruby. "Don't be a pest, Jay."

Stanton picked up a tool, a clipper or shears of some kind with a semicircular aperture. "What's this for?"

"Bullock castrator," Chrissie said. "China wants to ask you something."

China came up with a bag of cakes. He gave it to Jay. "Make yourself sick now, carn' ya?" He had red eyes and blasted cheeks. There was something about the way he stood that made Stanton think he had once carried muscle, though that time had long since passed. Another burned-out case. "Listen, mate. I need a favor. Need to borrow that lovely truck of yours."

There was no way he was going to the Potts house. Stanton sat on the terrace nursing a gin-and-orange and looking at his truck. He didn't mind doing anyone a favor. But he could not get involved. Once he went over there, they would start to assume. A pair of jays danced over the hood and went off squabbling into the woods. He had come to Portugal to work. He had come to be alone. They cared nothing for that, and he—the heat of indignation rising now—did not care to be involved.

He drove over around five o'clock, a bottle of Macieira on the passenger seat. The house was at the end of a track that took senseless sharp turns, twisting first one way, then the other. There was bamboo, and a weeping willow and a false-pepper tree by the first outbuilding. The light was gold through the corks on the hillside. This place could be beautiful.

Stanton passed the wrecked truck. The boy had been lucky. There were several other cars there, carcasses really, brambles growing out of their ribs. He stopped a short distance from the house. The smell was terrible. Beyond the house was a series of trailers and some more outbuildings. A calf wandered up from behind the van and poked its head through the window. It made a tragic noise.

China came out of the house. Stanton climbed down and walked through a cow pie. "Shit."

"Mind yourself."

China led him through the manure.

"There she is," China said, bending

into the trench. “Apple of my eye, she was. Cracker.”

The air was thick with the smell. Stanton could hardly breathe. “I’ve brought a rope,” he said, and went back to the truck, gagging.

The rest of the family gathered. “Want to hold him?” Jay asked, offering his puppy. “Knew you’d like him.”

“Trust you to get in the way.” Chrissie had barrettes in her hair. Lipstick—a bad color, too orange.

Ruby sat on an old crate holding her nose.

“Jay,” China bellowed. “Get out of the fucking way.”

The cow had fallen into the trench behind the house and broken its back. China had dug the trench, he explained, because the house was getting damp. “Drainage, like,” he said. The plaster had come away from the house’s outside wall, exposing the clay bricks beneath. Stanton wondered about the foundations.

“Fucking council,” China said. “They’re supposed to come and take it away. You can’t leave a fucking dead cow like that. Fucking health hazard.”

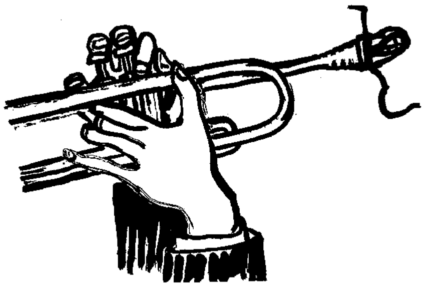
“How long has she been there?” Even supposing the truck could take the weight and pull the cow out, what then? Was he supposed to take it away with him? Tow it back to his house?

Jay stood at Stanton’s elbow, away from his father. “Five days. No, six. Took her a day to die.”

“Jay,” his mother said in a warning tone, unable to specify a crime.

“Right, that should do it,” China said, patting the rope where he had tied it around the cow’s neck. “Better back the truck a bit closer.”

Stanton looked in the rearview mirror as he started the engine. The Potts family was lined up at the edge of the trench, bathed in syrupy light. Sadness, like a rolling fog, closed in on him. I have to stay away from them, he thought.



China banged on the side of the truck. “Mate,” he shouted, as if proposing a pub crawl. “Let’s go.” Stanton put the engine into first and let the truck creep forward until he felt the resistance. “Let’s go. Go!” China called. Stanton moved into second and pressed gently on the accelerator. The truck made a sudden lurch.

“Good fucking God!” China yelled. Chrissie covered her face with her hands. Ruby moved forward with a curious expression, as if smiling through a great amount of pain.

“Christ,” Stanton said when he saw what had happened.

“Cool,” Jay said. “Look at all the maggots.”

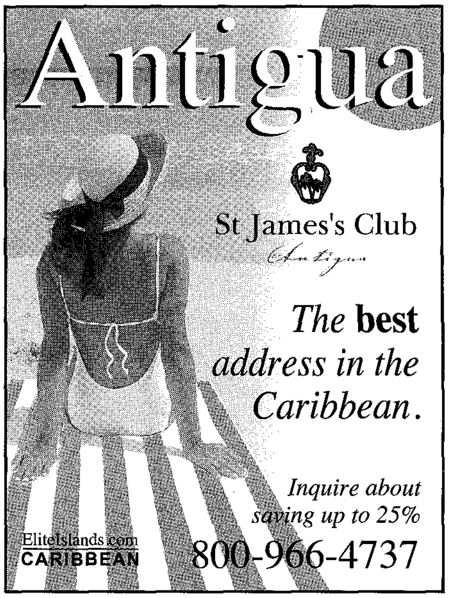
China began to laugh. He bent double and held his knees and laughed until he had a coughing fit. The cow’s head lay on the ground with the rope around its neck, spilling maggots and a fat black tongue.

“They went *flying*,” Jay said. “Maggot bomb. You should’ve seen it.”

Ruby crouched over the head. She seemed to be speaking to it. Little rolls of fat splayed out under her knees. Abruptly she got up and walked away.

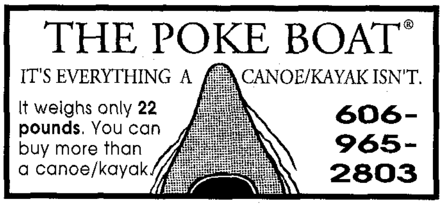
Chrissie vomited into the trench. She wiped the sides of her mouth with the back of her hand, tugged her skirt down. “I don’t know about anyone else,” she said, patting her hair like a hostess whose guests have arrived a little early, “but I could use a drink.”

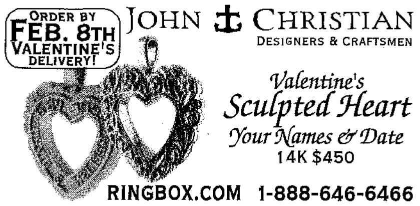
They sat inside on high-backed leather-padded chairs and drank Stanton’s Macieira. Ruby disappeared and Jay played on the floor with the puppy. China smoked a joint and spread himself across his seat like a man preparing to hold court. “I’ll tell you something,” he said, and tapped ash on the floor. “People look at me and they think”—he made a humming noise—“they think, What a washout. What a sad fucking sack.” He held up a hand as if to stay protests. “I know that. I ain’t stupid. But I’ll tell you something for free. All the things I wanted to do, I gone and done ’em. I never said to meself, ‘Hang on, China, what’s Auntie Maude going to say?’ Fuck Auntie Maude, if you’ll pardon the expression.” He lifted the puppy on the end of his foot and tossed it gently back toward his son. “All


Antigua
St James's Club
The best address in the Caribbean.
Inquire about saving up to 25%
EliteIslands.com CARIBBEAN
800-966-4737

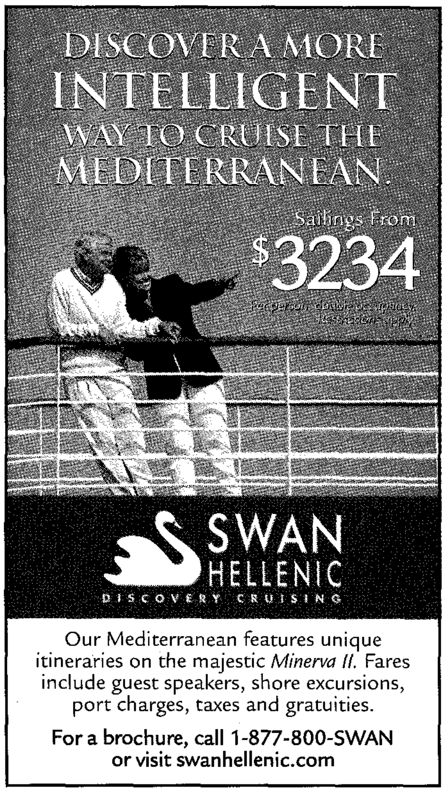
HOTTIE BOTTIES by Jack up the Heat™
The Hottie Bottie is a new product that keeps you warm for up to 12 hours.
This soft fleece neckwrap has a pocket, which you insert an air-activated warming pad and wrap it around your neck.
The Hottie Bottie is available in 12 great shades at $24.95 each. ORDER NOW!
502-290-0804

SAFE ADVENTURE
Storybook SW France,
Idyllic Lot Valley
Innovative courses. From $1,250/week:
gourmet meals, lodging, workshop.
www.latitude.org
(510) 525-8436
Le Moulin de La Toulzanie-Latitude's H.Q.


THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE/KAYAK ISN'T.
It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe/kayak.
606-965-2803


ORDER BY FEB. 8TH VALENTINE'S DELIVERY!
JOHN ⚓ CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN
Valentine's Sculpted Heart
Your Names & Date
14K $450
RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

the Weeks Rocker
Guaranteed the most comfortable and beautiful, and the best constructed rocker, or your money back, including shipping.
888-334-0307
www.garyweeks.com
$1600 and up


DISCOVER A MORE INTELLIGENT WAY TO CRUISE THE MEDITERRANEAN.
Sailings From $3234
Per person, double occupancy. Restrictions apply.
SWAN HELLENIC
DISCOVERY CRUISING
Our Mediterranean features unique itineraries on the majestic *Minerva II.* Fares include guest speakers, shore excursions, port charges, taxes and gratuities.
For a brochure, call 1-877-800-SWAN or visit swanhellenic.com

Maine Made Furniture
Shaker & Traditional. Custom Built.
CHILTON
Call for a FREE catalog: 866-883-3366
www.chiltons.com

CATCH THE SPIRIT
USA
USOC Licensee
Your purchase supports the U.S. Olympic Team
Buy U.S. Olympic Team jewelry at:
USOlympicCollection.com
$35.00
ASC103

A World Apart…
Welcoming guests to the Berkshires for 230 years.
For reservations, call 413 298-1690
The Red Lion Inn
Food & Lodging Since c.1773
Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262 • www.redlioninn.com

ITALY
HOLIDAY HOMES
Villas • Cottages • City Flats
By the Week or Month
All Personally Screened
Vacanza Bella
www.vbella.com 415·554·0234

right, some of the things I done are not that clever. Drugs are not clever. But I done 'em because *I* wanted to, my choice, like. Cleaned me act up now, of course." He leaned across and poured another drink. Chrissie kicked off her sandal and massaged her foot. Her eyes met Stanton's for a moment, then they both looked away.

"'What does he want all them goats for?'" China went on. "That's what people say. Forty goats I got. You'll see 'em later. They know their way home and Jay'll go and get them if they don't. Won't you, Jay? I had the money, so I got 'em. People don't like that. You see—" He paused to toke hard and keep the smoke held in.

Stanton thought, This is his favorite speech and it has to be savored.

China continued, "If you have a desire, act on it—my personal philosophy of life. How many people do you see what are happy, truly happy?"

Stanton showed his palms.

"No, mate. You don't. You don't see 'em because they're gravediggers. Burying their desires, the whole fucking lot. So fuck Auntie Maude, I say. Fuck the village. Fuck the lot. My personal philosophy. That dog's just pissed on the floor, Chrissie."

"Jay," Chrissie said.

"Run and get the goats, Jay," China said. "I'm going to show our guest around."

There was a pig in the first trailer. A little sink in there and a folding table. The windows had curtains, too, a sophistication the house lacked. The pig was expecting, China explained. He'd had to take her away from her mate, give her a little privacy now. The two other trailers were entirely derelict, but the way China saw it they'd be restored and back on the road one day. Stanton was beginning to itch. He thought of Chrissie's arms. Three sheep stood uncertainly at the edge of a makeshift wooden pen, as if they had forgotten what they were supposed to be doing. The swimming pool had become a landfill, the refuse piled almost to the top. There were two more pigs chained to a pole outside a falling-down outbuilding, performing a porcine Morris dance. "That's it," China said. "The chicken house is up the other end, but you don't need to see that."

"Nice place," Stanton said. "It's got . . ."

"Potential," China said. "Hear that? Jay's back with the goats."

They walked back in time to see Jay run down the slope and through the herd, flapping his arms and grinning. Ruby was there, wearing a cleanish dress and the butterfly sunglasses, though it was nearly dusk. Stanton faced her directly, the others at his back. He was close enough to smell her, but for the stink from the cow and the shit. Her tongue flickered out and touched the mole above her lip. "Are you going somewhere?" Stanton said, silently. She watched his lips. "Yes," she said in her ugly nasal voice. "I'm going."

Chrissie came outside. "One of these days," she said, petulant, "she'll get herself killed." She had a bucket of chicken feed in her hand. "Want to come with me?" Chrissie gestured vaguely at China and Jay moving among the goats, meaning they were occupied.

He walked behind her, watching the way her backside moved beneath the thin fabric of her skirt, the ridges rising and falling on her calves, the red rings of bites around her ankles. His throat began to ache. They passed around the willow to the farthest outbuilding. The sky was turning red. She put the bucket down and took a step back, kicking it over. He kissed her without taking her in his arms. She did not seem surprised. She did not attempt to hold him, but her tongue was active, forceful. Brandy and a sharp tang of vomit. "Over there," he said, and went up to the wall. He turned her around and lifted her skirt and made short work of it. He reached forward briefly and circled her wrists with his hands, the scabs pressed into his palms. She did not cry out or move her hips or even deepen her breath. "Thank you," he said, and zipped up his trousers. Behind them, the chickens pecked the ground. When he went to the truck and untied the rope, the calf stood over the severed head and cried.

Jay came two days later. It was evening already, but Stanton was still writing. "I'm getting behind," he said. "Tell you what, give me a few days—I'll come over and see you."

"Don't matter," Jay said, turning. He wore a Manchester United top. It hung almost to his knees.

Stanton followed him out. "You understand, right?"

"Don't matter."

"It's not that I don't want you to come."

Jay stopped. Without turning, he said, "Yes, it is."

Stanton suppressed a sigh. How had he ended up looking after this boy? "Listen, the reason I came out here . . . Look at me. Jay. Look."

But the boy would not.

Stanton felt the stiffness in his neck. Too many hours in front of the screen. "Actually," he said, "I think I could use a break. How about a Coke?"

"Don't matter," the boy said.

"Will you stop saying that? Stop being a baby and get yourself a drink. It's *doesn't*, anyway. And it does."

They sat on the terrace steps, not speaking. Jay pulled a long string of gum out of his mouth, wrapped it around a finger, then sucked it back for another chew. He crouched low to watch ants. He turned over a beetle that had got stuck on its back.

"How's the puppy?" Stanton asked.

"He ran away." Jay scratched in the dust with a twig.

"He might come back."

"No," Jay said. "They never do."

Stanton searched for something wise or comforting to say. "Got any spare gum?" he asked.

"No. Tina's having babies soon. She's the pig."

"Great." He wondered if Dieter had been right about Ruby's being pregnant, and if Jay knew. "Jay, don't you have any friends around here? Your own age, I mean."

"At school," Jay said. "Only see them at school, really. Thought you said it's 'doesn't,' anyway."

"What I said . . . never mind."

Jay stood up. "That's me mum's car."

Chrissie had on a floppy straw hat and a long skirt. She's dressed up, Stanton thought.

"I've told you about bothering Harry."

"I invited him."

"Watch this, Mum." Jay ran up to the terrace. "I can walk on my hands now. Been practicing."

"Don't show off, Jay," Chrissie said.

"Look, Mum. See this?"

"All right, Jay. We've all seen it."

"Very good," Stanton said. "Well done."

"Your dad wants you," Chrissie said. "He needs some help."

"With what?"

"How should I know?" Chrissie said, whining. "You best get going."

Jay rubbed his head. "How about you?"

"How about me? You can walk back. I'm on my way to the shops."

"How about you?" Jay said.

"Kids!" She tried a laugh. "I'll be going in a minute. I'm just having a word with Harry first."

Jay stayed where he was.

Stanton smiled and rocked on his heels. Someone had told him once that the children of alcoholics become adept at sensing mood swings, reading body language.

"I'll wait for you at the car," Jay said. "You can give me a lift back to the road."

Chrissie tipped her head to one side. "I could kill him," she said.

"So," Stanton said. "You're going shopping."

Chrissie rubbed her arms. "You bastard," she said softly, getting up.

A forest fire burned for three days on the hills that hid the sea. A firefighter was hurt, only slightly. The newspaper reported sixty-seven dead in the heat wave. Stanton kept a bottle of water on his desk and it grew warm before he had finished a page.

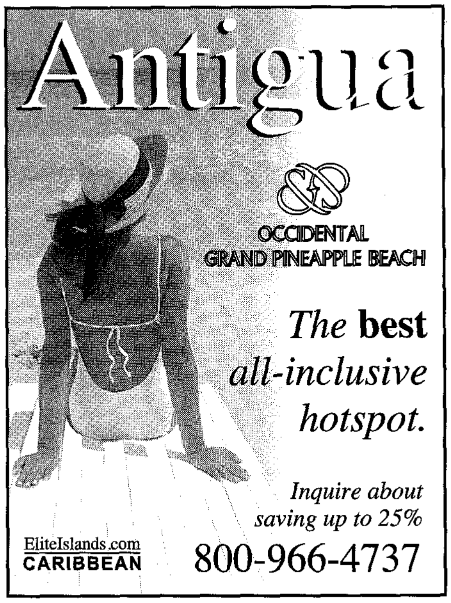
Eventually, he came to a lull. He went out and bought a soccer ball for Jay, a vase for Chrissie, and a bottle of *cachaça* and a bag of limes to make caipirinhas. He picked up a pair of sunglasses with diamanté studs but put them back again.

"Mate," said China, who had come out of the house at the sound of the truck, "let's have a fucking drink."

He had thought of it as a visit to see Jay, but he realized now that it wasn't.

"Been out all day with the goats," China said. "Something special, like. People don't realize."

Chrissie took the vase without a word. Jay whooped at the sight of the ball, which made Stanton feel bad. Ruby, thankfully, was out. He explained how to make the caipirinhas with lime juice and sugar and plenty of ice, and Chrissie


Antigua
OCCIDENTAL GRAND PINEAPPLE BEACH
The **best** *all-inclusive hotspot.*
Inquire about saving up to 25%
EliteIslands.com CARIBBEAN
800-966-4737

Fly Free to Britain
- Choice of three cruises that explore majestic sites in Britain and Ireland (May, Aug., Sep.)
- 520-passenger *MV Deutschland*
- Free round-trip air from selected cities; $50-$200 from Central and West Coast cities
- 10% savings and 50% off pre-arranged package of shore excursions

For a free brochure: 1-800-259-8205
PETER DEILMANN OCEAN CRUISES *The new flagship of Old World cruising tradition*
www.deilmann-cruises.com
Ship's Registry Germany

The Headmaster Cape
CASCO BAY WOOL WORKS
The Headmaster Cape
In 100% Merino Wool $375
or 100% Black Cashmere $1,395
Call to Order **1-888-222-WOOL (9665)**
Order Online **www.cascobaywoolworks.com**

French & Italian Holiday Rentals
Live like a European in your own chateau, villa or farmhouse. Weekly rentals. Most regions.
Call (510)559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, #200, Berkeley, CA 94704
www.villeetvillage.com
VILLE ET VILLAGE®

Greek Fisherman's Cap $24
85% Wool, 15% Nylon • Sizes 6¾-8
Black, Navy, Grey, Brown
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add $2 shipping per order
www.johnhelmer.com
John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. N016 • Portland, OR 97205

bike riders
THE ART OF TRAVELING WELL℠
BIKING, WALKING & GUEST CHEF ADVENTURES
NEW ENGLAND, CANADA & EUROPE
FREE CATALOG
800.473.7040 | www.bikeriderstours.com

went to the kitchen. She set doilies on the tray, one under each glass.

"Blinding," China said. "Jay, take that fucking ball outside."

"What do you like about them?" Stanton asked. "The goats." He watched China spread out against his chair, the slight tremor in his hand as he brought the glass to his lips. It was China he had come for; some atavistic instinct that China appealed to, a desire to see the demons at work.

"Goats," China said, his voice dragging like a broken exhaust. "You look at 'em long enough, you see the universe. Good and evil, love and war, God and the Devil. Know what I mean?"

"For God's sake," Chrissie said.

"Shut up," China said, not quite shouting. "Who asked you? Where's my lighter? There's one billy . . ." He leaned forward so that Stanton could see the scarlet rims of his eyes. "He don't know when to stop. He's so horny I daren't turn my back on him." He slapped his thigh and hooted. "We think we're that much better than animals, but I'll tell you something for free—you watch 'em long enough you learn a lot. A goat with the horn is like a man with a mission. Made by the same Creator to the same design. Yes, you certainly learn a lot." He lit a joint and passed it to Stanton.

Stanton took a drag and managed not to cough. He passed it to Chrissie and their fingers brushed together.

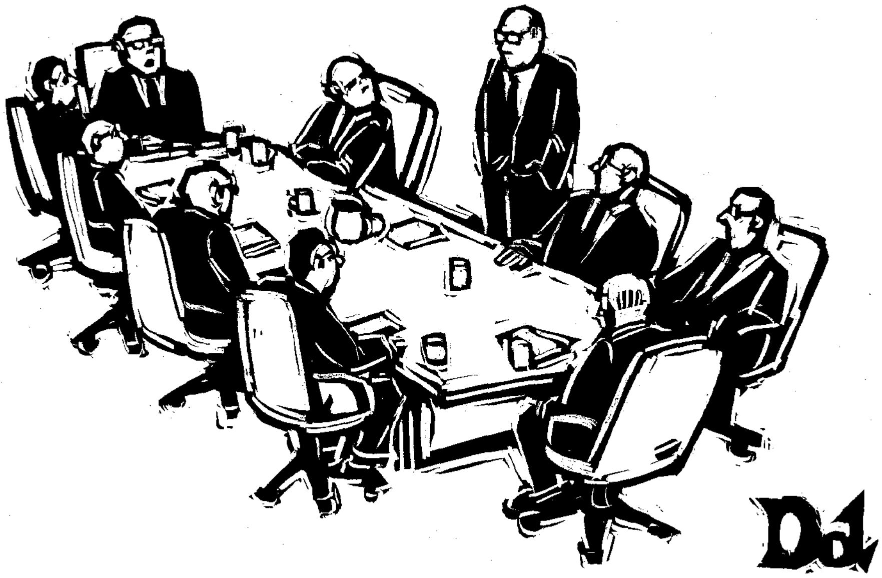
China got out of his chair. He looked around, picked up a filthy T-shirt, and blew his nose on it. "I'm going to check on Tina. She's a little darling, she is." At the doorway, he looked over his shoulder. "Listen, mate, my home is your home. Anything you want, you take it."

Stanton followed Chrissie into the kitchen. The roof was plastic sheeting over untreated wood beams. There was a puddle of something—it had not rained for weeks—in the middle of the floor. Chrissie put more ice in a plastic bag and smashed it with a hammer. Stanton slipped his arm around from behind and held her wrist. He felt her grip tighten on the hammer before she let it drop. It was over quickly and this time they did not kiss. When they went back to the sitting room, Ruby was there, hugging her knees to her chest.

He was drinking in the bar next door to the Casa do Povo and thinking that it had been a long time since he had driven home not drunk when he noticed her. He ordered a pineapple Sumol and took it over to her table. She had a pink satin handbag with a stain on it and a beaded scarf, which she had placed on the chair opposite, as if reserving the space. Stanton moved her things and sat down.

"Do you mind?" she said, her voice high.

"Not at all," Stanton said.



"We're grateful that you're here, Wilson, considering that you were chairjacked this morning."

She turned her head and chewed her lip and then flashed back at him. "If you're going to sit there, I'll have a beer."

"I'd be delighted to buy you one," he said, "when you're eighteen."

"Ha-ha, very funny, my name's Bugs Bunny."

"Good one," Stanton said. "Look, I'll move when your boyfriend gets here. You are meeting your boyfriend, aren't you?" He glanced at her stomach, but there was nothing he could tell from that.

Ruby looked out the window. She reached up and tucked her hair behind her ears. "I know what you're doing," she said. "Deaf doesn't mean stupid."

"I know," Stanton said, speaking the words aloud this time. "I'm sorry." The shame seemed to spread from his anus, which contracted and released and contracted again. "I'm sorry," he said again. She kept her hearing aid turned to him like a steady reproach. "I'll buy you that beer if you like." Nothing. In the pit of his stomach, there was a deep absence. He was sorry for her, and he was sorry for himself.

"Not much to do, is there, in the village? Not at your age."

A light down spread out from the hairline at her ear to the baby fat along her jaw. The mole beneath her nose looked ticklish, like a crumb sticking there. Have it your way, Stanton thought, shaking it all off.

She heard him standing up or saw it out of the corner of her eye. "You can always find something," she said, "if you try hard enough."

"I expect so." He sat down again and wished that he had moved faster.

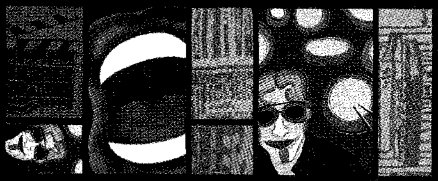
"Party in Milfontes tonight. Should be good." She did the thing with the tip of her tongue reaching up to the mole.

China came through the door as if he meant to take it off its hinges. He was drunker than usual. His jeans looked as if they would stand on their own. "Mate," he bellowed. "Let's have a fucking drink." He noticed his daughter. "Get yourself home now. It's late."

"It's not," Ruby said. "And don't fucking shout. Showing me up as per usual."

China leaned over the table, hulking his shoulders forward. "Showing you up? Showing you up? You've shown yourself up. A long fucking time ago, my girl."

Advertisement



THE
NEW YORKER
# nights

Presented by

THE NEW YORKER
AND
THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
ARTS INITIATIVE

January 31st
LARISSA MacFARQUHAR in
conversation with **DR. OLIVER SACKS**

February 21st
MALCOLM GLADWELL

February 28th
DEBORAH TREISMAN with
JONATHAN LETHEM
and **A. M. HOMES**

March 7th
SUSAN MORRISON with
New Yorker humor writers
ANDY BOROWITZ and
PAUL SIMMS

April 11th
POETRY IN WARTIME

April 25th
HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR., in
conversation with **SIMON SCHAMA**

7 P.M. Doors open at 6:30
Miller Theatre
at Columbia University
2960 Broadway (at 116th Street)

All events are free and ticketed
(see reverse). Please visit cuarts.com or
newyorker.com for more information.

Tickets for each event are free and can be reserved one week in advance of the event date. A maximum of two tickets can be reserved for each event. Please call the Miller Theatre reservation line, at 212-854-7799, or visit the Miller Theatre box office, at 116th Street and Broadway. The reservation line and box office are open from 12 noon to 6 P.M., Monday through Friday.

THE
NEW YORKER

He sat back, the fight gone out of him. "Ah, well, fuck it. Do what you like."

"I will," Ruby said. She gathered her bag and scarf and went out, everybody watching the swing of her hips.

"I don't mind telling you," China said, when he had lined up the brandies and the beers, "I don't mind telling you that in the old days I'd have knocked her for six. Not my style anymore." He lifted his drink and spilled a little down his chin. "You got to let things be."

Stanton was tired. "Your philosophy of life," he said.

"That's right," China said. It was just about possible to make out the whites of his eyes beneath the web of red veins. "When I was big on control, I was really big on control, know what I mean, and I controlled a patch of Yarmouth, ran nearly over to fucking Cromer, know what I mean, and what I said"—he slammed his glass on the table—"went."

My muse, Stanton thought, stabbed through with resentment. "What brought you here, then?"

China smiled, loose-lipped, slack-jawed. "Mate," he said slowly, as if to comfort a dying man. "Mate. What brought any of us? On the run, ain't we? On the fucking run."

He had taken the truck to the garage to get the clutch looked at. When he got back, Chrissie was waiting for him.

"I'll have to start locking the door," he said.

She had her arms wrapped around her chest, her hip bones were a pair of razor shells, and her pubic hair was surprisingly dark. "I thought we should. At least once. You know, with our clothes off."

"Chrissie," he said, unbuckling, "do you think Ruby saw us?"

She turned on her stomach and spoke into the pillow so that he could not catch the words. He ran his palm down the ridge of her spine and onto the shallow slope of her buttocks. She put her arms behind her back, wrists together. There was a spot of blood on the sheets from her forearm. "Turn over," he said.

She obeyed him, but when he looked into her face there was nothing he could read, except a kind of helpless defiance.

"I don't care," Chrissie said.

"Do you think she saw us?"

"I can't help it," she said, and pulled his head toward her.

She came nearly every day. When she was not there, he sat on the terrace spitting olive pits into an old can or shuffling a deck of cards, or he chopped wood and stacked it in the shed for the winter months, which were not far off. He did no writing.

They got into a rhythm. When he heard her car, he went to the bedroom and lit candles, though the flames disappeared in the sunlight. He liked the way she dozed on her side with her hands between her knees. He liked the way she shivered when he ran his hand down her back. She always sighed as she took off her bra.

"What's the point of these?" she said, blowing out one of the candles.

"It's romantic," he said. "You're supposed to like it."

Whatever pleasure she took she kept largely to herself.

"Run away with me," he said.

She was making the bed. "I've got to get going."

"Venice," he said, catching her around the waist. "Monte Carlo. Rio."

"I've lost my hair clip," she said. "Did you see me put it down?"

He asked about Ruby. "She was," Chrissie said. "But she isn't now. Miscarriage."

"I'm sorry," Stanton said.

"Don't be."

She scratched her arms until they bled.

"What are you doing?" he said. "What are you doing?"

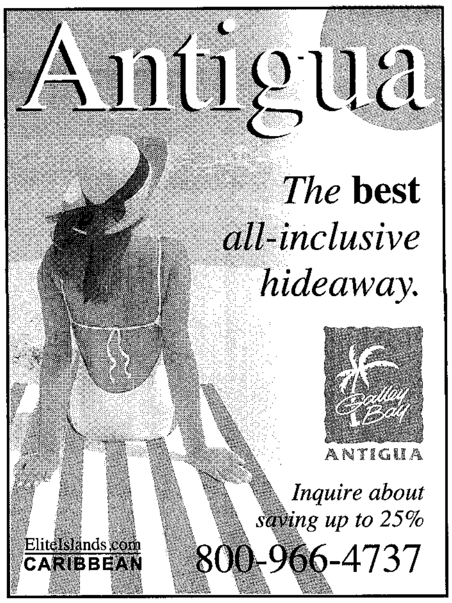
Jay came only once when she was there. Stanton pulled on his trousers and went to the door. "Come back in a couple of hours, can you?" The car, he thought. Jesus. "Your mum came round. She's in the woods. Thought she might find you there."

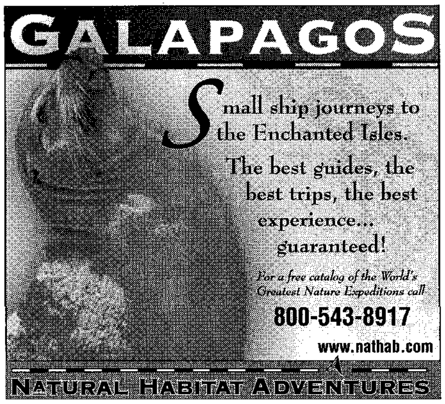
"Tina," Jay said. He put his hand up to shield his eyes as he looked out toward the oaks.

"She had her litter?"

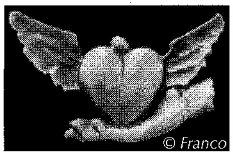
"Yeah," Jay said. "She's ate 'em, though." For a moment he looked solemn and then he began to giggle. "They'd have been ate in the end, anyway. That's what me dad says."

Chrissie was dressed and sitting at his


Antigua
The best all-inclusive hideaway.
Galley Bay ANTIGUA
Inquire about saving up to 25%
EliteIslands.com CARIBBEAN
800-966-4737


GALAPAGOS
Small ship journeys to the Enchanted Isles.
The best guides, the best trips, the best experience... guaranteed!
For a free catalog of the World's Greatest Nature Expeditions call
800-543-8917
www.nathab.com
NATURAL HABITAT ADVENTURES

"Whose Heart Do You Hold"
Sculpted Brooch
$145+S&H Sterling Silver
$735 14K Gold
800·339·6715
www.francostudio.com


© Franco

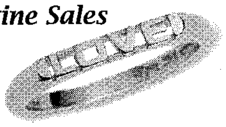
HISTORIC
CHARLESTON, SC
www.CarriageProp.com
For the finest real estate in town and country, visit Charleston's leader – Carriage Properties
toll free: 877.266.8005

AFRICA ◆ CHINA ◆ INDIA ◆ JAPAN ◆ NEPAL ◆ SRI LANKA ◆ TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327
www.uptontea.com
Free catalog listing over 380 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
34-A Hayden Rowe St. Hopkinton, MA 01748

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
summer session 2006
Programs for High School Students
Take undergraduate courses and more.
http://summer.uchicago.edu

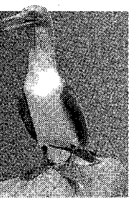
NEW RELEASE
SPECIAL EDITION DVD
A Film By Jean Bach
A GREAT DAY IN
HARLEM

Photo © Art Kane
available at **amazon.com**® and stores everywhere
www.a-great-day-in-harlem.com
FOUR HOURS OF NEW MATERIAL!

Rianel Love Rings
14K & 18K Gold and Platinum – From $145
Exciting Valentine Sales
- *Free Diamond or Gold Upgrade!*
- *All 14K Stackables 3 for $295!*


rianel.com or 866-830-9281
RIANEL.....*more than just a ring*

SWIM BETTER NOW
Total Immersion SWIMMING™
New York Swim Studio
www.totalimmersion.net
845-255-4242
Swim Instruction • Books • Videos • DVDs

Follow your dreams...
GALAPAGOS
PERU
PATAGONIA
ANTARCTICA
TURKEY
ALASKA
INCA
since 1976
www.inca1.com
(510) 420-1550


TANIA VARTAN ACADEMY
of TROMPE L'OEIL PAINTING
Workshops in Italy
Settignano at Villa Morghen-June 17-June 30
Assisi-July 26-August 8
3 months in Florence Sept.4-Dec.8
www.taniavartan.com
email: taniavartan@aol.com Tel. 561-827-4848

$35
BEAU TIES LTD. *of Vermont*
Handcrafted silk bow ties starting at $35.
800-488-8437 • www.beautiesltd.com/ad604

desk, looking at his computer. "English," she said, "was my best subject at school."

By September, they had run out of steam, got to the end of each other. They both knew it. Still, he had to say something, and it would be a delicate business. He sat on the steps, shuffling cards and waiting.

When she got out of the car, she checked her reflection in the wing mirror. She carried a basket of eggs.

There was a cold rinse in his chest that could have been mistaken for fear.

"Chrissie," he said, "I need to bury myself for a while."

She set down the basket. "They've started laying in that old Citroën."

He took her hand. "Do you see what I'm saying?"

"For some reason," she said, "we're getting a lot of double-yolkers."

She made it easy, really. He was grateful. "You've got your work, Harry," she told him. "Need your peace and quiet. And I've got my husband."

He kissed her on the nose. "I'll still see you," he told her. "We'll have coffee."

"I don't drink coffee," she said.

"Tea, then," he said, "or a beer."

Later, he met Dieter at the café and attempted a discreet celebration. "A bottle of red—the best you have."

Vasco wiped the table and tucked his filthy rag into his belt. "You would like something special? Expensive, yes?"

"O.K.," Stanton said.

"O.K.," Vasco wheezed. "I charge you more."

Dieter's subject was Portuguese bureaucracy, an old favorite. "All these obstacles they put in your way. They do not really want you to work."

Stanton nodded. The work on his own house would never be completed.

"In Germany, they will be fired. The officials are there to help you, and if they do not they will be fired. Pure and simple."

"Pure and simple," Stanton said. "Why don't you go back to Germany? Seems everything would be easier."

Dieter sat up and clutched the arms of his chair. "Germany?" he said. "If I never see that country again so long as I live, so much the better for me. Germany? No. Never."

Vasco came with a bottle of the usual. "Very expensive, this. Very good wine for celebrating. Wait, I bring a glass and make a toast with you. . . . So, what do we toast?"

"Long life," Dieter said, sounding pained.

"Life and liberty," Stanton said, raising a glass.

Ruby looked like a waxwork in the headlights. She stood still when he pulled over and she did not move when he opened the door. "Give you a ride home," he called. "Come on, get in." She got in without a word. She had the sunglasses in her hand. "Good night?" he asked. She leaned her head against the window. Finally she said, "I'm really, really tired."

A little way along the track that led down to the Potts house, she said, "Let me out now. If Dad hears, he'll come looking."

Stanton stopped the car and cut the engine.

Playing it back later—in bed, entombed in the noise of cicadas—he could not recall who had made the first move. She smelled of freshly dug earth and her skin was all goose bumps, and when she came she bit his ear until he cried out and pinched her hard to make her let him go.

He spent two nights at his desk and on the third day slept in his chair and woke with his head lolled back, a demon pain laced at the neck and one hand on the keyboard.

He heard Chrissie's car and the soft click of her sandals on the steps. He heard the sigh of the door handle and the resistance of the lock.

Ruby came the next day and knocked on the door, then the window, and then circled to the back and stood outside the bedroom. He crouched in the bathroom next to the stack of tiles that would never be laid and noticed for the first time the mesh of fine lines in the clear glaze. He watched her leave from the sitting-room window and when she got to the cypress trees she looked back and raised one finger in the air.

The rain came and turned the world to mud. Stanton took his boots off at the door, but still the mud insinuated itself into the house. If it carried on this way, he would be forced to clean the place. The oranges began to drop, but they could not, Stanton discovered, be eaten. The peach trees in the little orchard turned out to be rotten. They sagged beneath the weight of water and split and rested their branches on the ground. At dawn—sometimes he was rising, sometimes going to bed—the eucalyptus drifted ghostlike in the mist. A fox visited every evening, and Stanton began to put out his scraps.

The shepherd moved on without goodbyes. In the woods, Stanton saw hunters with ancient guns. He thought he saw the boy once, but when he got to the place there was no one.

Four more weeks and he had a complete draft. He drove half an hour, the windscreen wipers sticking and dislodging and sticking again, to the nearest big town, where he knew he could buy Glenfiddich. At home, he poured a generous measure. A fire, he thought, would be nice. The wood caught on the third attempt, but it was still damp and the smoke hurt his eyes and made him cough.

He was sick of these four walls. In the last month he'd spoken barely a dozen words.

He thought about Jay. It would be good to see the boy again.

Chrissie. Lovely Chrissie. She wouldn't be angry. Chrissie could hardly complain. They'd said they'd have a beer.

Ruby. Well, Ruby. Ruby would be all right. She'd made the first move, remember. Been around a bit.

How many visitors did they get over there, anyway? Let's have a fucking drink, mate. Yes, let's have a fucking drink.

The whiskey bottle bounced off the passenger seat as he swung a sharp left. He sang an old tune as he pulled up by the chicken shed. *You can blow out the candle but you can't put out the fire.* When he opened the door, he noticed the calf, much bigger now, bandy legs and bloated stomach, standing by the house with rain running from its nose and tail and its hooves in plastic bags. The wind howled through the bamboo and sent a curtain of water off the roof. Chrissie answered the door and backed away from him, and he went in and found that all the Pottses were there and that none were ready with a greeting.

"What kind of man are you?" China spoke quietly. Chrissie stood behind Ruby and stroked her hair. Stanton, needing salvation, tried to smile at Jay, but the boy would not look at him. "What kind of man are you?" That was all. Chrissie did not speak and Ruby did not speak and Jay did not speak and Stanton had no answer. He waited for China to call him every name under the sun, but China did not oblige. Long after all hope had gone, Stanton stood there and waited for something to happen and nothing happened at all.

On the drive back, he swerved to avoid a tractor he hadn't seen coming, the pickup skidded into the verge, and two wheels sank without hesitation into the mud. It was not far to walk. He drank a good measure of whiskey before removing his clothes, and he found that if he just kept up a constant sipping, very evenly spaced, taking very small sips, he could keep all thoughts from his head. The whiskey was warming. If he observed very closely, very carefully, the way it travelled out from the solar plexus along all the major arteries and branched off along each individual vein, he could feel it as a kind of calm radiating out from the core of his being.

He woke in his chair, naked and half frozen, and when he went to boil water he could not feel his toes, and his fingers were too stiff to strike a match. His head hurt. His back was broken; or if not broken, then something worse. When he bent to put his socks on, he nearly cried. He set off to walk up to the telephone box, and on the way he thought about how beautiful the place was and how much he would miss it. The rain had stopped in the night, and the sun played in the treetops, scattering diamonds here and there. It teased purples and scarlets from the plowed-up field and burnished the far-off hills a fine shade of nostalgia. He breathed deeply and it was good to smell the eucalyptus and the pine, and he felt the air making him clean inside. As he came up to the road, he saw an old man in a black felt hat and waistcoat leading a cow along the opposite track, heading for the village at such a slow pace, as if they had all the time in the world, as if arriving were nothing and the journey everything. He raised a hand and the old man raised a hand. They passed each other and Stanton went on his way. ♦

Hilton Head Health
INSTITUTE
Get Serious About Weight Loss!
- Lose 7-14 pounds in a 2-week stay
- Break the yo-yo diet cycle
- Learn how to prepare healthy meals
- Discover a fitness program that works for you!

(800) 292-2440
Ask about our special rates and programs
www.hhhealth.com

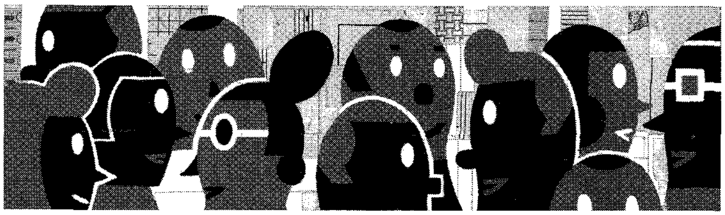
ORVIS®
FLY FISHING SCHOOLS
7 locations | 2-day & weekend courses | April-Nov
Get Hooked.
800.239.2074 ext. 389 www.orvis.com/schools

The Perfect Gift...
The Essential Fireplace Tool
Handcrafted in New England since 1941
1-800-601-6642
THE ORIGINAL BRASS
BloPoke™
www.blopoke.com

Fine crafts • Jewelry • Folk art
The web's most exciting e-gallery
Maddi's
ALEXIS BITTAR
maddisgallery.com

The Best Hiking Trips in the Alps
Free Catalog 800-368-2794
www.wildernesstravel.com/ny

THE CRITICS



BOOKS

THE MISSION

Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s final chapter.

BY DAVID LEVERING LEWIS

In one of his more bizarre Oval Office confidences, Lyndon Johnson said that he didn't want to "follow Hitler" but that Hitler had the right idea: "Just take a simple thing and repeat it often enough, even if it wasn't true, why, people accept it." Johnson was speaking by telephone to Martin Luther King, Jr., in Selma, Alabama, about how to convince Southern whites that Southern blacks deserved the franchise. The curious political-science tutorial came on the afternoon of January 15, 1965, King's thirty-sixth birthday. Whatever he may have thought of Johnson's inaccurate analogy, King had already begun repeating, on television, in the press, and from church pulpits, the moral necessity of a guaranteed vote for every American, regardless of color. Two weeks earlier, King had publicly announced that the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the alliance of Baptist preachers he led, would launch voter-registration protests in Selma, where fourteen thousand four hundred whites had, by legal ruse and naked force, limited fifteen thousand blacks to one per cent of the registration rolls.

Johnson, as recorded by the secret Oval Office taping system, both commended and cautioned King on his Selma strategy. He was, he said, committed to getting federal voting legislation enacted, but he implied that King's timing and his tactics were dangerously precipitate. Johnson's Great Society programs for Medicare, Medicaid, education, and poverty were pending, and the Civil Rights Act of 1964 had already depleted congressional good will. King was by then expert at telling Johnson what Johnson wanted to hear, and managed to interrupt the Presidential monologue long enough to tell Johnson what he felt Johnson needed to know. He pointed out that, in the five Southern states that Johnson lost to Goldwater in 1964, fewer than forty per cent of eligible African-Americans were registered to vote. A voting-rights act would produce a coalition of blacks and white moderates, changing the electoral map of the South. Johnson liked that. It could be his greatest achievement, he said—"It will do things that even that '64 Act couldn't do."

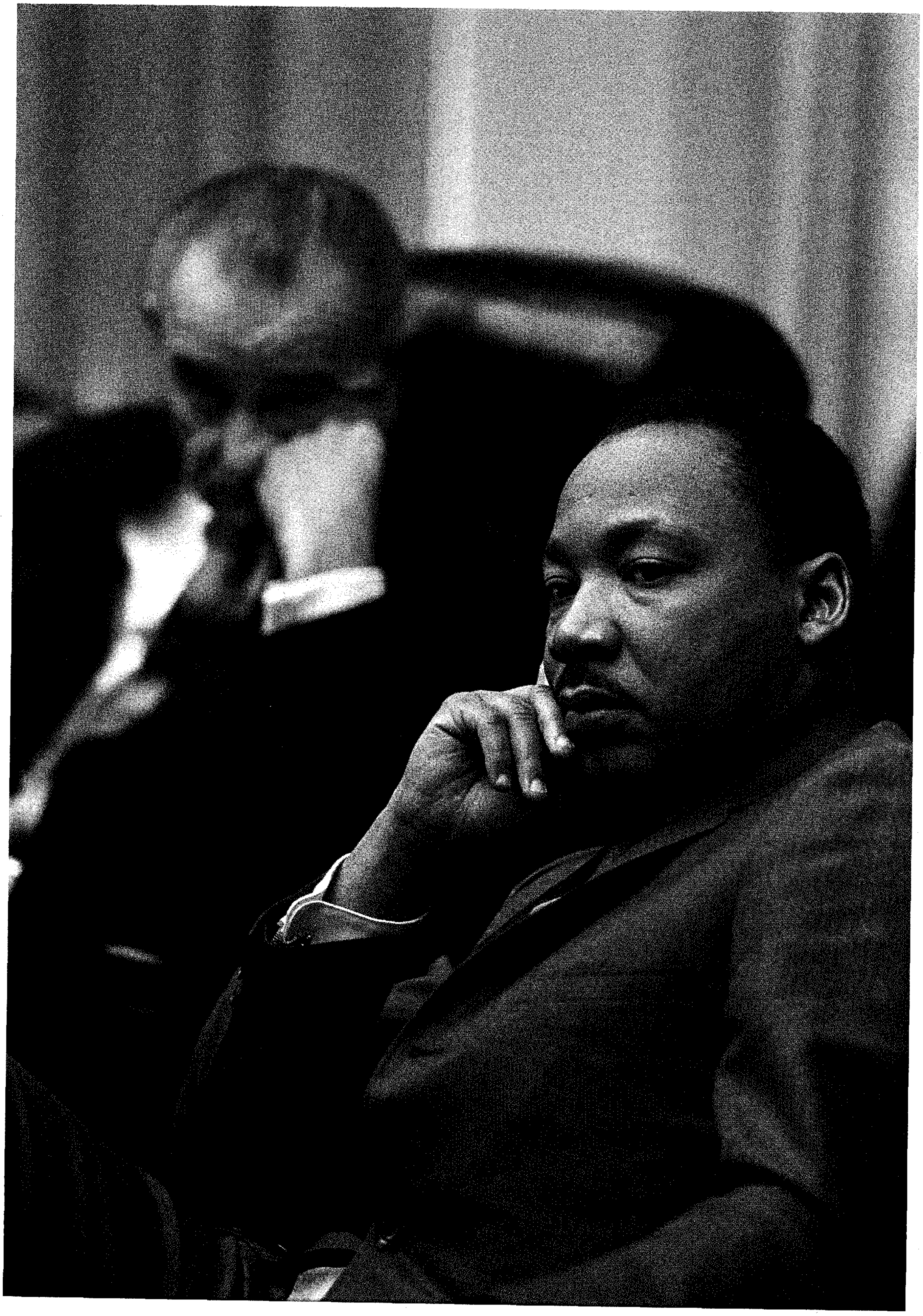
"At Canaan's Edge" (Simon & Schuster; $35), the third and final volume of Taylor Branch's monumental chronicle, "America in the King Years," covers the period from 1965 to 1968, and charts civil-rights history as the parallel biographies of two tragic titans—Martin Luther King, Jr., the modern Moses, and Lyndon Baines Johnson, the would-be Lincoln. The tape of Johnson's phone call to King has inspired speculation about their collusion in the design and execution of the Selma-Montgomery campaign; one student of the period recently called it the Johnson-King voting-rights "pas de deux." Branch doesn't go this far, but he briskly relates how Johnson moved from annoyed doubt about Selma to outright collaboration within a matter of weeks. He urged King to expose the worst of voting conditions in Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana, but he could hardly have had in mind the brutal reaction of Selma's sheriff, Jim Clark. For King's purposes, however, Clark and his deputies were ideal—studio-cast thugs guaranteed to provoke national outrage and instigate federal intervention.

The march from Selma to Montgomery is one of America's grandest sagas, a racial, regional, and constitutional crisis whose flash points illuminate the country's path to social democracy. In his earlier volumes, Branch followed King's first steps along that path. "Parting the Waters: America in the King Years, 1954-63" went from the Montgomery bus boycott to the March on Washington. After Rosa Parks refused to surrender her seat to a white passenger aboard a city bus, King's friend and fellow Baptist pastor Ralph David Abernathy proposed a bus boycott, and King assumed the leadership of what soon became the victorious Montgomery Improvement Association. King and Abernathy moved to pastorates in Atlanta and formed the S.C.L.C., in order to capitalize on the gathering civil-rights momentum. After King made a visit to Gandhi's disciples in India, he developed a philosophy of nonviolent passive resistance out of what had been, back in Montgomery, a commonsense tactic. But it was the March on Washington, on August 28, 1963, that projected King indelibly into the national consciousness.

"Parting the Waters" ended with King at the head of a civil-rights movement that had long been dominated by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League, and faced with a pending civil-rights bill that Congress seemed unlikely to pass. But John F. Kennedy's assassination assured its passage, and it became the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Branch's second volume, "Pillar of Fire: America in the King Years, 1963-65," followed the civil-rights path through an arena of white-supremacist violence in Birmingham, Alabama, and

YOICHI R. OKAMOTO/COURTESY LBJ LIBRARY

The wary alliance between Lyndon Johnson and Martin Luther King may have been the high point of each man's career.



in Mississippi during the Freedom Summer, and culminated in King's receiving the Nobel Peace Prize. On January 18, 1965, he registered as a guest at the Hotel Albert, in Selma, the first black man ever to enter the front door of this antebellum replica of the Doge's Palace, in Venice. The civil-rights bill behind him, Martin Luther King had gone to Selma to launch a voter-registration drive. It escalated into a virtual replay of Reconstruction.

In the engrossing narration of Branch's final volume, events seem to unfold almost in real time. On a late January morning, in two proud waves, more than a hundred teachers, the backbone of Selma's black middle class, shook off more than two generations of diffidence and gathered at the county courthouse, demanding to be registered, while Jim Clark barked orders to disperse them. Two weeks later, he arrested King and Abernathy as they led a demonstration of more than seven hundred local citizens. National newspapers carried pictures of scores of black youngsters being pursued by police cars and pickup trucks with electric cattle prods dangling from the windows.

On March 1st, King preached at the Brown Chapel A.M.E. Church, in Selma, and proclaimed, "We are going to bring a voting bill into being in the streets of Selma." These challenging words raised the stakes for a procrastinating Administration, as did the events at the Edmund Pettus Bridge the following Sunday. Branch's description of Bloody Sunday, one of this book's many effective set pieces, vividly captures the exact hour when the political order of the Deep South finally invalidated itself in the eyes of mainstream America. The carnage inflicted by municipal and state police at the bridge and along the marchers' route of retreat accomplished for voting rights what song, prayer, and marching had not. That evening, ABC was broadcasting the television première of "Judgment at Nuremberg." Suddenly, forty-eight million Americans who had been watching an elderly German couple protesting their innocence of the Holocaust were confronted with scenes of people choking on tear gas, snarling dogs tearing at flesh, baton-wielding troopers on horseback, and bruised and traumatized men, women, and children. The activist Hosea Williams, a war veteran, bellowed that not even the Nazis had been more savage. Branch says, "The Nuremberg interruption struck with the force of instant historical icon."

King and Abernathy were not at the Pettus Bridge on March 7th; they were preaching to their respective congregations in Atlanta, something that Branch is more prepared to excuse than other commentators have been. Two days later, King led a second attempt to march across the bridge, but with dangerously equivocal results. Governor George Wallace, segregation's last best hope, ordered Alabama officials to hold the line at all costs while he and King sought injunctions against each other. Forbidden to conduct a second march toward Montgomery, King faced an unprecedented dilemma: defy a federal court order and jeopardize Presidential good will, or cancel the march across Pettus Bridge, demoralize thousands of ordinary men and women, and risk vindicating the deep mistrust of the movement's more radical factions, such as the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee. Branch calls this chapter "Devil's Choice." King, having promised the Brown Chapel audience that he would "rather die on the highways of Alabama than make a butchery of my conscience," ended up doing the latter in the eyes of young militants. He ordered a retreat from the bridge just as the blocking phalanx of Alabama troopers stepped aside.

Still, it was probably the right choice for history. Eight days after Pettus Bridge, Lyndon Johnson delivered his "We Shall Overcome" speech to Congress, an example of Presidential oratory arguably unsurpassed in idealism and emotional impact. The reworked phrases of the speechwriter Richard Goodwin fell upon a hushed chamber. Speaking that night "for the dignity of man and the destiny of democracy," the President pledged the Administration to secure "the full blessings of American life" for the country's Negroes. "Because it is not just Negroes, but really it is all of us, who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice. And we—shall—overcome." Liberal whites were electrified; whites in the Deep South were stupefied. Johnson was indeed on the verge of altering the South's political landscape, but not in the way that he and King had discussed on the phone. The withdrawal of Southern whites' allegiance from the Democrats—the Great White Switch, as it has been called—gathered speed soon after Johnson's speech. On the other side—for instance, in the SNCC leader James Forman's sneering comment "That cracker was talkin' shit"—was the voice of rising black nationalism.

Branch's panoptic approach exposes telling juxtapositions: we see Johnson approving the reluctant recommendation of Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach for a public declaration on voting rights, and then ordering his ever-sanguine Defense Secretary, Robert McNamara, to "go ahead tonight" and commence bombing Vietnam. Lyndon Johnson's tragedy, as Branch painstakingly (and perhaps too sympathetically) documents, is that his visionary domestic agenda was destroyed by the bombing of Vietnam.

Within a week of Johnson's stunning performance came the Selma-Montgomery march—a parade of citizens, film and other entertainment celebrities, national organizations, and religious delegations that rivalled the March on Washington, if not in numbers then at least in symbolism and spirit. George Wallace, having been alternately mauled and massaged into acquiescence during a three-hour Oval Office session, surrendered Alabama to Martin Luther King for five extraordinary days and nights. Three miles outside Montgomery—on a black Catholic academy's athletic field, where every famous name in America, from Belafonte and Bernstein to Odetta and Shelley Winters, seemed to be singing, playing, and speaking—twelve thousand pilgrims were exhilarated by King's preaching. His sermon was a stem-winder, beginning with an encapsulation of Reconstruction history and ending in a riff of magnificent call and response. "How long will justice be crucified and truth buried?" he asked, and went on to provide the answer: "*Not* long!" Branch writes, "Already shouts echoed and anticipated his refrain at a driving pace, above cries of encouragement and a low roar of anticipation." King continued, "How long? *Not* long! Because the arc of the moral universe is *long*, but it bends toward justice. How long? *Not* long! Because mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The voting-rights bill became law on the sixth day of August, 1965, with Rosa Parks and King and the other principal civil-rights leaders present for the signing ceremony, at the Capitol. Almost from that moment, in Branch's telling, the reader has the sensation of watching history escape the control of the book's two main characters. The principal story lines (better balanced between the two men than in the second volume) are Johnson's sinking fast into the Vietnam quagmire, and King's increasing isolation as his mission expands to challenge America's fundamental social inequalities. The effect is like watching two bio-pics simultaneously. And, thanks to F.B.I. wiretaps and Oval Office tapes, the reader is at all times aware of each man's calculations about the other.

Before the end of 1965, Johnson had approved General William Westmoreland's request for more than a hundred thousand troops to supplement those already engaged in propping up the Saigon regime. In the course of Branch's book, the agonizing in the Oval Office, as the President alternately rails at and pleads with his advisers about the unwinnable Vietnam dilemma, starts to seem more farcical than tragic. "The North Vietnamese just said, 'fuck you,' " he tells a sympathetic U.S. senator. "They're winning—why would they want to talk?" George Ball, the Under-Secretary of State, tells the President in a secret memo that "humiliation would be more likely" than achieving U.S. objectives on the battlefield, while the historian and Presidential adviser Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., publicly warns of the terrible consequences of "either enlargement or withdrawal." Bewildered and bellicose, Johnson dreaded being seen as a President too indecisive to win a war. He put a determined face on the State of the Union address in January, 1966, and vowed to continue the Great Society "while we fight in Vietnam." Still, he confided to one of his generals that he felt "a good deal of ice cracking" under his feet.

All these developments stoked the growing radicalism in SNCC, which was soon beyond the reach even of King's persuasive powers. He could only grimace when James Forman or Stokely Carmichael provided the media with inflammatory sound bites. "We're going to tear this county up," Carmichael told one gathering. King and the S.C.L.C. had hardly begun to plan the next chapter in nonviolent racial progress when the nation was confronted by the spectacle of the Watts riots, which began just five days after the Voting Rights Act was signed. Ten days after the signing, King risked his first public criticism of the Vietnam War. "Reporters bolted for telephones," Branch notes, after King, in an address to the S.C.L.C.'s annual convention in Birmingham, announced his intention to write personal appeals for peace negotiations to world leaders, including Ho Chi Minh. A month later, at the President's insistence, King and Arthur Goldberg, the Ambassador to the United Nations, engaged in a frank seventy-minute give-and-take on the issue of Vietnam. Speaking afterward to the U.N. press corps, King outlined his "unthinkable" proposals—a halt to bombing, negotiations with the Vietcong, and U.N. recognition of Communist China. The fury of the Administration at this and the disdain of the media nearly matched the negative reaction of the African-American leadership class. F.B.I. agents, listening in on a conference call between King and his advisers, heard a beleaguered King say, with a sigh, that he had to find a way to "gracefully pull out."

Both Vietnam and civil rights began to play poorly with much of the electorate as the midterm congressional elections approached. Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Strom Thurmond, and other Republicans blamed Johnson for not conducting the war vigorously enough. At the polls, liberals signalled their lack of support for the war, and the congressional Democrats lost badly. In early March of 1967, Robert F. Kennedy suggested that the heavy bombing of Vietnam be suspended. Within twenty-four hours, headlines carried news of Kenne-

THE UMHOEFER PRIZE
FOR ACHIEVEMENT IN HUMANITIES
HONORS THESE RECIPIENTS

RICHARD GROSSMAN, EDITOR
BARRY MOSER, ILLUSTRATOR
A Year With Emerson
David R. Godine • 2003
ISBN 1-56792-234-1

ALICE A. CARTER, AUTHOR
ERIC MUELLER, DESIGNER
Cecilia Beaux: A Modern Painter In The Guilded Age
Rizzoli New York • 2005
ISBN 0-8478-2708-9

SHEROD SANTOS, TRANSLATOR
Greek Lyric Poetry
W.W. Norton • 2005
ISBN 0-393-06056-X

Prize Sponsored by Arts and Humanities Foundation
PO Box 16326, Minneapolis, MN 55416
ph. 952-938-4972

TheaterMania.com
Up-to-date reviews, news, and tickets
Broadway • Off-Broadway • Nationwide
Over 510,000 members enjoy our theater discounts and special offers.
JOIN FOR FREE AND YOU MAY WIN TICKETS TO A HIT SHOW!
visit www.TheaterMania.com

Instant Valentine's Gift
Pearl Necklace and Earrings
Wrapped In A Silky Purse
$75 With Priority Shipping
877-327-5489
www.PearlGuys.com

Cruise St. Barths
And The Virgin Islands
In Style.
Arabella Cruises
www.cruisearabella.com
800-395-1343
Also available for corporate & private charter

ACTIVE VACATIONS
BACKROADS
AWARD-WINNING, FIVE-STAR ADVENTURE
BIKING · HIKING · MULTISPORT
for a free catalog call 800-GO-ACTIVE
or visit www.backroads.com/tny

dy's involvement in a plot to assassinate Fidel Castro. Branch sets out the facts, and the reader is left to connect the dots running from an avenging Oval Office to an obliging F.B.I. headquarters.

J. Edgar Hoover looms unforgettably in these pages. No reader who has digested the Church Committee reports will be surprised by Branch's evidence of F.B.I. transgressions against King and anyone else Hoover deemed un-American. Referring to King as "the burr head," Hoover provided Johnson with spurious reports of Communists at the center of the S.C.L.C. and with copious evidence of King's prolific extramarital calisthenics. Worse, he kept intelligence of assassination plots from King and barred F.B.I. agents from providing covert protection.

No longer primarily a Southern pastor fighting regional racism, Martin Luther King, as a Nobel Peace Prize laureate, had acquired an emboldened sense of mission. The Voting Rights Act addressed political disenfranchisement; it was now time to address economic disenfranchisement, or so he had told an increasingly wary and distracted Johnson. King believed that, just as marching in Alabama had caused Johnson to embrace an accelerated voting-rights timetable, so marches exposing slums, unemployment, and inferior public schools in particular Northern cities would force the Administration and Congress to pass remedial legislation. However, he seriously underestimated the difference between targeting parochial Southern hierarchies and espousing a truly redistributive program that called into question the way of life of most middle-class white Americans.

King also found it bitterly hard to gain any credence for his evolving social prescriptions either from the stodgy N.A.A.C.P. and Urban League leadership or from the emergent inner-city activists of SNCC. SNCC officers, with the notable exception of John Lewis, dismissed him as too cautious. But a clear majority of the S.C.L.C. board felt that King was becoming too outspoken. For them, his antiwar pronouncements undermined the core mission of ongoing registration in the South.

Late in January, 1966, King surprised America by taking up residency in a tenement apartment in Chicago—a city that was home to the world's largest public-housing complex and to two of the poorest census tracts in the country. After six months of bruising marches through ethnic neighborhoods, fruitless exchanges with Chicago's real-estate and education boards, and much shadowboxing with the nimble mayor, Richard Daley, King was ill and starting to realize that the political terrain here was rougher than in the South. Then, Branch writes, he heard that "his latest staff prodigy," the young Jesse Jackson, "had committed him impulsively to a suicidal march." Jackson had shouted, "I'm going to Cicero!" The prospect of Jackson attempting to desegregate Cicero, one of the city's most entrenched white working-class suburbs, was terrible enough to bring King, Daley, Archbishop John Cody, the veteran community leader Al Raby, and seventy-five contending parties swiftly to the negotiating table.

At times, Branch serves up more content than interpretation, assuming that facts speak for themselves. The Chicago Summit Agreement on open-housing and employment objectives, we read, glossed over details, in fine language intended to "minimize potential ridicule" resulting from the fact that little had been accomplished. One wishes that Branch had attempted to assess more closely the damage that the Chicago campaign did to King's national standing and to the prospects of Johnson's Great Society. Three weeks after the Summit Agreement, the Civil Rights Act of 1966, containing open-housing provisions that Illinois's Senator Everett Dirksen called "a package of mischief for the country," failed to pass in the Senate. After the congressional Democrats' midterm disaster that fall, a brooding Johnson insisted that he hadn't "lost that election"; rather, "the Negroes lost it."

King had no illusions about what happened in Chicago, but, in his view, a worse failure—a failure of judgment—was his participation in the Meredith march across Mississippi: a "terrible mistake." Consulting no one, James Meredith had started a two-hundred-and-twenty-mile walk from Memphis to Jackson, Mississippi, to establish the right of black men to walk in the Deep South unmolested. When, one day into his walk, he was shot by a sniper at the Mississippi state line, King lent his name to an improvised, hyperbolic manifesto, then walked with three hundred and fifty student radicals to the Greenwood courthouse, where Stokely Carmichael shouted "Black power!" for the first time. This provocative slogan established Carmichael as a media phenomenon, and one who made Martin Luther King appear ineffective and dated. In January, 1967, a year after launching the Chicago campaign, King was no longer among the Gallup Poll's ten most admired personalities in America. "Whites have ceased to believe in him, or really care," a lengthy dismissal in *The New York Review of Books* alleged. "The blacks hardly listen."

King had begun to perceive that society tends to confine its indignation to injustices that can be attenuated without imperilling fundamental economic relationships. He was working in an era when the controversial Moynihan Report, which blamed black matriarchs and absent fathers for black poverty, rather than absent jobs, was widely accepted, whereas the prophetic Kerner Commission, indicting white society as "deeply implicated in the ghetto," was ignored. Near the end of Branch's fourteen-year saga of a nation alternately affirming and denying the centrality of race, there is a telling moment. Late one evening, while his advisers and lieutenants debated the S.C.L.C.'s next move after the disappointing 1966 Chicago campaign, King momentarily gave way to pressure. Branch writes:

> King literally howled against the paralyzed debate. "*I don't want to do this any more!*" he shouted alone. "I want to go back to my little church!" He banged around and yelled, which summoned anxious friends outside his room until Young and Abernathy gently removed his whiskey and talked him to bed.

In the determination to omit nothing relevant, "At Canaan's Edge" seems to keep the entire era in view at all times—immigration reform, media coverage of civil rights, education, the work of NASA, the Six-Day War, campus unrest, and much else. Such perspective yields fine insights. While narrating the passage of the Voting Rights Act, Branch weaves in an extended discussion of the Immigration Reform Act of 1965. Then he vaults forward to remind us that, although neither politicians nor the press grasped the Immigration Act's significance at the time, it "rightfully joined the two great civil rights laws as a third enduring pillar of the freedom movement." Thirty-six years later, he mentions, the students at J. E. B. Stuart, a suburban Washington high school named after a Confederate cavalry general, came from seventy countries.

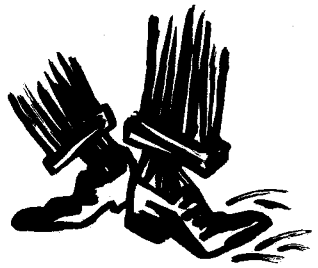
When Johnson and King met at the White House for the last time, in late April, 1966, their civil-rights pas de deux was over. At Johnson's behest, Katzenbach had unleashed Hoover to uncover politically compromising information about King. (To some, the L.B.J.-M.L.K. relationship may have resembled that of Henry II and Thomas à Becket.) By the following spring, both men were set on irreversible and opposing courses. King's splendid antiwar speech in Manhattan's Riverside Church, on April 2, 1967, in which he called his government the "greatest purveyor of violence in the world today," placed him in the vanguard of the peace movement. For Johnson, there was the public-opinion disaster of the Tet Offensive, which began in January, 1968, followed by Democratic primary challenges from Eugene McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy. For King, there was the public-opinion disaster of the riots surrounding the Memphis garbage strike, which occurred in the midst of another controversy, concerning the Poor People's Campaign. And, on April 4, 1968, there was the fatal rifle shot on the Lorraine Motel balcony, fired by an assassin about whom this book says little more.

Martin Luther King, Jr., survived for a time the machinations of an unscrupulous national police force. He rose above the particularism of his own people in an almost quixotic and ultimately tragic attempt to deliver the entire country from racism, war, and greed. Taylor Branch, with his concluding volume, walks with the prophet and the President toward the promised land at the head of an interracial throng pledged to a new American covenant of social and economic justice. He leaves us there, pensive and remorseful, at Canaan's edge—King, his people, and all of us who were once inspired and then deceived by a great dream of a nation rising up to "live out the true meaning of its creed." ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

Dog Days, *by Ana Marie Cox (Riverhead; $23.95).* This first novel, by a former writer of the political blog Wonkette, aims at being a satire of Washington mores but comes off as Beltway chick lit. Melanie Thorton, a campaign worker for a Democratic Presidential candidate, is bored with her job, her life, and her affair with a married journalist. She launches a fictitious Internet diary intended to expose the seamier side of Washington life. When the career of the fake blogger, Capitolette, takes off, the deception comes to light. The situation is rooted, slightly, in real life: as Wonkette, Cox created a scandal when she linked to the blog of a Senate staffer who dished about her sexual escapades. But there's something self-defeating about a roman à clef that deals with people who were pseudonymous in the first place. And the plot's many twists just add more bones to the skeleton rather than fleshing it out.

The Accidental, *by Ali Smith (Pantheon; $22.95).* Smith's book, which has just won Britain's Whitbread Novel Award, concerns an attractive stranger who shows up on the doorstep of an unhappy family and is unquestioningly taken in. The visitor, armed with a perfect combination of candor, free-spiritedness, and rough love, proceeds to manipulate each of her hosts. Just as abruptly, and, perhaps, predictably, she disappears. We never learn much about her—her only purpose, it seems, was to jolt the family members out of their respective messes—and her righteous self-assurance can get tiresome. But the novel is saved by its skillful and touching rendering of the mental state of each family member. Smith's well-honed, even obsessive prose gives a feeling of eavesdropping on her characters' innermost thoughts.



State of War, *by James Risen (Free Press; $26).* Last month, the author, a *Times* reporter, broke, with his colleague Eric Lichtblau, the story of President Bush's authorization of warrantless domestic wiretapping by the N.S.A., in apparent defiance of Congress and the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act. This account doesn't go much beyond what has been in the *Times*—indeed, follow-ups have overtaken it—but Risen offers a useful perspective on what the C.I.A. has been doing since September 11th, and some devastating summary judgments. In the Bush years, Risen writes, "no other institution failed in its mission as completely." George Tenet, the director, pandered to Bush and to Donald Rumsfeld; the agency passed on weapons intelligence that many knew was bad; the abuse of prisoners became accepted. But the main leadership failure Risen sees is that of the President, who, he writes, got from the C.I.A. no more than what he asked for.

Building Jerusalem, *by Tristram Hunt (Metropolitan; $32.50).* This fun, if meandering, intellectual history of city-building in Victorian Britain traces the evolution of grim industrialized towns, with their "rat-haunted slums" and "vomiting chimneys," through their heyday as wealthy cultural centers, and beyond. Hunt relates how a newly prosperous middle class, eager to legitimatize its economic power and distance itself from accusations of philistinism, began "manufacturing a new cultural identity," in which architecture and government reflected social and moral values. Using various models—from the buccaneering "municipal gospel" of Joseph Chamberlain to the example of Renaissance Florence, with its traditions of self-government and public design—the Victorians created the Age of Great Cities. No model was wholly successful in combatting the miserable living conditions of the poor, and an "anti-civic" solution—the suburbs—signalled the end of "urbs triumphant." Yet, Hunt argues, aspects of the Victorian framework hold valuable lessons for revivifying contemporary cities.

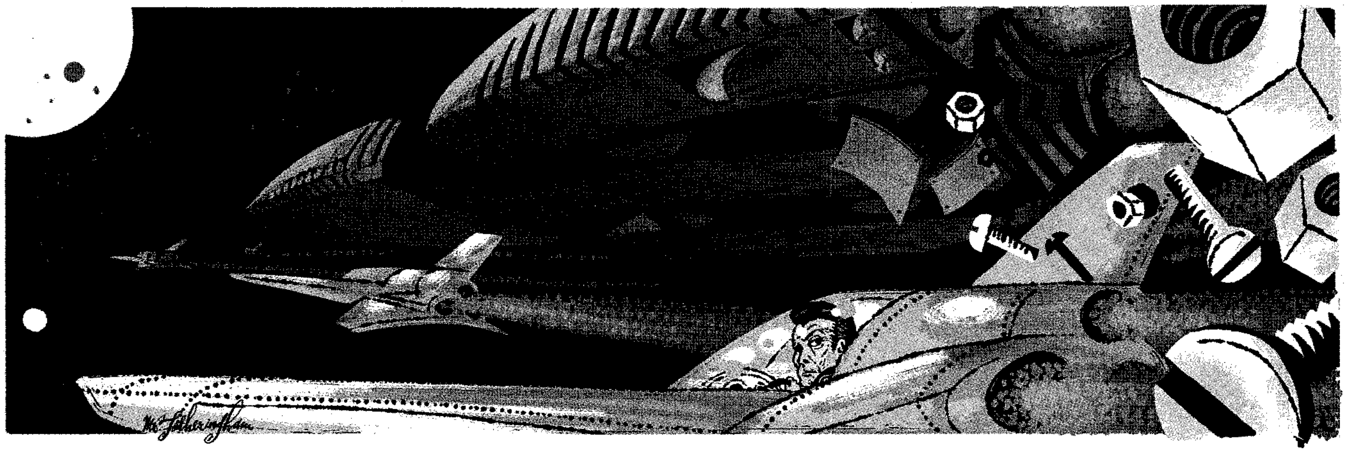
ON TELEVISION

ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

A battlestar is reborn.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

It's easy for people who aren't science-fiction enthusiasts to laugh at the genre—its earnestness, its lingo, its fans' awestruck romance with the idea that God is in the details of equipment and uniforms and security codes and how many moons orbit Planet X and why it's called Planet X in the first place. Does it have something to do with the number ten, or is it meant to be a leaning cross, or is it a reference to the mark on Captain Blah's forehead in the second episode of the third season of "Star Bores"? (Usually, a writer's answer to such questions is "I called it Planet X because I liked the name.") Making fun of science fiction became even easier after William Shatner, in a 1986 "Saturday Night Live" sketch set at a "Star Trek" convention, exploded at fans who asked him insanely pointless questions, "Get a life!" At first, even civilians who had never owned a "Star Trek" trading card or a toy phaser were a little stunned by this slap at the faithful; it's amazing that Shatner ever worked again after inflicting that Vulcan nerve pinch. But his admonition was eventually incorporated into the fans' self-image; you see self-aware, amused references to it in sci-fi blogs when someone goes on about something in a way that he knows may brand him as a geek.



Blastoff: Edward James Olmos commands his vessel on the Sci Fi Channel's relaunch of "Battlestar Galactica."

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

If you switch to the term "speculative fiction," which many sci-fi writers prefer, the genre seems more interesting. In fact, the genre is so capacious that it's not even very useful to call it a genre—at least, not as a put-down or a comment on its limitations. Stories that are geared to ask "What if?" and "What then?" and "Who are we?" and also have some life to them beyond the nuts and bolts of imagining an alternative reality are a genuine achievement. On the other hand, don't feel bad if you don't like watching shows filled with characters who have disturbingly shaped heads and faces. I myself am of the school that believes that frontal lobes belong inside the skull. I'm delighted when a character on TV has a brain—I just don't want to see it.

The Sci Fi Channel, of course, is dedicated to what-if shows. For a number of years, it caught a lot of viewers in its net—viewers who would otherwise have swum right by—with "Mystery Science Theatre 3000," a clever series in which two robots and a guy watched terrible old sci-fi and horror movies and made rude and funny comments about the onscreen action. Now the network is extending its reach, with the success of its popular Friday-night lineup, starting at eight with "Stargate SG-1," continuing with the spinoff "Stargate Atlantis," and ending with "Battlestar Galactica."

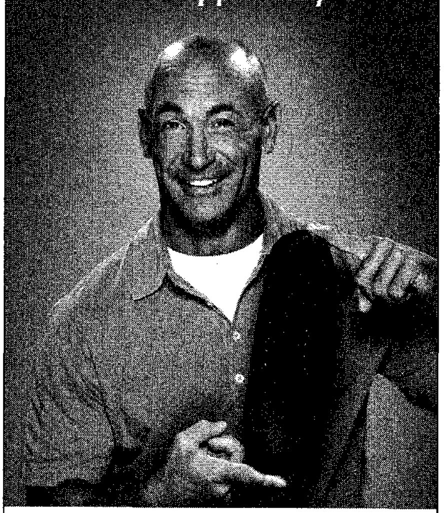
While the two "Stargates" are essentially adventure series (they double as employment schemes for the very attractive), "Battlestar Galactica," which the producers describe as a "reimagining" of the short-lived late-seventies series of the same name, begins with apocalyptic disaster and involves the quest for a new home for mankind, or what's left of it. This version of "Galactica" was developed by David Eick and Ronald D. Moore, a "Star Trek" veteran who worked on "The Next Generation," "Deep Space Nine," and, briefly, "Voyager," as well as on "Roswell," a WB show about three teen-agers from outer space stranded here on Earth. The journey in "Battlestar Galactica" is born not of the urge to explore strange new worlds but of the need to survive; space isn't the final frontier for these characters—it's the last chance. And all because of those damn Cylons—robots created by man "to make life easier," words on the screen tell us at the beginning of the four-hour miniseries that aired in late 2003, thirteen months before the series proper began, last January. These beings then waged war on their makers until, "after a long and bloody struggle," an armistice was declared. In the four decades that followed, the Cylons never showed up for the annual keep-the-peace meetings; then one day, as the human envoy waits at a space station for his counterpart, in walks a vision of a soft-core porn star: she's a tall, hyperblond sexpot in a tight red suit (the least revealing outfit we'll ever see her in) and high-heeled boots, with a runway model's stride, one foot petulantly plunking down directly in front of the other. "Are you alive?" she says, leaning toward the envoy and breathing hotly in his face. When he says, tremulously, "Yes," she says, "Prove it," and enlists him in a serious kiss. Seconds later, as we see from a vantage point far outside the space station, the station blows up. So much for diplomacy.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the galaxy, on board the Galactica, things are winding down. The ship, the last of the fleet that fought the war with the Cylons, is being decommissioned and turned into a museum, a relic of a long-ago war. In a ceremonial speech, its commander, William Adama (Edward James Olmos), departs from his text and talks about the high cost of wearing a uniform; sometimes it's too high, he says, thinking of his son Zak, a military pilot who died a couple of years earlier, and of the even higher price that mankind has paid for playing God and inventing Cylons in the first place. On Galactica's home planet, Caprica, a brilliant, sleazy computer scientist, Gaius Baltar (James Callis), has just found out that the woman he's been sleeping with—who looks exactly like the woman in the space station—is a Cylon and has been using him to gain access to defense secrets. Shortly after Baltar—a genius but also a selfish twit, like "Lost in Space"'s Dr. Smith to the *n*th power—realizes that he has played a crucial part in this nightmare, massive nuclear explosions occur all across the planet.

For further, excruciatingly detailed plot points, you can read the millions of words about the show that have been posted on the Web by fans of the old series, many of whom have invested tremendous emotional energy into deciding whether Moore's version is good, bad, or acceptable on any level. Some fans, for example, were bothered by the fact that this version does not pick up where the last one left off; it starts all over from the beginning. And a couple of very important characters who were men in the first series are now women. But what interests people who normally don't care about science fiction is how timely and resonant the show is, bringing into play religion and religious fanaticism, global politics, terrorism, and questions about what it means to be human. (There are also a couple of funny jabs at the media, particularly at talk-show airheads who don't, or can't, distinguish between news and entertainment.) There's no woozy spaceaginess in the show, no theremin or symphonic music—the score consists mainly of taiko-inspired drumming, sometimes to the point of tedium, as if you were at a never-ending Iron John weekend. "Battlestar Galactica" is frank and graphic about sex and death. It's not the kind of show where you find out after the fact that someone is pregnant and everyone is wondering whether the baby will be an alien; here, you see the baby being made. The central twist is that both the Cylons and the human beings they're trying to kill are religious: the humans believe in gods, and the Cylons believe in God. In killing people, they think they're doing God's work. A wrinkle in that twist comes when the President (played by Mary McDonnell)—who arrived on board as a Cabinet secretary, forty-third in line for the Presidency and now in that job only because the forty-two ahead of her are dead—begins to believe that she is destined to lead the survivors to a promised land, and it's not clear whether her visions are to be taken seriously or are side effects from a cancer treatment. You're never quite sure yourself how much to invest in certain characters—will they turn out to be Cylons, or drug-addled wackos?

There have been a couple of good episodes focussing on the realities of being stuck in space—the need for water, and the need for fuel. The characters are well drawn and have unfolded in a way that could keep people watching for several more seasons. One of the fighter pilots, a hot shot named Kara Thrace (Katee Sackhoff), whose call sign is Starbuck, was engaged to Zak Adama. She's a smart-mouthed tomboy, too—when she's thrown in the brig for punching a colonel, she says she's there for "striking a superior asshole," and then smilingly admits that she'd been saving up that phrase. It takes a pleasant while before you learn how much more there is to her than her flygirl swagger. The story isn't ridiculous—something that viewers are on the lookout for in science fiction more than in any other genre—and it raises questions that nag at you in the same way that life on Earth does. "Battlestar Galactica," refreshingly, is as real as science fiction gets. ♦

PUT A SMILE ON YOUR FEET.
Experience shoe shopping the Zappos way.



Zappos.com
the web's most popular shoe store!®
See www.zappos.com/cs.zhtml for details.

Overlook at Sheppard Pratt
The premiere adolescent treatment setting
- Psychotherapeutic milieu
- Intermediate length of stay
- Private pay setting in Baltimore, MD
410-938-4080 www.overlookatsp.org

TheChocolateSpa.com

for the discriminating vacationer...
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
http://www.kiawahexclusives.com
1-800-845-6966

Wimco Villa Vacations
Visit our website for your chance to Win a Villa Vacation!
www.Wimco.com/newyorker
1.800.843.5893
Representing SIBARTH Villas in St. Barthelemy

ADVERTISEMENT

on the **town**

BE THE FIRST TO HEAR ABOUT EVENTS, PROMOTIONS, AND SPECIAL OFFERS FROM *NEW YORKER* ADVERTISERS.

LA POSADA
DE SANTA FE
RESORT & SPA

Named one of *Travel + Leisure's* 500 Greatest Hotels in the World, La Posada de Santa Fe Resort & Spa, a RockResort, immerses guests in the essence of Santa Fe. Renew at Avanyu Spa, stroll through the six-acre sculpture garden, and savor innovative cuisine from the AAA Four Diamond Award-winning Fuego.

ROCKRESORTS
The Difference Is Legendary

Undiscovered Italy
Free Catalog: 800-280-2811
Villa Rentals
ParkerVillas
www.parkervillas.com

OUTRIDER JEWELRY
Skull Ring
Solid Sterling Silver $65
or 14k Gold $695
1-800-895-1244
outriderj.com

READ PLAN CHANGE
What Color Is Your Parachute? 2006
the job-hunter's bible
TEN SPEED PRESS
www.tenspeed.com

The Vein Treatment Center e.1982
Minimally-invasive treatments for varicose & spider veins
www.veintreatmentcenter.com 212-249-6117

THE THEATRE

GHOSTS AND HOSTS

Two troubled households.

BY HILTON ALS

In an era when writing dialogue comes more naturally to most authors than intellection does, Nilo Cruz is an anomaly. Unlike a number of his contemporaries—Neil LaBute, Richard Greenberg, Kathleen Tolan—the forty-two-year-old Cruz is not a screenwriter in playwright's clothing; he does not write flat, naturalistic exchanges, tailored more or less to the demands of plot. He is a writer of ideas, who fills the stage with a kind of lush dramatic literature, unifying character with thought and action in time and space. Instead of giving us the mind-numbing, sub-Budd Schulberg "real" talk we usually hear when a contemporary American character shows up onstage, Cruz conducts arias with his pen, as he did in a lyrical passage from his 2003 Pulitzer Prize-winning play, "Anna in the Tropics":

> Oh, I don't want this night to end. I could stay up all night. I don't want to sleep. We sleep too much. We spend more than a third of our lives sleeping, sleeping. Darkness descends and everything is a mystery to us. We don't know if trees really walk at night, as I've heard in legends. We don't really know if statues and spirits dance in the squares unbeknown to us. And how would we ever know if we sleep? We sleep and sleep . . .

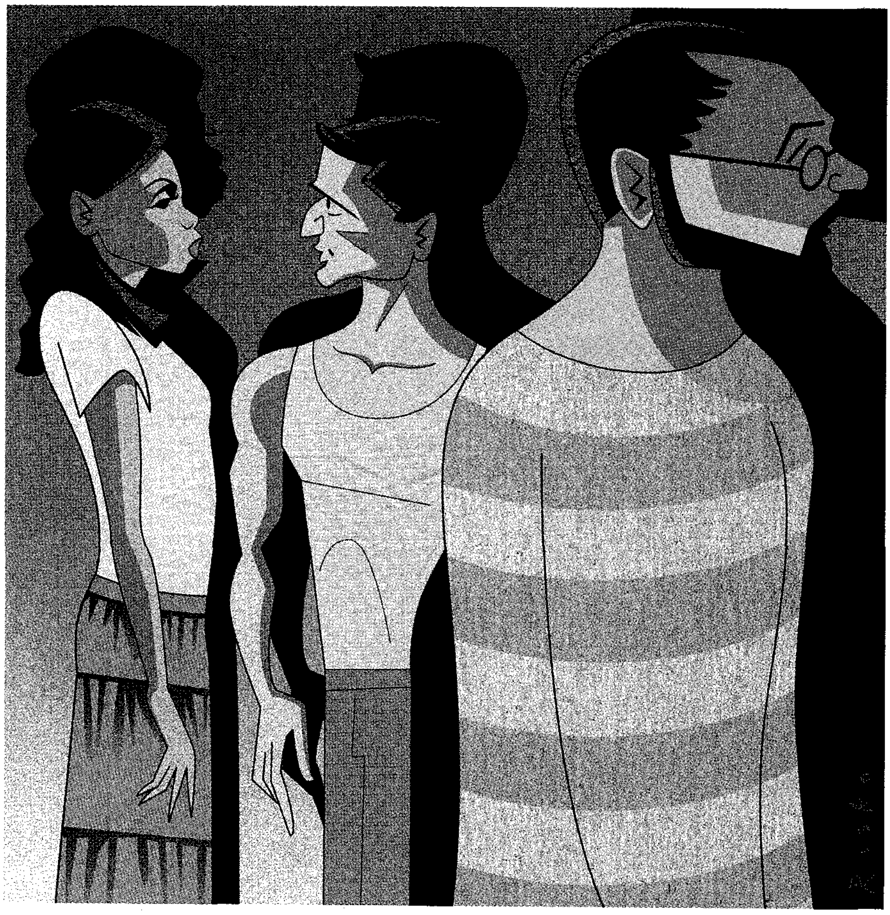
One doesn't need to be told that the speaker here, a character called Marela, is young, or that she is growing up in Tampa, Florida, in 1929, or that she laps up dreams like water reflecting the moon. Cruz lets Marela show us these things, with the languor of her speech and with her commonplace philosophies, which resemble those of Chekhov's characters, with a little of Tennessee Williams's "Rose Tattoo" thrown in as well. But perhaps Cruz's primary influence is a Brazilian one. In his dialogue and in his sharp shifts of perception, one hears the nineteenth-century writer Machado de Assis, whose extraordinary novels—"Epitaph of a Small Winner," "Philosopher or Dog?," and "Dom Casmurro," among others—are playful in form and thus thought, but are never without heart.

Born in Cuba in 1964, Cruz was the first Hispanic to win the Pulitzer for drama. His family fled to Miami in 1970, and he was inspired to write by his mother, who gave him his first typewriter. As a child of *el exilio*, Cruz grew up with his two great themes: politics and memory. He explores those interlocking subjects again and again, like a surgeon trying to determine why the heart bleeds.

Cruz's new play, "Beauty of the Father" (a Manhattan Theatre Club production at City Center), opens with the ghost of Federico García Lorca (the brilliant Oscar Isaac) facing the audience and saying, "Five o'clock in the afternoon. The hour that bullfighters get killed. There was no death today at five o'clock in the afternoon. No, no death reported. Perhaps there was a wound. But there is always a wound in the world, open and exposed for everybody to see, and a little sand bucket of tears by the edge of the sea." The "wound" that Cruz is introducing here has been inflicted on a father, Emiliano (Ritchie Coster), and his daughter, Marina (Elizabeth Rodriguez). Emiliano, who is pursuing his life as a painter in Spain, hasn't seen his daughter in almost ten years. His most consistent companion, in his studio by the sea, is Lorca: *his* ectoplasmic father, in a white linen suit, who allows and encourages Emiliano to be what he is (and what Lorca was)—an artist and a homosexual.

Emiliano is also looked after by his friend Paquita (the incomparable Priscilla Lopez), who loves him enough to marry his sometime lover, a Moroccan named Karim (Pedro Pascal), in order to keep him in the country. When Marina arrives for a visit, in a lovely print dress, what follows is inevitable, at least from a dramatic point of view: Karim falls in love with her. Marina falls, too, but tries to persuade Karim to stay with

Emiliano, either as a son or as a lover. "Because I want to do for him what he couldn't do for me," she says. "Because I want to show him that I accept him for who he is. . . . Why can't it be as if I were giving you to him? As a present. A box full of you."



Elizabeth Rodriguez, Pedro Pascal, and Ritchie Coster in "Beauty of the Father."

ROBERT RISKO

Cruz is too astute a writer to have the young lovers just leave Emiliano, thereby setting the stage for various clichés: the lonely homosexual painting portraits of pain; the daughter who avenges her father's abandonment by teaching him how absence feels, etc. Instead, at the end of the play, Cruz has this makeshift family invent a new future, together. The trio's secrets, which could have torn them apart, end up strengthening their ties. Perhaps wounds don't entirely heal, Cruz seems to be saying, but they don't always have to scab over with bitterness and regret, either.

Surrealism adds a playful element to this spectacle. In the second act, Paquita comes across Emiliano and Lorca dancing on the beach. She asks Lorca who he is, and he replies, "I'm an actor!" When Emiliano confirms this ("Yes, he is an actor playing Lorca in a play"), Paquita says, "He does look like him!" The scene is performed so naturally, and with such a lack of postmodern self-consciousness, that one must congratulate the director, Michael Greif, on the light ease of his staging. One must thank him, too, for having assembled the most physically striking ensemble in recent memory. (Isaac resembles a young but less flagrantly Method-acting Al Pacino.)

"Beauty of the Father" brings to mind two other Cuban writers who also knew something about history and the exile of the heart: the late novelist and essayist Guillermo Cabrera Infante and the playwright Maria Irene Fornes. Like his artistic forebears, Cruz recognizes the magic in the everyday. And he has found an astonishing language with which to describe it.

It's hard to understand why the New Group's revival of Mike Leigh's 1977 play "Abigail's Party" (at the Acorn) exists at all. One reason may be that it offers—or is supposed to offer—a bravura part for an actress of a certain age: the strident, relentlessly manipulative social-climbing Beverly, who lives with her husband, Laurence, in a nineteen-seventies British version of "affordable" housing. To have the mannered but always interesting film actress Jennifer Jason Leigh take on the part must have seemed like a good idea on paper, but, in the end, neither Leigh nor her director, Scott Elliott, finds anything to explore here beyond Beverly's bitter, brittle sheen. Leigh's portrayal feels more like an impersonation than like a performance, as grating to watch as a drag queen crying into his beer just before last call.

Of course, some of the irritation that the audience feels with Beverly is written into the role: when she's not badgering her weak-willed husband (the excellent Max Baker) into compliance, she's humiliating the three guests she invites over for drinks:

LAURENCE: Sue: do you like olives?
SUSAN: Yes.
LAURENCE [*getting up*]: Fine: I'll get you some!
SUSAN: Thank you.
[*Laurence goes to the kitchen.*]
BEVERLY: You've got a friend for life there, Sue.
SUSAN: Oh?
BEVERLY: None of us likes olives, you see. . . . I can't stand them. It's those stuffed olives—you know that little red bit that sticks out? Well, it reminds me of—well, I'm not going to say what it reminds me of, but I can't eat them.

Beverly turns her living room into a stage. There, amid a décor of off-white leather furniture, with a stereo blasting José Feliciano's version of the Doors' "Light My Fire" (the fantastic and aptly horrifying set is by Derek McLane), Beverly's high-pitched bossiness becomes a powerful weapon in the theatre of cruelty. But rather than chipping away at the idea of domestic fascism—what Sylvia Plath called "viciousness in the kitchen"—Elliott concentrates on the surface and the sight gags of the play. Leigh has always needed strong direction, and she doesn't get it here; without a steadying influence, her imagination is too wild to function, and she lives in real danger of becoming her generation's Shelley Winters. ♦

LIFE IN NEVADA

Advertisement in the Las Vegas Nevada Beehive.

Young guy, 61, seeking a cute, petite Asian lady with RV. Send picture of RV.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

BATTLE LINES

"Go for Zucker" and "Why We Fight."

BY DAVID DENBY

Jaecki Zucker (Henry Hübchen), the hero of the German comedy "Go for Zucker," loses his family when the Berlin Wall goes up, in 1961. His mother and his brother, Samuel, leave East Berlin for Frankfurt and capitalism, while fourteen-year-old Jaecki, né Jakob Zuckermann, stays behind, drops his Jewish identity, settles in as a Communist, and eventually turns himself into a celebrity sports announcer. More than forty years go by, Communism has collapsed, and Jaecki is out of a job. He has become, in his own words, a "reunification loser"—he just gets by on his skills as a pool hustler. Widely described as the first Jewish comedy made in Germany since the Second World War, "Go for Zucker" was an enormous hit there last year, and part of the reason must be that Jaecki, a liar, a drinker, and a gambler, has so much life in him that he's impossible to dislike. Living completely without shame is a kind of liberation, and the veteran German theatre and film actor Henry Hübchen gives this middle-aged rogue a Bellovian gusto. Hübchen has the eyes of a gentle bull and a teen-ager's manic energy; he turns Jaecki into a showoff who admires his own succulent flesh. Well into his fifties, Jaecki comes home after a night spent gambling and brawling, his face bruised, and promises his worn-out wife (Hannelore Elsner) that he will make amends. She doesn't believe him, but, with a hustler's self-approving logic, he expects her to appreciate his effort. Jaecki, who stages several fake heart attacks in the course of the movie, is always playing the long odds, and for him losing is just a form of winning. A loser, after all, is still in the game. Not playing is the only defeat Jaecki could imagine.

Jaecki's mother dies, and the Orthodox Samuel (Udo Samel), whom Jaecki hasn't spoken to in decades, shows up in Berlin with his messy family: his large wife; his ultra-devout son, with black beard and hat; and his wild, man-eating daughter. The two brothers, according to their mother's will, can inherit her estate only if they agree to sit shiva with their families under a rabbi's supervision and resolve their differences. Jaecki summons his own children, a repressed bank officer and a lesbian physical therapist. The stage is set for farce. In some ways, "Go for Zucker" resembles a commercial American comedy like Jay Roach's "Meet the Fockers." Once again, the members of two families—one sensual and irreverent, the other severe and pious—are forced to break bread and endure each other's company. Roach, working in sunshiny Florida, jammed together Christians and Jews, but these two families are both Jewish, and they meet in gray, damp Berlin, where they have to stay indoors and, literally, sit. The comedy plays out with the peculiar irritable rancor of intimacy.

Henry Hübchen plays Jaecki Zucker, the hero of a German-Jewish comedy.

TOM BACHTELL

The writer-director of "Go for Zucker," Dani Levy, is a forty-eight-year-old German Jew who was born in Switzerland (his mother got out of Berlin in 1939). As a teen-ager, he spent some time as a circus clown, then, in 1980, he moved to Berlin and, after a few years, got into filmmaking. He's an entertainer who is not above using obvious comedy tropes now and then—Samuel, for instance, inadvertently gets high on Ecstasy and is soothed into happiness by a Palestinian party girl. That's a little cheap, but, in general, Levy does not caricature Samuel, an intelligent if priggish man who is not entirely wrong in his contempt for the dissipated Jaecki. The quarrel between the two brothers has Biblical overtones, yet Levy avoids cliché by sending the polarities spinning: he and his co-writer, Holger Franke, turn the Communist Jaecki into a "capitalist" personality, all appetite and greed, and they give the capitalist Samuel an austere and forbidding "Communist" temperament. Levy makes further mischief by giving the brothers' children a hidden sexual history. The males of the next generation turn inward, toward greater orthodoxy and fear, while the women become adventurers, and the cousins begin to find each other in memories of their tangled past, or in bed. A split family forced to sit shiva together is, of course, a metaphor for the awkward recent years of German reunification, and the film's German audience was apparently amused by the thought that a Jewish family serves as the allegorical framework of their dilemma.

Levy shot "Zucker" for German television, in 16-mm., but, after screening it a few times for audiences, he realized he had made something that would play in theatres. The movie is raw-looking, and Levy throws the camera around as if it were a Teddy bear, but he controls the actors with calm professional skill—all the characters, beautifully developed in short scenes, are touching and slightly absurd at the same time. The family has to stay put, and poor Jaecki, forced to sit shiva during a big-money pool tournament, finally suffers a real heart attack, from frustration. "Go for Zucker," with a Jewish operator as its hero, pushes way past political correctness—another reason, no doubt, that the movie was a hit. Jews, it seems, are capable of slyness and money-grubbing, and they may harp on old grievances. Since it's virtually impossible to make any kind of farce without characters who lie, love money, nurse grudges, and so on, Jewish comedy, in Levy's version, is now part of the human comedy. For the movie's home audience, part of the excitement was the new experience of hearing Jewish jokes, and jokes about Jews, in a land that once thought it could do without either. There's a lot to be said for the recent public politeness in Germany about Jews, but there's a lot more to be said for comedy. Watching the antic inventions of "Go for Zucker," I was moved by the thought that Jews have achieved a kind of Germanness again, and even more moved by the thought that Germans have achieved a kind of Jewishness again. Dani Levy's next movie, with perfect appropriateness, is described in the press notes as a "comedy about Hitler."

Isn't it time to retire the collage method of making documentaries? A phrase or two clipped out of some policy expert's discourse, followed by a bit of stock footage of jet fighters lined up in rows, followed by some candy-sucking kids hauled by their parents to a convention-hall weapons show, and, *wham!*, you've got an indictment of American militarism and imperialism. Except you don't; you don't have much of anything but tawdry film-editing technique. Eugene Jarecki's "Why We Fight" argues that we are at war in Iraq because we have been at war, someplace or other, on some pretext or other, under every Administration since Harry Truman was President, and we have to be perpetually at war in order to stoke what President Eisenhower, in his famous 1961 farewell address, named the "military-industrial complex." Jarecki (not to be confused with his brother Andrew, who made "Capturing the Friedmans") took his title from the "Why We Fight" propaganda films that Frank Capra, at the request of General George C. Marshall, put together for American troops during the Second World War. Capra recounted the depredations of Fascism and the threat to American values; he explained why the war was worth fighting. I saw the films about fifteen years ago, and I remember a stentorian narrator's voice and inkblots of Nazism and Japanese aggression spreading viciously across maps of Europe and Asia. Capra's films were fistlike, vigorous, effective. Jarecki's film is also crude, but it's unconvincing and ineffective; the many patches of ideological montage, growing like kudzu throughout the film, weaken the impact of its best moments.

Jarecki has a hero—a retired New York cop and Vietnam veteran named Wilton Sekzer, who lost a son on September 11th and demanded revenge. After President Bush linked Saddam Hussein to the terrorist attack, Sekzer persuaded the Pentagon to put his son's name on one of the bombs dropped on Iraq. The story of this man's anger and grief, and of his subsequent disillusion when he realized that there was in fact no terrorist-Saddam connection, is a primal drama of considerable power. Jarecki interviews Sekzer at length, and it's the only first-rate material in the movie. There are also long interviews with the former C.I.A. consultant Chalmers Johnson and with Charles Lewis, from the Center for Public Integrity, who, with others, lay out the simplistic America-as-imperialist-nation line, and the patches of montage support this interpretation. Yet in order to be great a documentary must discover something—the nature of combat ("Battle of San Pietro"), the hidden meanings of found footage ("Grizzly Man"), the inner workings of distressed people (any film by Frederick Wiseman), the connection of personal destiny to history (any film by Marcel Ophuls), the charged existential situation created by the filmmaker himself (cinéma vérité, Michael Moore). This is not meant as an exclusive summary; the list could be extended forever. But a documentary filmmaker, at the least, must be a journalist seeking to unearth, and not a collagist who assembles miscellaneous footage in order to support what he already believes. ♦

THE NEW YORKER IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT ©2006 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Volume LXXXI, No. 45, January 23 & 30, 2006. The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X) is published weekly (except for five combined issues: Jan. 23 & 30, Feb. 13 & 20, July 10 & 17, Aug. 7 & 14, Dec. 25 & Jan. 1) by The Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. Louis Cona, vice-president and publisher; Michael Hess, associate publisher; Hope Hening, executive director of strategic special projects; Gail Day, advertising director; Jamie Engel, advertising director; Alatia Bradley, advertising director; Daniella Wells, executive director marketing & strategic planning; Janine Silvera, executive director of creative services; Douglas Chilcott, associate creative services director/promotion; Jacqueline Cinguina, director of integrated marketing; Judy Safir, director of finance and business operations; Edward Klaris, general counsel. Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Charles H. Townsend, president and C.E.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; Jill Bright, executive vice-president–human resources; John Buese, executive vice-president–chief information officer; David Orlin, senior vice-president–strategic sourcing; Robert Bennis, senior vice-president–real estate; Maurie Perl, senior vice-president–chief communications officer. Shared services provided by Advance Magazine Group: Steven T. Florio, Advance Magazine Group vice chairman; David B. Chemidlin, senior vice-president–general manager, shared services center. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Canada Post return undeliverable Canadian addresses to: P.O. Box 874, Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 8L4.

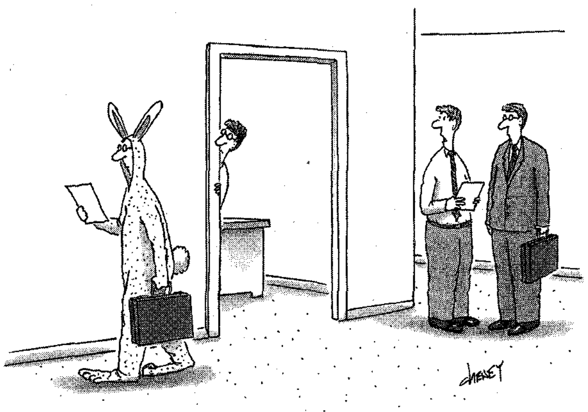
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE NEW YORKER, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684; call (800) 825-2510; or e-mail subscriptions@newyorker.com. Four weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks of receipt of order. For advertising inquiries, please call Gail Day at (212) 286-5611. For submission guidelines, please refer to our Web site, www.newyorker.com. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. For cover reprints, please call (800) 897-8666, or e-mail covers@cartoonbank.com. For Permissions and Reprint requests, please call (212) 286-8349 or fax requests to (212) 286-8628. To receive your issues without scent strips, please e-mail scentfree@newyorker.com. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The New Yorker's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. Visit us online: www.newyorker.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information by mail and/or e-mail, please advise us at P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684 or call (800) 825-2510.

THE NEW YORKER IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY THE NEW YORKER IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, ART WORK, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.

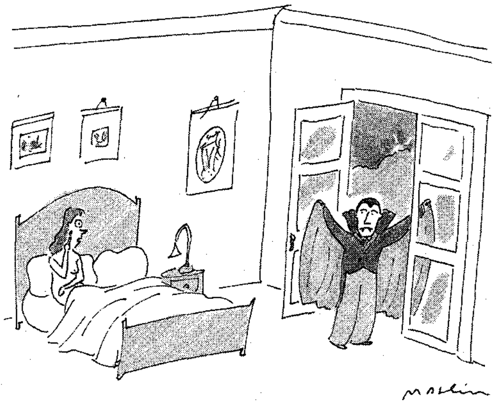
CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Alex Gregory, must be received by Sunday, January 29th. Finalists in the January 9th contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the February 13th & 20th issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

THE WINNING CAPTION



"It's not just Henderson. Corporate laid off the entire bunny division."
Karen Dakich, Livingston, N.J.



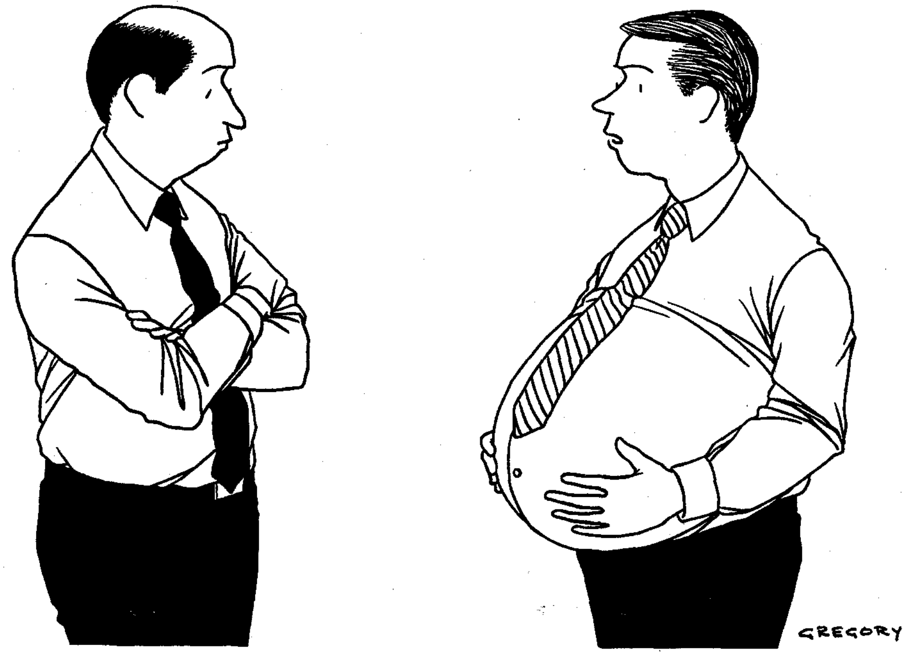
THE FINALISTS

"I bet the bride of Frankenstein gets to cuddle."
Doak Sergent, New York City

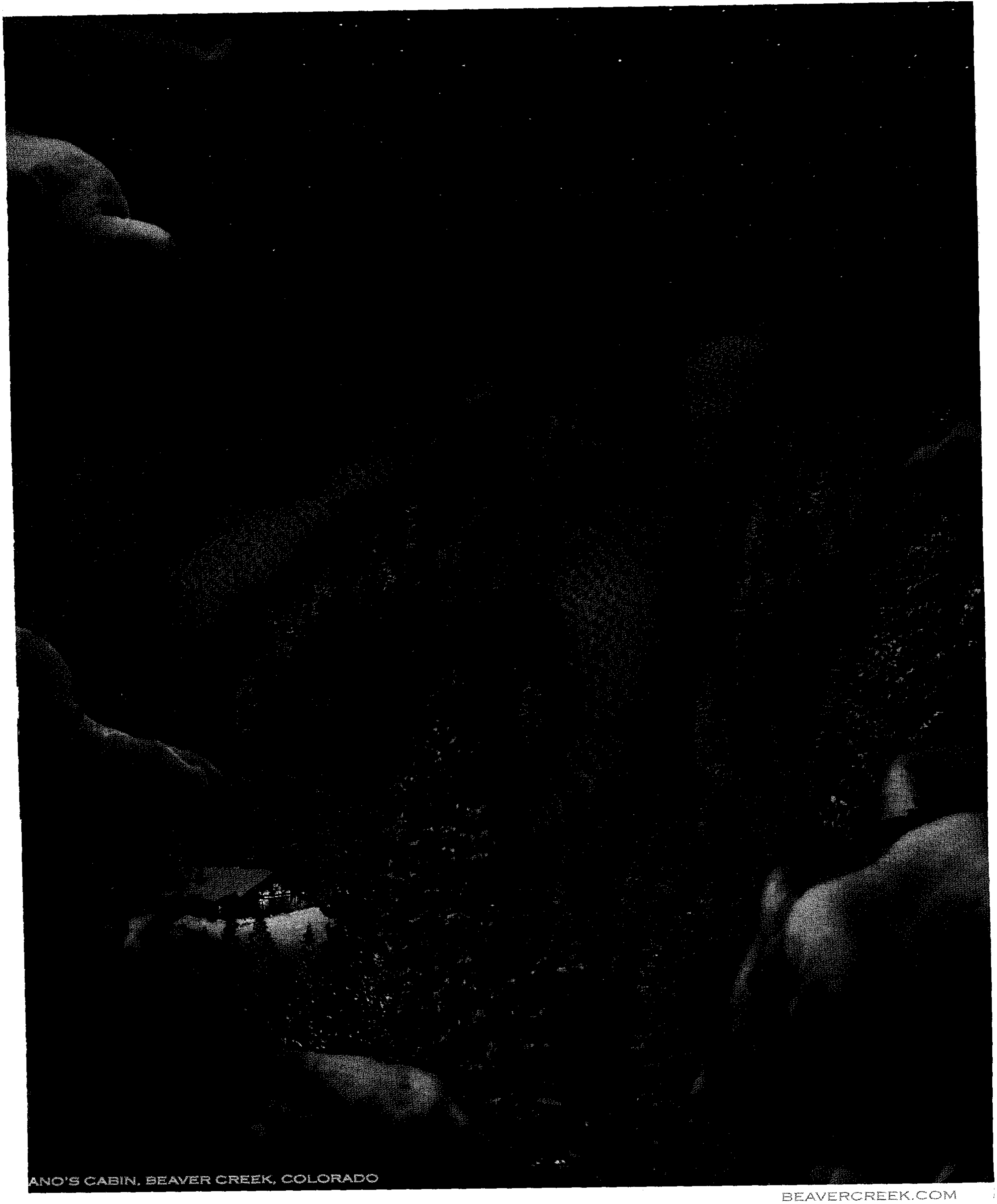
"And where do you think you're going with those curtains?"
Bradford Collins, Columbia, S.C.

"I guess this rules out a church wedding."
Mark Mushkat, San Francisco, Calif.

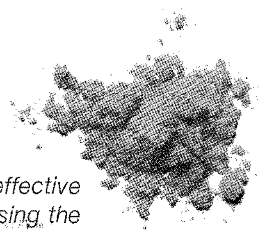
THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



“ ”


Why SETTLE FOR A RESTAURANT WITH JUST 5 STARS?
ANO'S CABIN, BEAVER CREEK, COLORADO
BEAVERCREEK.COM
Beaver Creek. Not exactly roughing it.

Proof...not promises.™



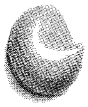
A revolutionary new skincare technology proven to alter the chain reaction that can result in visible signs of aging.

"Idebenone is currently the most effective molecule for preventing and addressing the impact of oxidative stress on the skin."
Dr. David H. McDaniel
Director, Institute of Anti-Aging Research
Virginia Beach, VA

The Idebenone in the exclusive PREVAGE™ formula is proven as the most powerful antioxidant for correcting and preventing degenerative cellular damage caused by environmental assaults.*

"The Idebenone in PREVAGE™ can do for rejuvenation what no other antioxidant can do. It should be included in every anti-aging skincare regimen."
Dr. Amy B. Lewis
Cosmetic & General Dermatology, NYC
Clinical Professor, Yale University Dermatology

Clinical tests show a significant decrease in fine lines and wrinkles and improved firmness, tone, texture and radiance.



81% of consumers tested, including those with moderate to severe sun damage, saw a significant improvement in their skin's overall appearance.

"PREVAGE™ is clinically proven to protect the skin against environmental factors and to improve the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles."
Dr. Kenneth C. Hertz
Dermatologist, Miami, FL
Former Clinical Associate, National Institute of Health

PREVAGE™

anti-aging treatment

Bloomingdale's
Elizabeth Arden Red Door Spas

For more proof we invite you to visit prevageskin.com

Elizabeth Arden
ALLERGAN
DERMATOLOGY
A cosmeceutical partnership

---

*When compared to alpha-lipoic acid, kinetin, vitamin C, vitamin E and coenzyme Q10.
Professional strength PREVAGE MD is available at your dermatologist or plastic surgeon's office.
©2005 Elizabeth Arden, Inc. Elizabeth Arden and "Proof...not promises." are trademarks of Elizabeth Arden companies. Allergan Dermatology and PREVAGE are trademarks owned by Allergan, Inc.